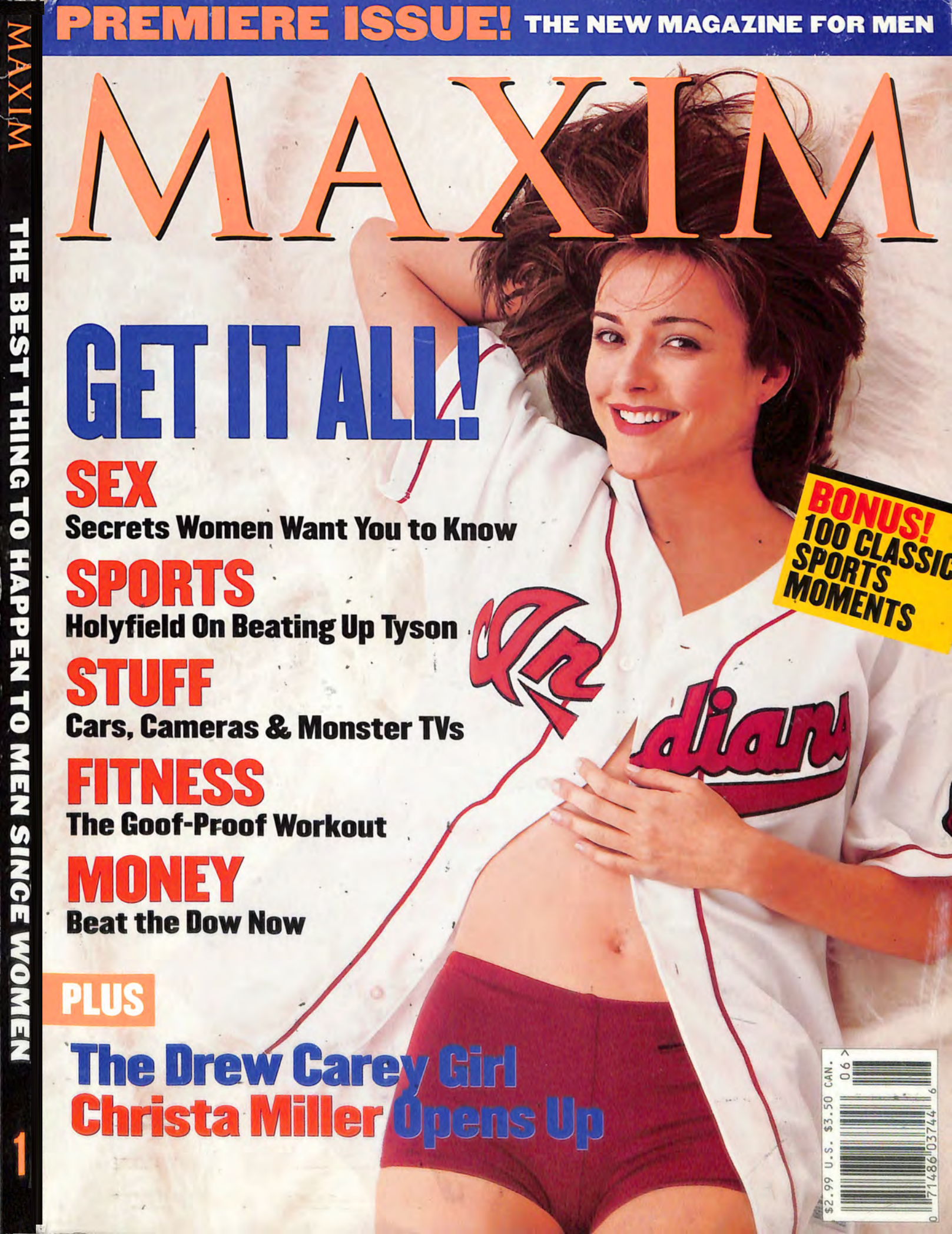
PREMIERE ISSUE! THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAXIM



GET IT ALL!

SEX
Secrets Women Want You to Know

SPORTS
Holyfield On Beating Up Tyson

STUFF
Cars, Cameras & Monster TVs

FITNESS
The Goof-Proof Workout

MONEY
Beat the Dow Now

BONUS! 100 CLASSIC SPORTS MOMENTS

PLUS

The Drew Carey Girl
Christa Miller Opens Up

$2.99 U.S. $3.50 CAN.
06
0 71486 03744 6

MAXIM THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO MEN SINCE WOMEN 1





Settle in for a restful flight with our exclusive Upper Class Snooze Service.

TRAVEL IN ONE.

Once you step on board a Virgin Atlantic flight, you'll encounter a different kind of attitude – a culture all of its own. It's a place where people are happy to see you... where the feeling is we're human beings, you're human beings... and this is going to be fun. You'll be delighted... entertained... and comforted. You see, Virgin Atlantic Airways is the one airline that doesn't ask you to check your humanity at the gate.

For more information or reservations call your travel agent or Virgin Atlantic Airways at 800-862-8621.



virgin atlantic

Virgin Atlantic Airways offers all non-smoking flights to Great Britain from New York (JFK and Newark), Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington (Dulles), Miami and Orlando. Service from Milwaukee is via Boston on Midwest Express.





Watch what you want to watch – with personal video screens at every seat.

Fly Upper Class® and enjoy free chauffeur-driven car service to London's Heathrow and our unique Drive-thru Check-in℠. No lines, no hassles, no kidding.



Soak in the ambiance of our complimentary Upper Class pre-departure lounges.



Instead Of Just Traveling To A Culture...



- Four Wheeler Magazine



THE NEW JEEP® CHEROKEE WITH OVER 40 ADVANCEMENTS.

When improving the 1997 Jeep Cherokee, we were faced with the question: What do we change to make it better? Its classic styling, aggressive stance, and natural instincts for adventure must remain. So what were these changes that so impressed the experts?

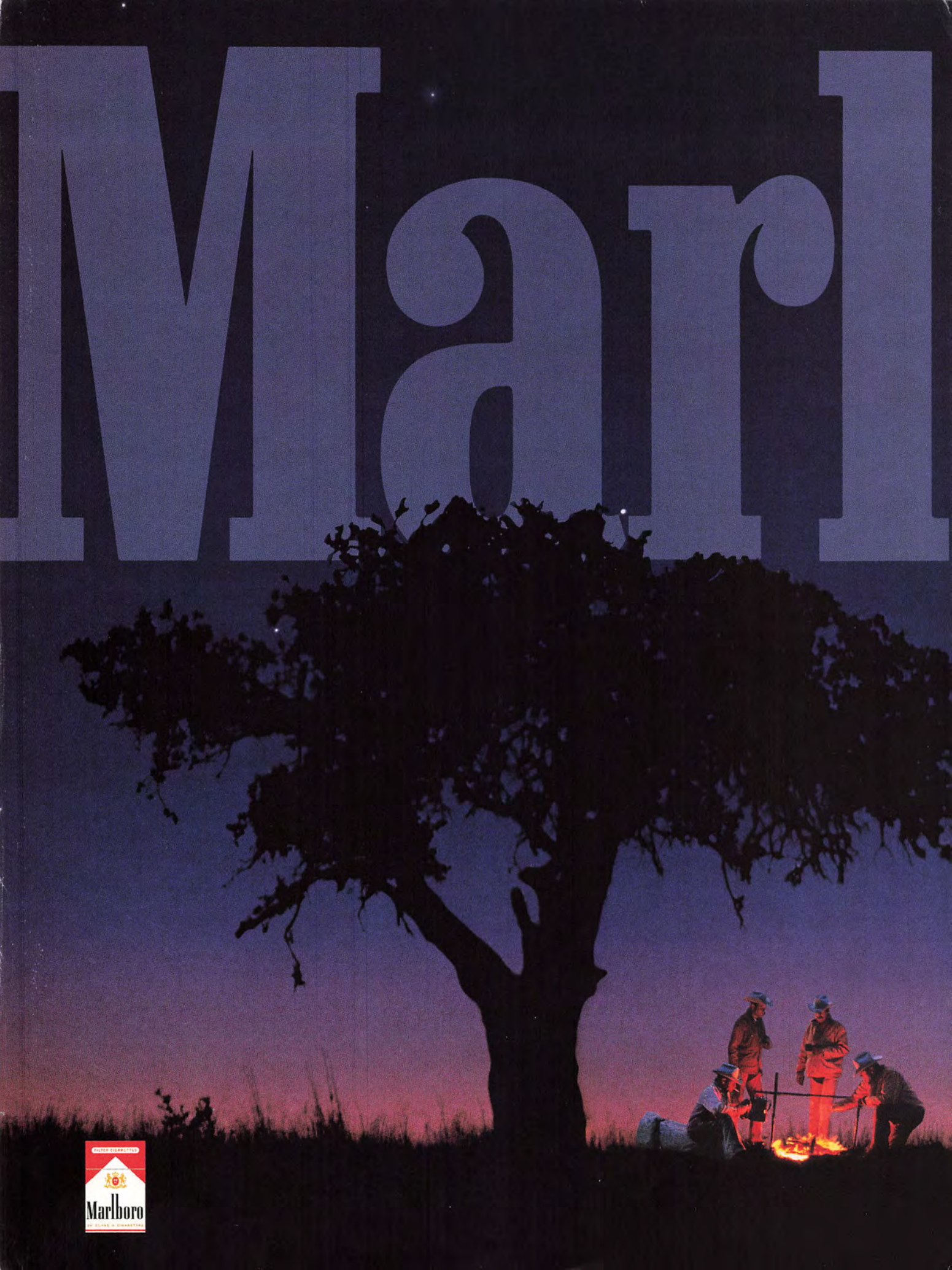
Always wear your seat belt. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.



The answer unfolded in a thousand-mile crawl through the Sierras. They applauded Cherokee's all-new interior, the well-placed controls, and numerous other refinements. As we suspected, they also reveled in the things we didn't change. Rugged four-wheel drive capability and Quadra-Link® suspension. All the things that make it a Jeep vehicle. And, according to the judges, the "Four Wheeler of the Year." To test Jeep Cherokee yourself, call 1-800-925-JEEP or visit our Web site at http://www.jeepunpaved.com

Jeep

THERE'S ONLY ONE


Marl
Marlboro

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

boro

Come to where the flavor is.



16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



For store locations, call 1-800-96-Bally ext. 542

Bally.
What a feeling.



Experience the legendary elegance of Bally. The touch of supple leather, the details of handcrafted workmanship, the look of impeccable styling. A feeling of luxury that could only be Bally.

BALLY
SWITZERLAND
SINCE 1851



Dog dollars, 81

MAXIM

PREMIERE ISSUE

FEATURES

32 Cover Girl Christa Miller
What's the best thing about the hottest sitcom on television? A beer-drinking, sports-loving, one-of-the-guys gal named Christa. *The Drew Carey Show*'s babe in boyland gets in touch with her inner girlie. *By Nina Malkin*

86 BONUS: The 100 Greatest Sports Moments of the Century
A fan's paradise: Clashes of titans, thrilling finishes, bizarre twists, and much, much more. *Maxim*'s definitive ranking of the all-time classics. *Compiled by Keith Blanchard*

98 Love Your Stress!
It's powerful, it's energizing, and it makes you *better*. Time to stop "relieving" stress and start putting it to work. *By Hallie Levine*

104 Babe Management
Still apologizing for wanting to watch football during Thanksgiving dinner? *Maxim*'s six-step guide to getting what you want from the woman you love.

112 Fantasy Island
A pair of intrepid adventurers discovers Cuba, a steamy island paradise of sex, smokes, and sin. They come home anyway. Here's the whole sordid story. *By Russ Spencer*

120 The Gift That Keeps On Giving
Bring the Victoria's Secret catalog to life in your bedroom with the gift of lingerie. **Plus:** Hot tips for the man who rarely buys women's underwear.

126 Blade Runners
Plastic surgery runs amok in Hollywood. *By Sally Ogle Davis*

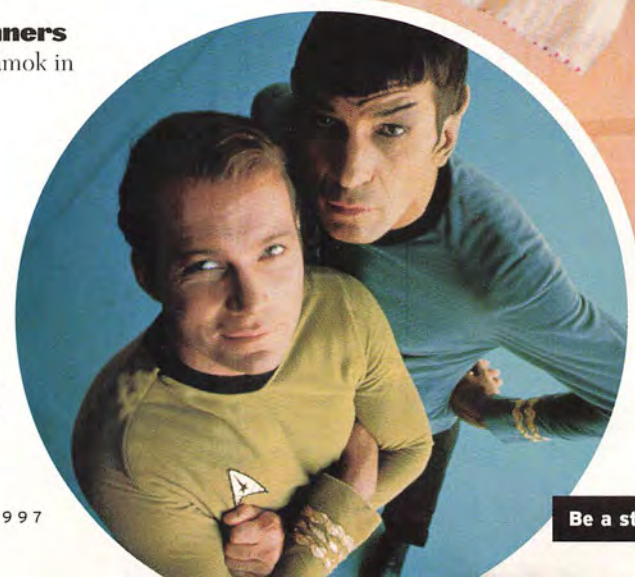
132 Screen Savers
Be that famous, wealthy babe magnet Antonio Banderas. . .or just look like him. Big-screen style at small-budget prices. *Styled by Karen Shapiro*



Look suave, even inside an erector set, 132



She just made you waffles. Babe Management, 104



Be a stellar cap'n, 70

DOG: DEBORAH WING-SPROUL; SCREEN SAVERS: MARGARET GIBBONS; STAR TREK: PARAMOUNT/SHOOTING STAR; PAJAMAS: ROBERT WHITMAN



Beefeater Imported Gin, 47% Alc. by Vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Southfield, MI

There was a decade
called the Roaring Twenties.
What will yours be called?





BEEFEATER®

Live a little



Great gear, 142

DEPARTMENTS

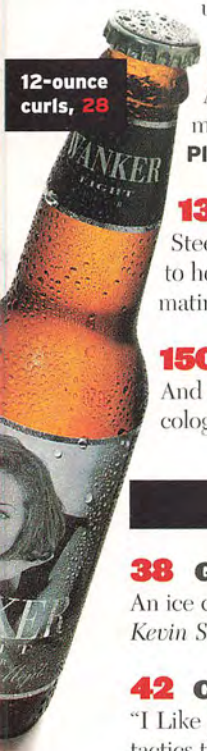
20 Out There
Maxim salutes concept cars, investigates criminally stupid cons, visits Porn World, salivates over Jerry Seinfeld's gals, and more.

48 How to Do Everything Better
Expert tips to give you the edge. This issue: Sizing up sports jackets, spotting lust signals, writing a bestseller, and grilling the perfect steak.

58 Sports
Will the real Mike Tyson please stand up? The Tyson-Holyfield rematch, featuring exclusive interviews. **Plus:** Don King greases the hype machine.

64 Health Club
Pain, no gain? Ten common mistakes that may be sabotaging your workout. **Plus:** Hot health tips

70 The Grind
Climb the management ladder without giving the underlings reason to knock you off.



12-ounce curls, 28

81 Bucks
Alexander Haris unleashes the best investment strategy you've never heard of. **Plus:** Trade up from can't-see TV.

139 Stuff
Steel watches, no-brainer cameras, and spy gear to help you be cool. **Plus:** Matchless advice on mating shirts and ties.

150 Looking Good
And smelling good, too: Twelve uncommon colognes to help you mellow your musk.

COLUMNS

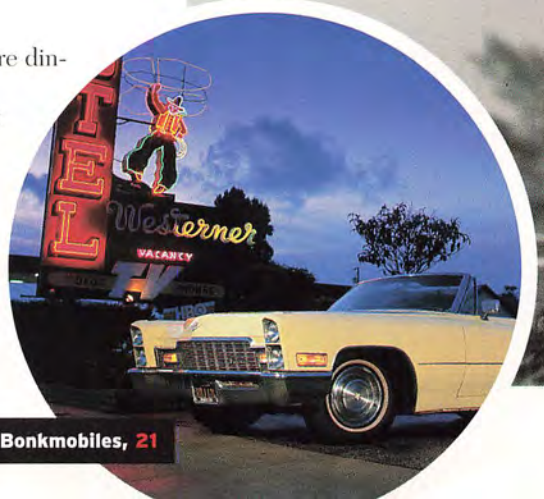
38 Gut Check
An ice climber rescues a dead friend. *As told to Kevin Simpson*

42 Chick Chat
"I Like It Like That!" Women reveal the bedroom tactics that rock their worlds.

154 Wine & Dine
Close the deal with this sure-to-score dinner, and get the real lowdown on famous aphrodisiacs. **Plus:** Pinpoint the perfect wine.

161 Hang Time
Entertainment made easy: Our cut-through-the-crap guide to the best movies, music, TV, and books.

170 Maxim Manifesto
Time to celebrate guy pride.

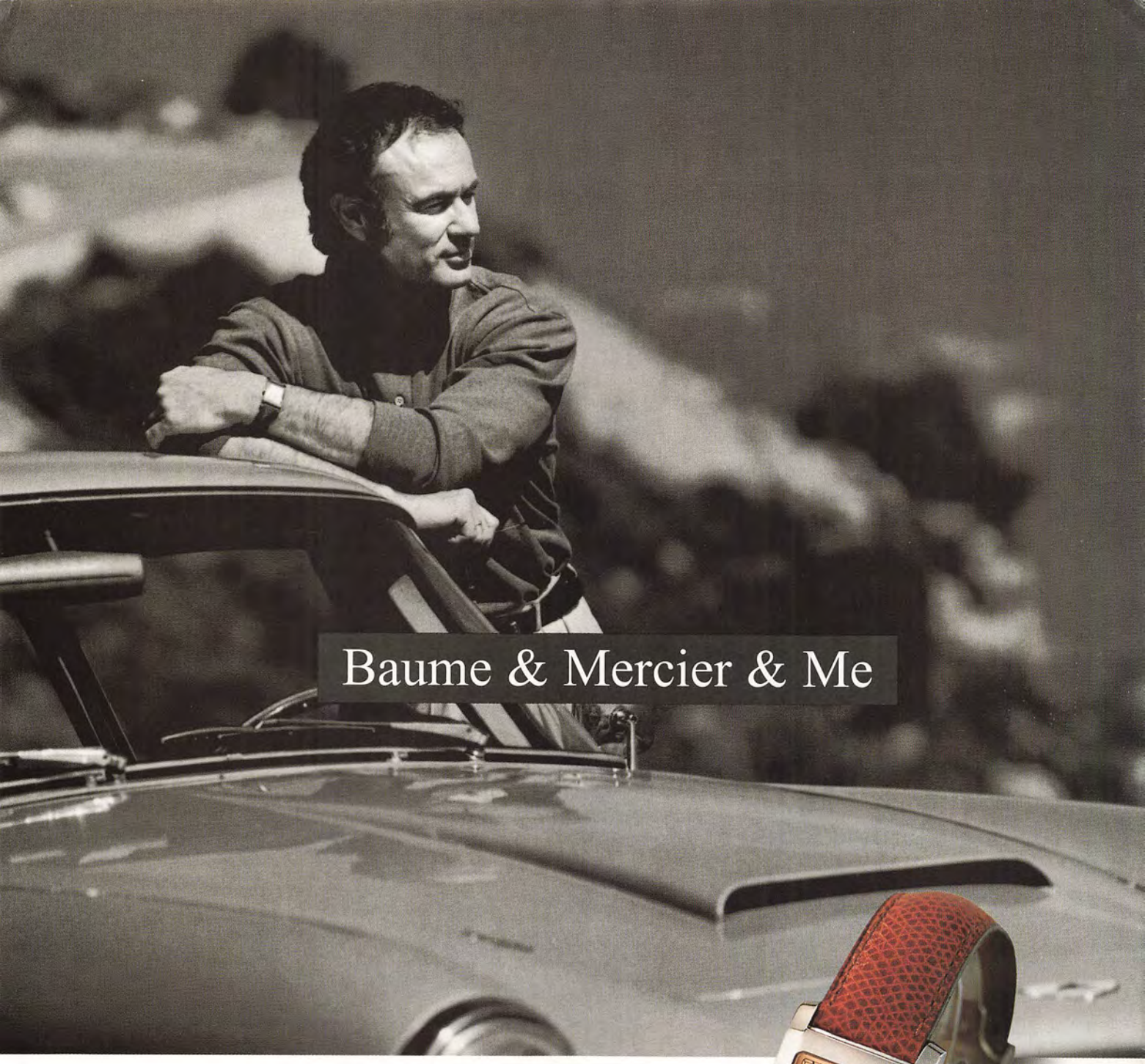


Bonkmobiles, 21

ON OUR COVER
Christa Miller: photographed by Andrew Eccles/AKA Reps NY; styling by Karen Shapiro; hair by Patrick Melville/MCM Salon; makeup by Assumpta for Price, Inc.; makeup products by Chanel.

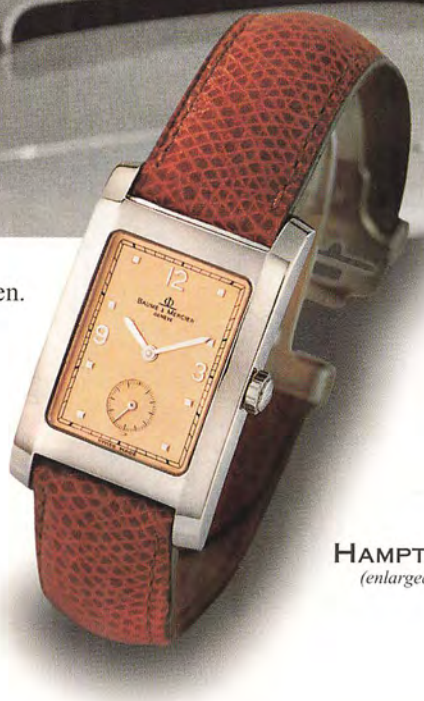
Rr-r-r-ripping great sports moments, 86

CAMERA: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM; WANKER BEER: SATOSHI; CAR: © 1992 CINDY LEWIS; BASEBALL: CORBIS/BETTMANN



Stainless steel watch from Hampton Collection for men and women.
Quartz movement. Water-resistant to 99 feet.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE



HAMPTON
(enlarged)

For a catalog and the authorized Baume & Mercier jeweler in your area, phone 1-800-MERCIER. http//www.baume-et-mercier.com

Rules Women Should Know, #42:

WHEN THE WAITER ASKS IF EVERYTHING'S OKAY, A SIMPLE 'YES' WILL DO.

50 Rules Women Should Know. Just part of the fun at Maxim magazine's hot new website:

www.maximmag.com

Read our Rules, post your own, or just deplore our unapologetic sexism.

Visit our site today, and you'll also get:

Expanded Maxim features. This month: Inside Christa Miller, plus more in-depth coverage of our 100 Greatest Sports Moments of The Century.

Sneak previews of upcoming issues of Maxim.

The usual spot-on coverage of sports, babes, entertainment reviews, and hot links to everything worthwhile on the Web.

Special giveaways and promotions to be announced on-site.

Free, feminist-baiting screensavers like the one below. Collect all twelve.



www.maximmag.com
The site for sore eyes.

MAXIM

Editor-in-Chief
CLARE McHUGH

Deputy Editor **KEITH BLANCHARD** Art Director **ANTHONY KOSNER**

Managing Editor **JAMES HEIDENRY**

Consulting Editors
NEIL FINE **MIKE HAMMER** **MARK LASSWELL** **TOM PRINCE**

Design Consultant **ANDY TURNBULL** Photo Editor **JEAN HERR** Fashion Editor **KAREN SHAPIRO**

Associate Editor **LESLIE YAZEL** Assistant Editor **HALLIE LEVINE**

Copy Editor **AMY TONSITS** Reporter **JOHN TESSITORE** West Coast Editor **NINA MALKIN**

Designers **HEATH BROCKWELL** **DONALD PARTYKA** Photo Assistant **GWEN WALBERG**

Contributing Editors
SHALOM AUSLANDER **LESLIE BLANCHARD** **DOUG GOLD** **DANIEL GREEN** **DALE HRABI** **JENNIFER KORNREICH** **LYLE KULA** **RICHARD JOHNSON** **ERIC THURNAUER** **MATT TOLL**

Founding Editor, U.K. Edition **GILL HUDSON**

Publisher
LANCE J.O. FORD

Associate Publisher **CAROLYN KREMINS**
Advertising Manager **JAMIE HOOPER**

Fashion Director **ALAN STILES** New England Manager **PHIL BARATTA**

Midwest Manager
KATE DIXON
272 Deerpath
Suite 210
Lake Forest, IL 60045
(847) 295-0337

West Coast Manager
ELIZABETH ANDERSON
2700 Neilson Way
Suite 631
Santa Monica, CA 90405
(310) 450-1988

Southeast Manager
TIM REIS
Reis•Media•Representatives
4075 Inverness Crossing
Roswell, GA 30075
(770) 993-7730

Detroit Manager
ALBAUM AND MAIORANA & ASSOCIATES, INC.
418 W. 5th St. Suite C
Royal Oak, MI 48067
(810) 546-2222

Advertising Coordinator **AMY SPENCER**

Marketing Design **DRAW THE LINE**

Public Relations
FOUR CORNERS COMMUNICATIONS, INC.
(212) 849-8250

A DENNIS PUBLICATION

Chairman **FELIX DENNIS**

President
STEPHEN COLVIN

Circulation Director **JAMES BORTH** Chief Financial Officer **PAUL FISH** Controller **DENNIS MORGAN**

Copyright © 1997 Dennis Maxim Inc. all rights reserved. • MAXIM—Premiere issue, volume 1, number 1 is published bimonthly by Dennis Maxim, Inc.; 25 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018, Tel 212-302-2626, Fax 212-302-2635 • Canadian GST Registration # 140467846
For subscriptions, call 1 (800) 829-5572

ETERNITY

for men

©1997 Calvin Klein Cosmetic Corporation ETERNITY for men



Calvin Klein

eau de toilette



So who's the chick?

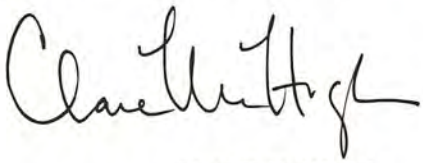
THERE, I SAID IT FOR YOU. Or more politely: Why would a woman want to edit a magazine for men? For starters, getting paid to think about the opposite sex is my idea of a very good time. I'm a big fan of guys. I'm lucky to have one for a father, two others for brothers. I married a guy and we even have a mini-guy who runs around claiming he's Superman. And I've noticed that although there are lots of magazines intended for men, none of them seems to talk to—or about—any of the guys I know.

Maxim is about lots of useful information delivered with humor and style.

The guys I hang around with are pretty uncomplicated. They don't study their masculinity under a microscope, or worry too much about how to get in touch with their inner child. They have real lives. They like sports, and babes, and beer. They're interested in good-looking, affordable clothes, *and* they wouldn't mind knowing how to get a little more from their workouts. They also have jobs and relationships, which add up to major time constraints. So any publication that hopes to grab their attention had better be smart, useful, and fun.

Maxim is that magazine: lots of useful information delivered in an entertaining way. The way I see it, you don't need us to tell you who you are or what you should be. We'd rather give you more of what you *want*: more sports, more girls, more great features, more ways to improve your life. The essentials, with none of the unnecessary frills and off-putting attitude you've come to expect from typical men's magazines.

So what are you waiting for? Dive in, and let me know what you think.

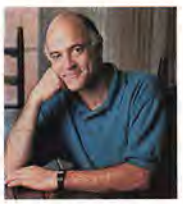


CLARE McHUGH
Editor-in-Chief

CONTRIBUTORS



ANDREW ECCLES
Celebrity lensman Eccles, who shot knockout cover girl Christa Miller, has snapped famous faces for mags including *Esquire* and *The New York Times Magazine*.



BILL HEAVEY
Heavey left behind the crises he describes in "Beamed Up to Bossland" (page 68) to be a contributing editor at *Field and Stream* and his own boss.

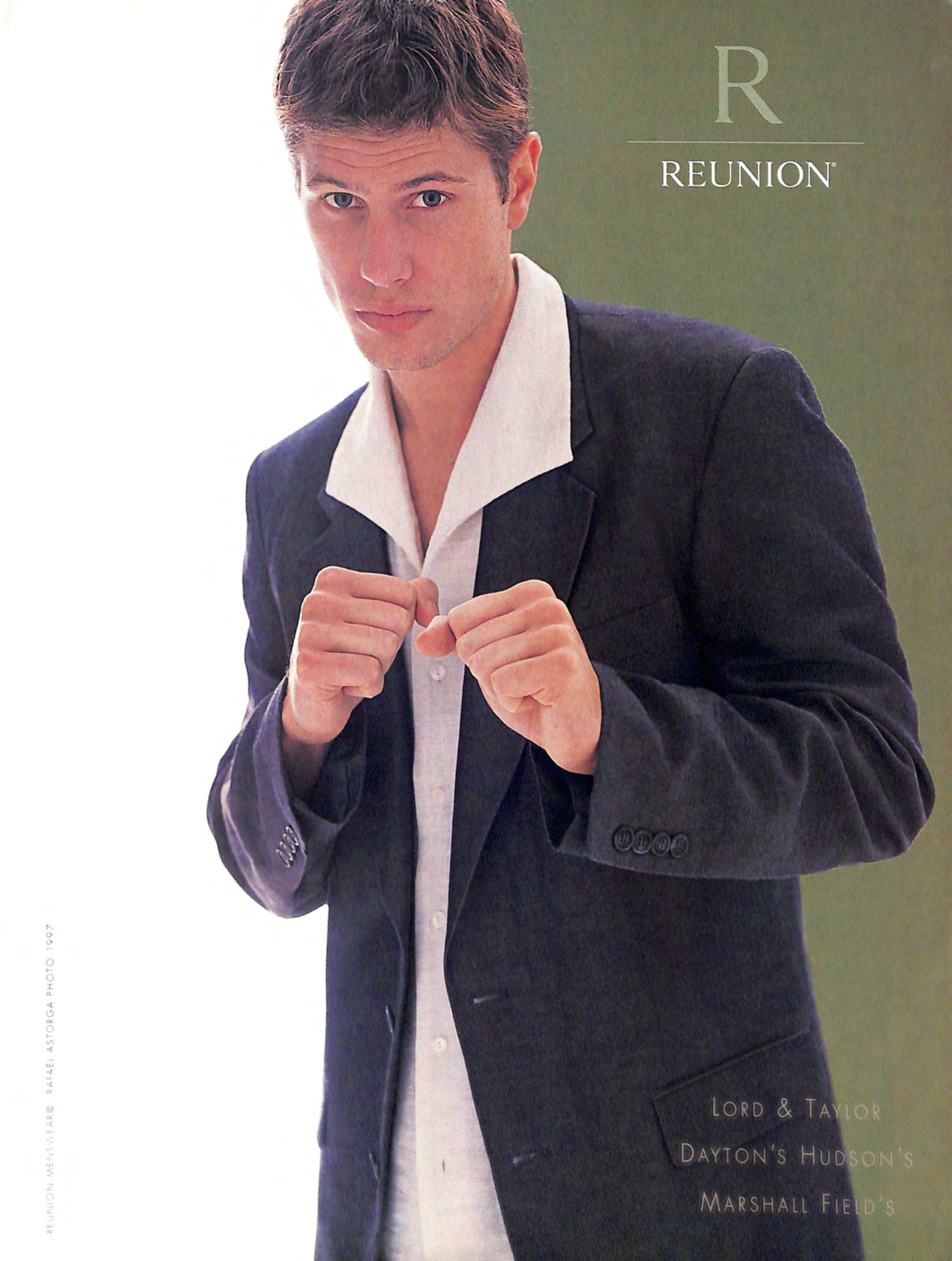


ROBERT WHITMAN
Whitman, who photographed our babe-licious lingerie story (page 120), has worked for *Glamour* and *Self* and shot the Dewars and Maidenform advertising campaigns.



KEVIN SIMPSON
On page 36, Simpson, of *The Denver Post*, describes a friendship that wouldn't quit. Left: his son, Zach, "the most knowledgeable hockey fan in all of Colorado."

EDITOR'S LETTER: PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW ECCLES; STYLED BY KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR: SATURO/FRAME REPRESENTATIVES; MAKEUP: MARIE-JOSEE LAFONT/BRYAN BANTRY.
CONTRIBUTORS: PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM TOP: ANDREW ECCLES SELF PORTRAIT; AARON GOODMAN; JOHN KERNICK; KIMBERLY SIMPSON


R
REUNION®
LORD & TAYLOR
DAYTON'S HUDSON'S
MARSHALL FIELD'S
REUNION MENSWEAR© RAFAEL ASTORGA PHOTO 1997



Enjoy Red Label Responsibly

©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.
Johnnie Walker® Red Label®, Blended Scotch Whisky,
40% Alc./Vol., (80°)

CAUTION:

DRINKING RED LABEL CAN CAUSE
SERIOUS CONVERSATIONS
AND SOMETIMES EVEN DANCING.

JOHNNIE WALKER 

RED LABEL

Out There

A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

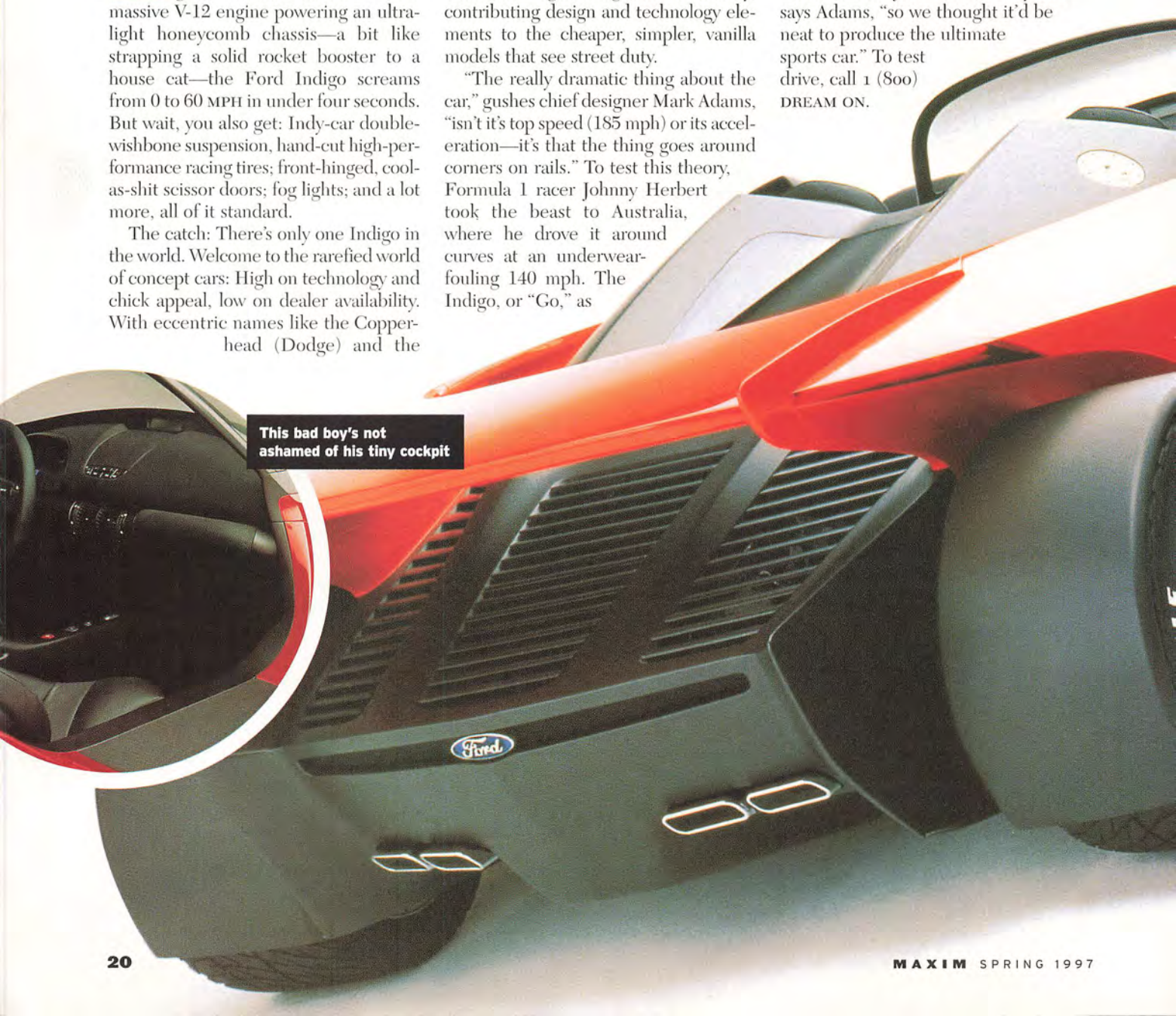
hot wheels

Greased Lightning

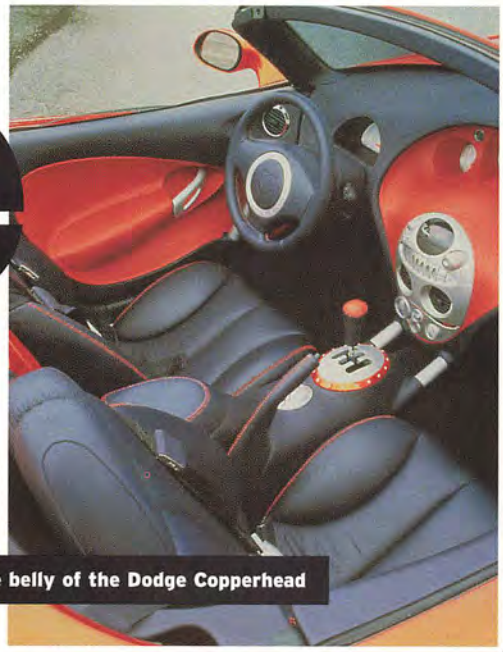
EVEN IF YOU HAVE DRIVEN a Ford lately, odds are you didn't get a ride like this one. With a massive V-12 engine powering an ultralight honeycomb chassis—a bit like strapping a solid rocket booster to a house cat—the Ford Indigo screams from 0 to 60 MPH in under four seconds. But wait, you also get: Indy-car double-wishbone suspension, hand-cut high-performance racing tires; front-hinged, cool-as-shit scissor doors; fog lights; and a lot more, all of it standard.

The catch: There's only one Indigo in the world. Welcome to the rarefied world of concept cars: High on technology and chick appeal, low on dealer availability. With eccentric names like the Copperhead (Dodge) and the Rageous (Pontiac), they tour the world of conventions and trade shows, showcasing front-line engineering and, ultimately, contributing design and technology elements to the cheaper, simpler, vanilla models that see street duty.

"The really dramatic thing about the car," gushes chief designer Mark Adams, "isn't it's top speed (185 mph) or its acceleration—it's that the thing goes around corners on rails." To test this theory, Formula 1 racer Johnny Herbert took the beast to Australia, where he drove it around curves at an underwear-fouling 140 mph. The Indigo, or "Go," as it's so very aptly nicknamed, uses real Indy car technology in a nontrivial way. "A car of ours just won the Indy 500," says Adams, "so we thought it'd be neat to produce the ultimate sports car." To test drive, call 1 (800) DREAM ON.



This bad boy's not ashamed of his tiny cockpit



In the belly of the Dodge Copperhead

Sex Drive

Now that long bench seats in cars have been universally replaced by individual bucket seats, no more love on the run. A nostalgic road trip.



Up and down in the 1961 Imperial Crown convertible

PEELING OUT

It was the golden age of the automobile. We'd mastered the bomb and won the war, we'd paved the prairies and were ready to hit the road. We were also randy as hell. And so we built palatial hot rods with long, flat, cushiony bench seats. Gas-guzzling nookiemobiles. Sure, most kids with wheels drove smaller, "muscle cars" like Mustangs and Chevelles. But one of your dad's metal monsters turned any night at the drive-in into a double feature.



The 1958 Chevy Impala: Long seats for heavy neckin'

DRIVING EXCITEMENT

It was easy to show your girl a good time in a classy, spacious '61 Imperial Crown. Or a '58 Impala, with a front seat so big you didn't even need a backseat. Or a '51 Nash Ambassador Super, the most notorious sinmobile of all (the seats collapsed to make a bed). Or an Olympic-sized '60 Lincoln Continental. Or a juiced-up Chrysler 300C convertible with room for five people seated side by side—or, more to the point, two horizontally.



The 1951 Nash: An Ike-era love shack second only to the bomb shelter

END OF THE ROAD

Sadly, sex-ready cars have gone the way of poodle skirts, chocolate malteds, and hula hoops. Now that we're OPEC-chastened and ozone-conscious, we've crammed ourselves into efficient compact cars with reclining bucket seats: Great for the ozone layer, but hell on the lower back. And they call that progress?



The Love Boat: Climb aboard the 1960 Lincoln Continental



Vroom for two: The 1957 Chrysler 300C



A rare shot of the Ford Indigo at rest. V-12 engine, racing tires, double-wishbone suspension—everything but a damn wet bar

PHOTOGRAPHS OF VINTAGE CARS AND INTERIORS: © CINDY LEWIS 1987-1995

all systems go

Are You a Mac Guy Or a PC Guy?

Do you get a warm, fuzzy feeling at the sight of colorful icons, or does the cool inscrutability of function keys tickle your fancy? Clues from your real life can help you decide whether you're using the right computer platform.





Platform shoo-ins David Bowie and Bill Gates

You	Mac Guys	PC Guys
Your stereo	One manufacturer's entire system, with a single master remote control	Random individual components strung together with Radio Shack adapters
The way your CDs are arranged	By label color, ordered according to the spectrum from red to violet, to make a nice rainbow	In strict alphabetical order (e.g., Madonna is under *C* for Ciccone)
Your approach to auto repair	Hire a good mechanic (a PC person, of course)	Painstakingly dismantle the engine yourself, checking and rechecking each part
Your approach to dating	Even if there are only a handful of girls you're compatible with, it's O.K. as long as they're beautiful, intuitive, and hassle-free	You insist on the freedom to date virtually every girl on earth, no matter how frustrating the interface
Your dream moonlighting job	As an unpaid, independent filmmaker	As a $250-an-hour programmer
How computing makes you feel	Cool	Normal

TABLOID TEST

Believe it or not, one of the following is *not* an actual tabloid headline. Can you spot the impostor? *(answer at right)*

1. GUIDE DOG FLIES PLANE FOR BLIND PILOT
2. KATHIE LEE RUSHED TO PSYCHO WARD
3. ELECTRICIAN TAKES OUT HIS OWN GALLSTONE
4. PAM LEE'S BREASTS DEFLATE AT 6,000 FEET
5. ISRAEL KEPT EGYPT'S ARMY STONED ON POT

love on the run

Stealth Pickup Lines

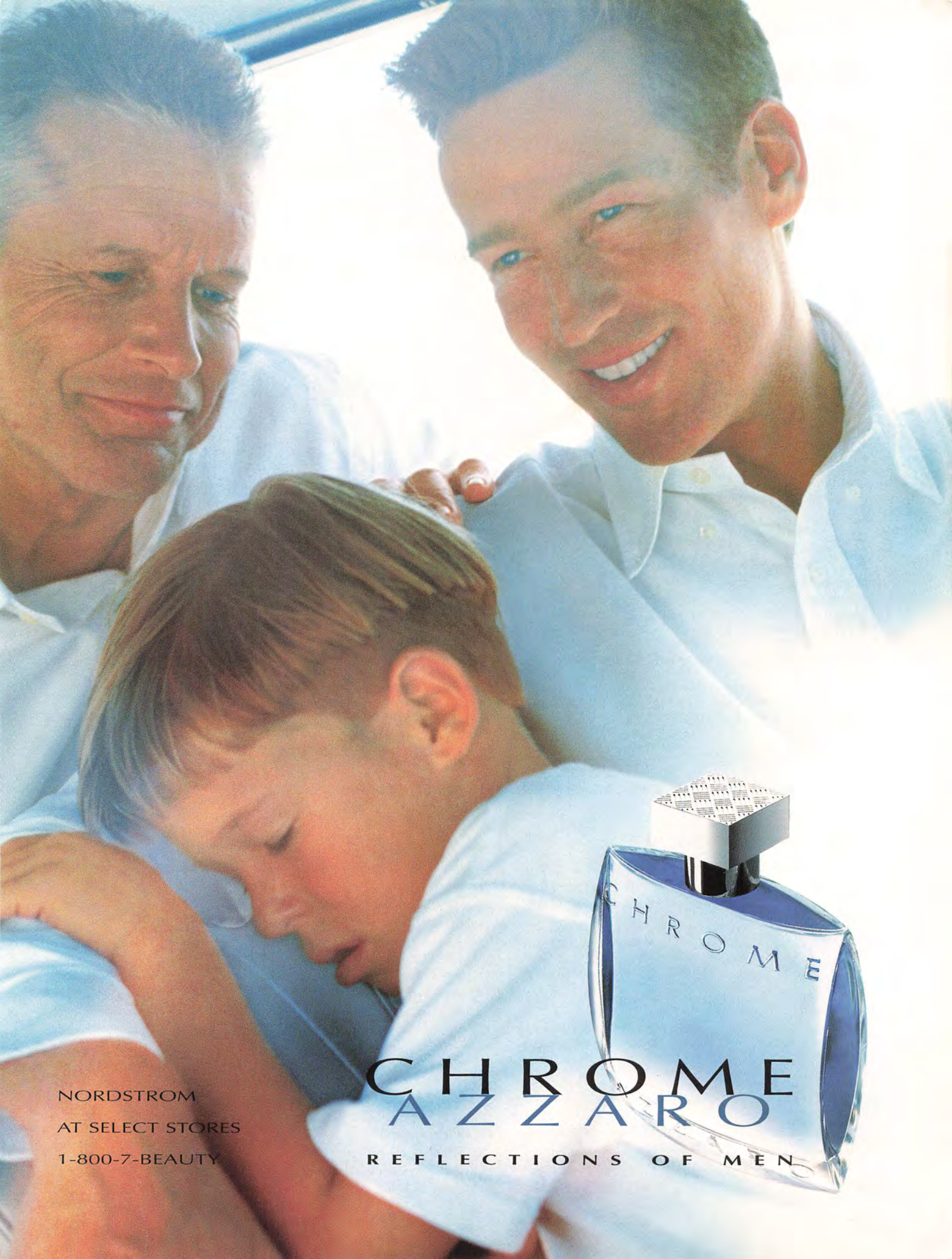
IRONY KILLED the straightforward pickup line. Today there's no variation on "Hey, baby" that doesn't translate literally as "Hi, I'm a soulless dork—wanna sleep with me anyway?" But with a little creativity and a lot of puppy-faced earnestness, you can craft a come-on that'll slip in under her radar.

OLD CLUNKER: "There's something in my eye . . . and I think it's you." (1957)
STEALTH MODEL: "Excuse me, but can I borrow some of your contact solution?"
OLD CLUNKER: "You're the kind of girl a guy could take home to Mom." (1963)
STEALTH MODEL: "I just know you'd get along great with my dad's girlfriend."
OLD CLUNKER: "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" (1968)
STEALTH MODEL: "Alexxxis69, if UR really a girl, UR the naughtiest!! one in this chatroom."
OLD CLUNKER: "If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?" (1979)
STEALTH MODEL: "I find you attractive, but in a totally gender-respecting, and not at all indictable kind of way."



"Tis something in mine eye . . ."

TABLOID TEST ANSWER: 4. DAVID BOWIE: ©MITCH JENKINS/RETNA; BILL GATES: ©CYNTHIA JOHNSON/THE GAMMA LIAISON NETWORK; BLACK & WHITE COUPLE: PHOTOFEST



CHROME
AZZARO

REFLECTIONS OF MEN

NORDSTROM
AT SELECT STORES
1-800-7-BEAUTY

real news

Jailbird Birdbrains

TENNESSEE
In August 1994, Zach Williams, 18, was shot and killed by robbers who took, among other things, his pager. Hard up for clues, the police, on a whim, gave the pager a call. Murderers George and Antonio Morgan found a phone and returned the call, for some reason, and were duly traced, arrested, and charged.

DES MOINES
Earlier this year a man wanted for drug possession and failure to appear in court spilled beer on his home telephone, and, in wiping it off, hit the combination 911. The officer dispatched to investigate the "emergency" ran a routine check, discovered the outstanding arrest warrants, and ran the poor sap in.



"I told you we should've taken a left turn at Albuquerque."

MISSOURI
Last year, Michael J. Lewis, in prison for robbing a gas station, was curious as to why he'd never been prosecuted for a bank robbery he'd also been charged with. So he called prosecutors to ask. They discovered that the critical file had been misplaced, and were just able to beat the statute of limitations—thanks to Lewis' call—and tack an extra 10 years onto his sentence.

BRAZIL
In February 1994, a trespasser at a glue factory was nabbed when he sniffed too deeply at one of the vats, passed out, and tipped the vat over on himself on the way down, gluing himself to the floor. Workers found him the following Monday, stuck fast and screaming for help; it took eight firemen and four cops to cut him loose so he could be arrested.

SAN JOSE
A disgruntled lover tried to bash in the windshield of his former girlfriend's car by swinging the butt end of a shotgun into the glass like a baseball bat. The gun accidentally discharged on impact, blowing a hole in the would-be vandal's gut and killing him.

LAUREL AND HARDY: PHOTOFEST; PORN WORLD: ADVERTISING ARCHIVES; TEE-GAR: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM

the skin game

XXX-Files

The porn world: Fun to visit, but would you want to live there?

PLUS: No work, no school—only sex
MINUS: Can't turn off the creepy hump music throbbing in your head
PLUS: Women are insatiable, grunting, potty-mouthed animals in bed
MINUS: Everywhere you look, another naked guy with a moustache
PLUS: All women are bisexual
MINUS: Can't leave wife alone with secretary for two minutes
PLUS: Meter reader's a lusty, busty babe ready to shed her skirt
MINUS: Buttinsky neighbors drop by to share her
PLUS: Ten half-hour sexual encounters a day
MINUS: No time for johnson to heal between bouts

the golf bag

Puff 'n' Putt

TRYING TO HIT A GOLF BALL with a cigar in your mouth is like trying to have sex with a drink in your hand: It's tough to do without dropping a stroke or two. Set your Mackanudo on the green, and you'll be sucking down lawn fertilizer throughout the back nine. Here's help: The Tee-Gar snaps onto any standard golf tee and holds your cigar safely off the turf, nullifying the possibility of a stogie double-bogey. Available for $2.95 in your local smoke shack, or call 1 (800) 844-7755.

Smoking the back nine—no talent required

It is what it is. Are you?





*Timex watch with Indiglo® night-light. Indiglo is a registered trademark of Indiglo Corp. ©1996 Timex Corp. For retailers U.S. call 1-800-367-8463 or Canada 1-800-263-0981.

been in jerry's

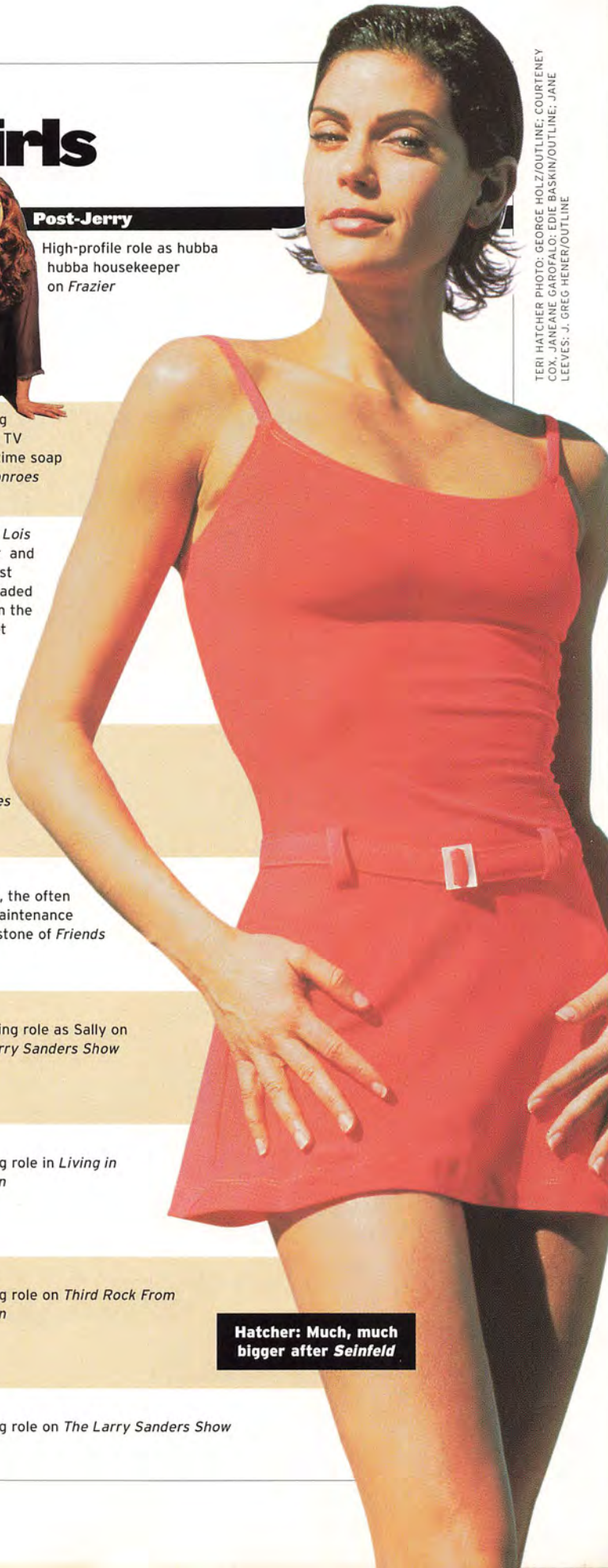
The Seinfeld Girls

Actress	Pre-Jerry	*Seinfeld* Role	Post-Jerry
JANE LEEVES	Low-profile role as Miles' girlfriend on *Murphy Brown*	Marla the virgin who endures insults from Elaine, raving duplicity from Jerry, and, worst of all, a final deflowering by JFK Jr. (Nov. '92)	High-profile role as hubba hubba housekeeper on *Frazier*
LYNN CLARK	Waitress	Vanessa the lawyer, whom Jerry meets at a birthday party and likes so much he stakes out her office (May '90)	Starring role on TV prime time soap *The Monroes*
TERI HATCHER	Recurring role on *MacGyver* (no word on whether they used her breasts as emergency floatation devices)	Sidra, whose breasts are so remarkable that Jerry suspects they're fake, until Elaine accidentally feels her up in the steam room (Sidra, after dumping Jerry: "They're real . . . and they're spectacular.") (Feb. '93)	Star of *Lois & Clark* and the most downloaded babe on the Internet
TAWNY KITAEN	Whitesnake video babe who really loves gyrating on Jaguars	Isabel, the actress so witless and untalented—but lovely—that Jerry's brain and penis play a chess match to decide what he'll do (Nov. '91)	Wife of TV's *Hercules*
COURTENEY COX	Alex P. Keaton's girlfriend on *Family Ties*	Meryl, who pretends to marry Jerry in order to get discount dry cleaning (Mar. '94)	Monica, the often high-maintenance cornerstone of *Friends*
KIMBERLEY KATES	Minor part as Historical Babe in *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*	The neighbor Jerry could have had, if only he'd moved; a near-miss which makes him want to "crash a TV" over his head (June '90)	Recurring role as Sally on *The Larry Sanders Show*
CATHERINE KEENER	Living in oblivion	Laura, the artist who paints "The Kramer" and gives Jerry & Co. prime Yankees seats, from which they get booted (Mar. '92)	Starring role in *Living in Oblivion*
KATHERINE LANASA	Professional ballet dancer (a.k.a. total obscurity)	The policewoman who makes Jerry take a lie detector test to see if it's true he's never watched *Melrose Place* (Feb. '95)	Starring role on *Third Rock From The Sun*
JANEANE GAROFALO	*Saturday Night Live* player (the yawn season)	Jeannie Steinman, Jerry's fiancée, who is exactly like him (May '96)	Starring role on *The Larry Sanders Show*









Hatcher: Much, much bigger after *Seinfeld*

TERI HATCHER PHOTO: GEORGE HOLZ/OUTLINE; COURTENEY COX, JANEANE GAROFALO: EDIE BASKIN/OUTLINE; JANE LEEVES: J. GREG HENER/OUTLINE


http://www.purethrill.com SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain.
©1997 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.), Hartford, CT—Made in the U.S.A.
SMIRNOFF
PURE MATE.
SMIRNOFF.



"Hearts he goes free, clubs he hangs."

contempt of court

The Witless Stand

If you thought the O.J. Simpson cases were farcical, you ain't seen nothing yet. *Maxim* presents a collection of some of the finest American courtroom blunders, all taken from the original court transcripts.

ATTORNEY: Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?
WITNESS: All my autopsies have been on dead people.

A: What is your name?
W: Ernestine McDowell.
A: And what is your marital status?
W: Fair.

A: Do you know how far pregnant you are right now?
W: I will be three months on November 8.
A: Apparently, then, the date of conception was August 8.
W: Yes.
A: What were you and your husband doing at that time?

A: When he went, had you gone and had she, if she wanted to and were able, for the time being excluding all the restraints on her not to, gone also, would he have brought you, meaning you and she, with him to the station?
A: Objection. That question should be taken out and shot.

A: Are you qualified to give a urine sample?
W: Yes, I have been since early childhood.

A: Did the woman driving the car you rear-ended attempt to talk to you?
W: No.
A: How did you leave the scene of the accident?
W: Scared.

A: And lastly, Gary, all your responses must be oral, O.K.? What school do you go to?
W: Oral.
A: How old are you?
W: Oral.

A: Any suggestions as to what prevented this from being a murder trial instead of an attempted-murder trial?
W: The victim lived.

A: (showing witness a picture) That's you?
W: Yes, sir.
A: And you were present when the picture was taken, right?
W: Yes, sir.
A: Was that the same nose you broke as a child?

A: What happened then?
W: He told me, he says, "I have to kill you, because you can identify me."
A: Did he kill you?

A: What is the meaning of sperm being present?
W: It indicates intercourse.
A: Male sperm?
W: That is the only kind I know.

A: Trooper, when you stopped the defendant, were your red and blue lights flashing?
W: Yes, sir.
A: Did the defendant say anything when she got out of her car?
W: Yes, sir.
A: What did she say?
W: "What disco am I at?"

A: Now, Mrs. Johnson, how was your first marriage terminated?
W: By death.
A: And by whose death was it terminated?

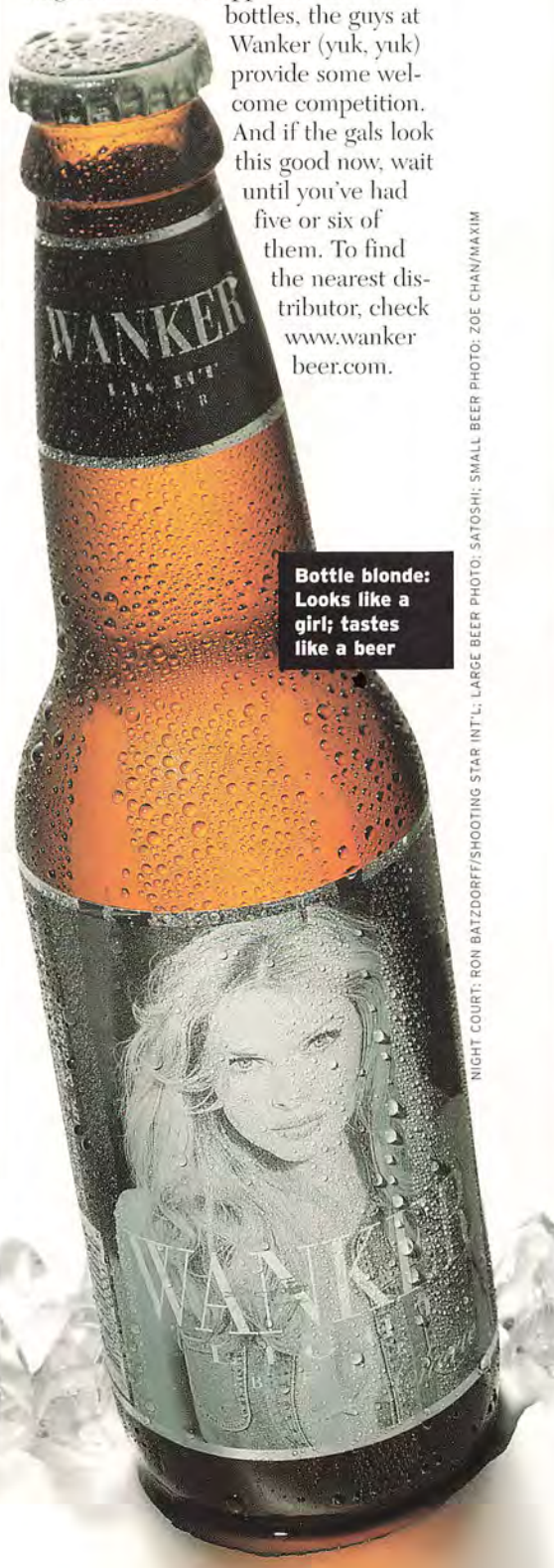
From Disorder in the Court *and* More Humor in the Court, *published by the National Court Reporters Assoc. 1 (800) 272-6272*



tall boys

Foam Sex

FOR DECADES, the St. Pauli Girl girl was the only brau frau worth looking at. At last, with a sexy six-pack of Los Angeles models wrapped around their bottles, the guys at Wanker (yuk, yuk) provide some welcome competition. And if the gals look this good now, wait until you've had five or six of them. To find the nearest distributor, check www.wankerbeer.com.



Bottle blonde: Looks like a girl; tastes like a beer

NIGHT COURT: RON BATZDORFF/SHOOTING STAR INT'L; LARGE BEER PHOTO: SATOSHI; SMALL BEER PHOTO: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM

OUT THERE CONTRIBUTORS: Keith Blanchard, Hallie Levine, John Tessitore, Bryant Urstadt, Christine Whelan, Leslie Yazel

One love











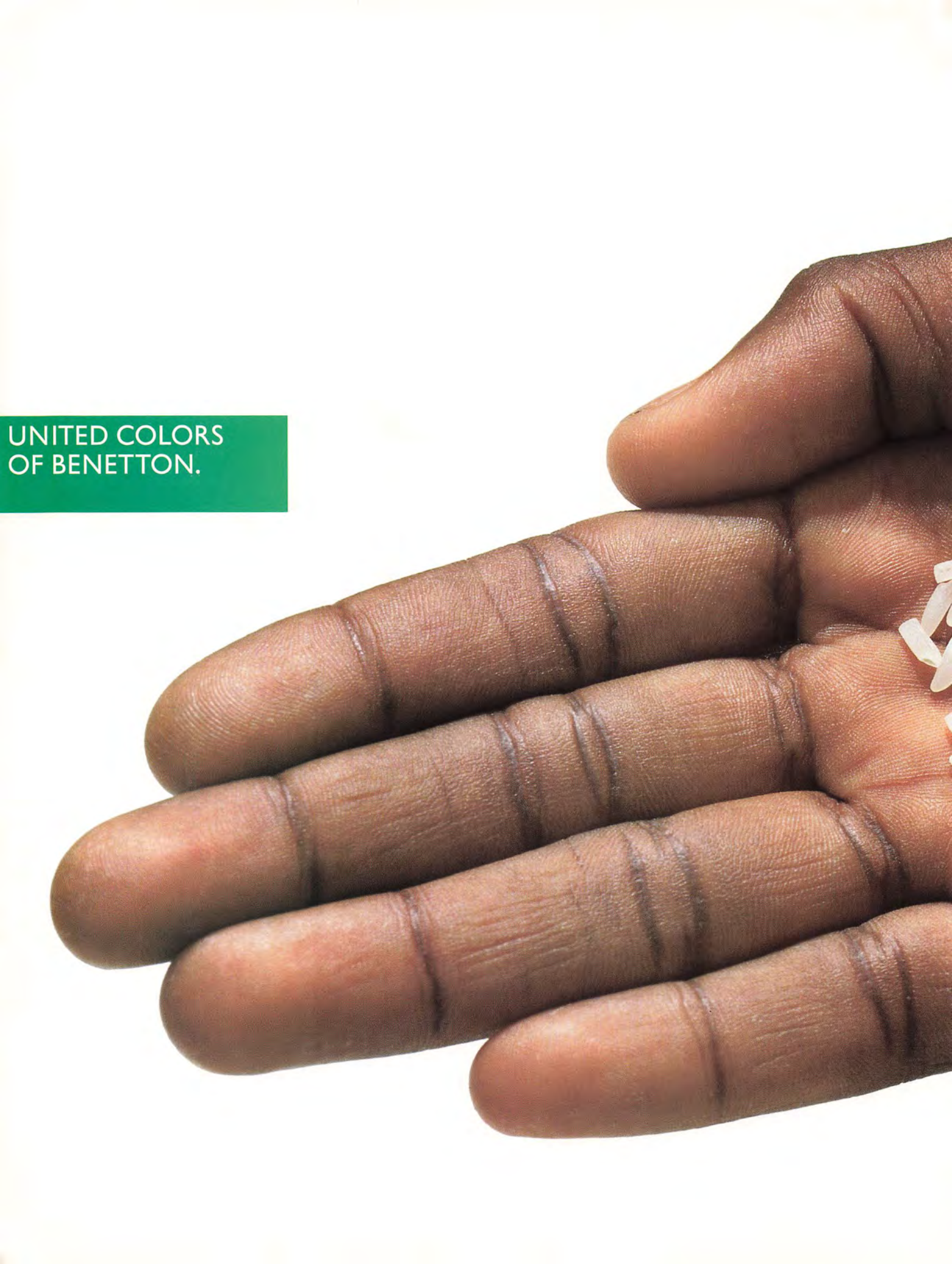


One dream. One heart. One love – it's everywhere in Jamaica.

JAMAICA

Come to Jamaica and feel all right. *Call your Travel Agent or 1-800-JAMAICA* *www.jamaicatravel.com*

©1997 Jamaica Tourist Board


UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.



United Colors of Benetton and Sisley are trademarks of Benetton Group SpA, Italy. Concept and photo: O. Toscani

http: / / www.benetton.com



Our kind of flasher: Christa Miller makes 'The Drew Carey Show' shine

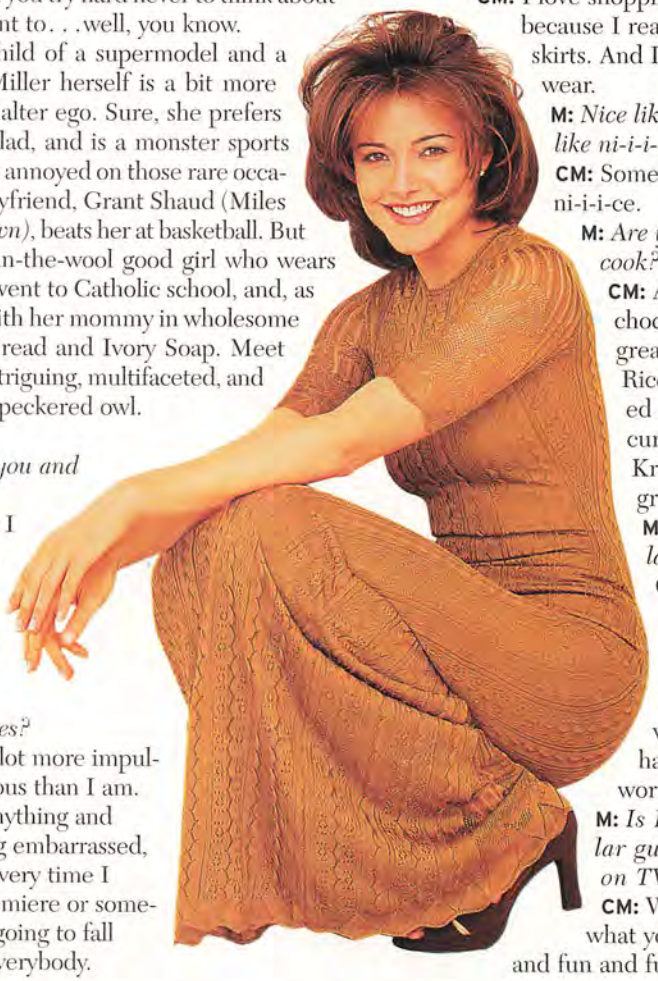
Miller Time

Sports-loving, one-of-the guys gal Christa Miller reveals her inner girlie. By Nina Malkin

WITH TWO SUCCESSFUL SEASONS under its prodigious belt, *The Drew Carey Show* is fast emerging as a TV force to be reckoned with. Like all truly great sitcoms, it not only makes audiences laugh, it strikes a chord: Carey's Cleveland is a heartland haven for regular Joes. And at least one regular Jane—played to perfection by tasty *Maxim* cover babe Christa Miller.

As Drew's good buddy Kate, Miller plays the classic girl-next-door grown up. The kind of girl who stopped climbing trees when she got gorgeous one summer, but who's still up for shootin' pool, shootin' gophers, or just shootin' the shit. The kind of girl whose friendship you value so much that you try hard never to think about how badly you want to. . .well, you know.

As befits the child of a supermodel and a rocket scientist, Miller herself is a bit more complex than her alter ego. Sure, she prefers French fries to salad, and is a monster sports fan who gets really annoyed on those rare occasions when her boyfriend, Grant Shaud (Miles from *Murphy Brown*), beats her at basketball. But she's also a dyed-in-the-wool good girl who wears pearls and skirts, went to Catholic school, and, as an infant, posed with her mommy in wholesome ads for Wonder Bread and Ivory Soap. Meet the real Christa: intriguing, multifaceted, and hotter than a two-peckered owl.

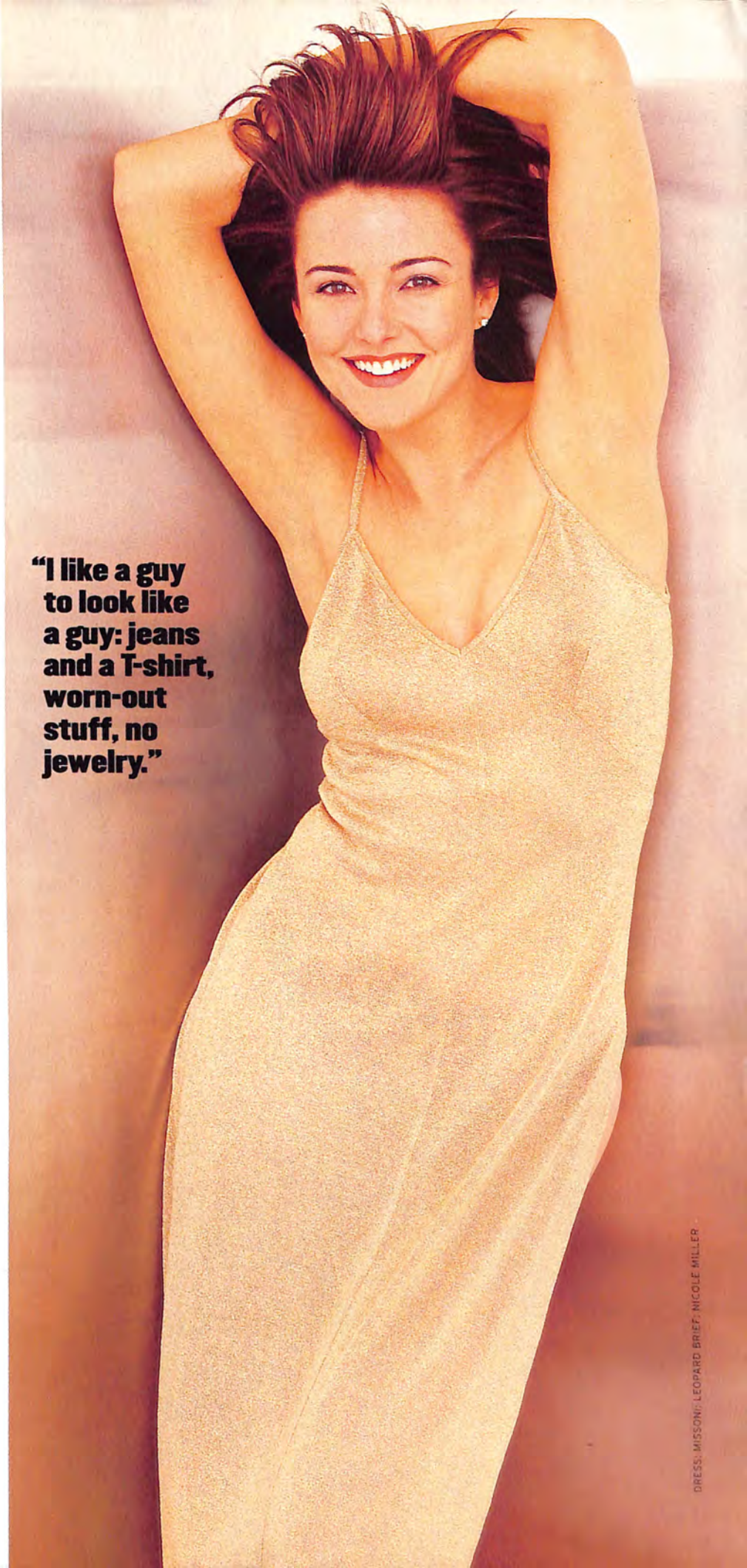


MAXIM: *How are you and Kate alike?*
CHRISTA MILLER: I was a tomboy too, a good athlete. I've played a lot of sports—basketball, volleyball, tennis, softball.
M: *Major differences?*
CM: Well, Kate's a lot more impulsive and spontaneous than I am. She'll jump into anything and doesn't mind being embarrassed, while I dread it. Every time I have to go to a premiere or something, I think I'm going to fall down in front of everybody.
M: *City girls seem to start out early. Were you precocious and fast growing up in Manhattan?*
CM: No, I got started late. I went to an all-girls Catholic school, and I didn't kiss a boy until I was in 10th grade.
M: *Did you always want to act?*
CM: Sort of. When I was 15, Eileen Ford told me I should think about modeling, and I thought it was the coolest thing. But my mom never wanted me to model. I always loved acting, even though there's a part of it that makes me very nervous. I get very excited before I go on. I pace backstage.
M: *In what ways are you a girlie?*
CM: I love shopping. I wear skirts and dresses, because I really think guys like girls in skirts. And I always wear nice underwear.
M: *Nice like good, expensive—or nice like ni-i-i-ce!*
CM: Sometimes good, sometimes ni-i-i-ce.
M: *Are you domestic? Can you cook?*
CM: A little bit. I make amazing chocolate-chip cookies, a really great tuna salad sandwich, and Rice Krispies Treats. I'm addicted to Rice Krispies Treats. I'm currently looking into a Rice Krispies Treats 12-step program.
M: *What's cool about the regular guy?*
CM: Regular guys tend to be honest, and they know how to have fun. I like a guy to look like a guy and smell like a guy, not somebody who's affected or trying too hard. Jeans and a T-shirt, worn-out stuff, no jewelry.
M: *Is Drew Carey really a regular guy, or does he just play one on TV?*
CM: With Drew, what you see is what you get. He *is* that guy: nice and fun and funny and easy to work with.

STYLED BY KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR: PATRIC MELVILLE/MCM SALON; MAKEUP: ASSUMPTA FOR PRICE, INC.; OPPOSITE PAGE: COAT: MAXMARA; HOT PANTS: MALO; THIS PAGE: KNIT DRESS: RICHARD TYLER; SHOES: CELINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES/AKA REPS NY

M: *What do you think is sexy in a man?*
CM: A sense of humor, intelligence, and attentiveness. I like someone who *gets* me.
M: *What else do guys need to know?*
CM: I'm big on manners. Know how to listen, and call when you say you're going to.
M: *O.K.; we know what's wrong with guys. What's wrong with chicks?*
CM: I try not to be catty, not to trash people—I think anything you say comes back to you. But I'm not perfect: Sometimes I'll look at a woman and go, "Oh, come on! What's with the boobs?"
M: *Have you ever done a love scene?*
CM: I had to kiss my boyfriend on *Drew Carey*.
M: *And are those just TV kisses or real kisses?*
CM: Sometimes they're real—it depends what mood you're in.
M: *What's most important: your solitude, your friends, or your guy?*
CM: My guy! But I make time for my friends. I hate when your girlfriends get boyfriends and then ditch you, and they try to call you again when it doesn't work out. And why didn't it work out? Because you completely disappeared with this guy and ignored the rest of your life.
M: *Are you a cat person, a dog person, or an all-animal person?*
CM: I have a Shetland sheepdog that I adopted, but I'm an all-animal person. We had a chimp on the show, and she was like a little person, like a two-year-old. But the trainer wouldn't let me play with her because if she likes you she won't do the scene.
M: *Besides Drew Carey, what's your favorite TV show?*
CM: *Dr. Katz*. They mostly have stand-ups guest star, but I'd love to be on. I've got some issues. . .like, I obsess about things that I don't need to obsess over. I'm a bit of a worrier.
M: *What do you have faith in?*
CM: I have faith that God knows what's best for me, and that if you show up and do the best you can, that's all you can do.
M: *Now that you're clearly headed for the top, how do you define success?*
CM: To me it's such a miracle that I get to look forward to going to work. I drive to work on Mulholland and I blast the music that I love, and I'm just happy. That's success to me. M

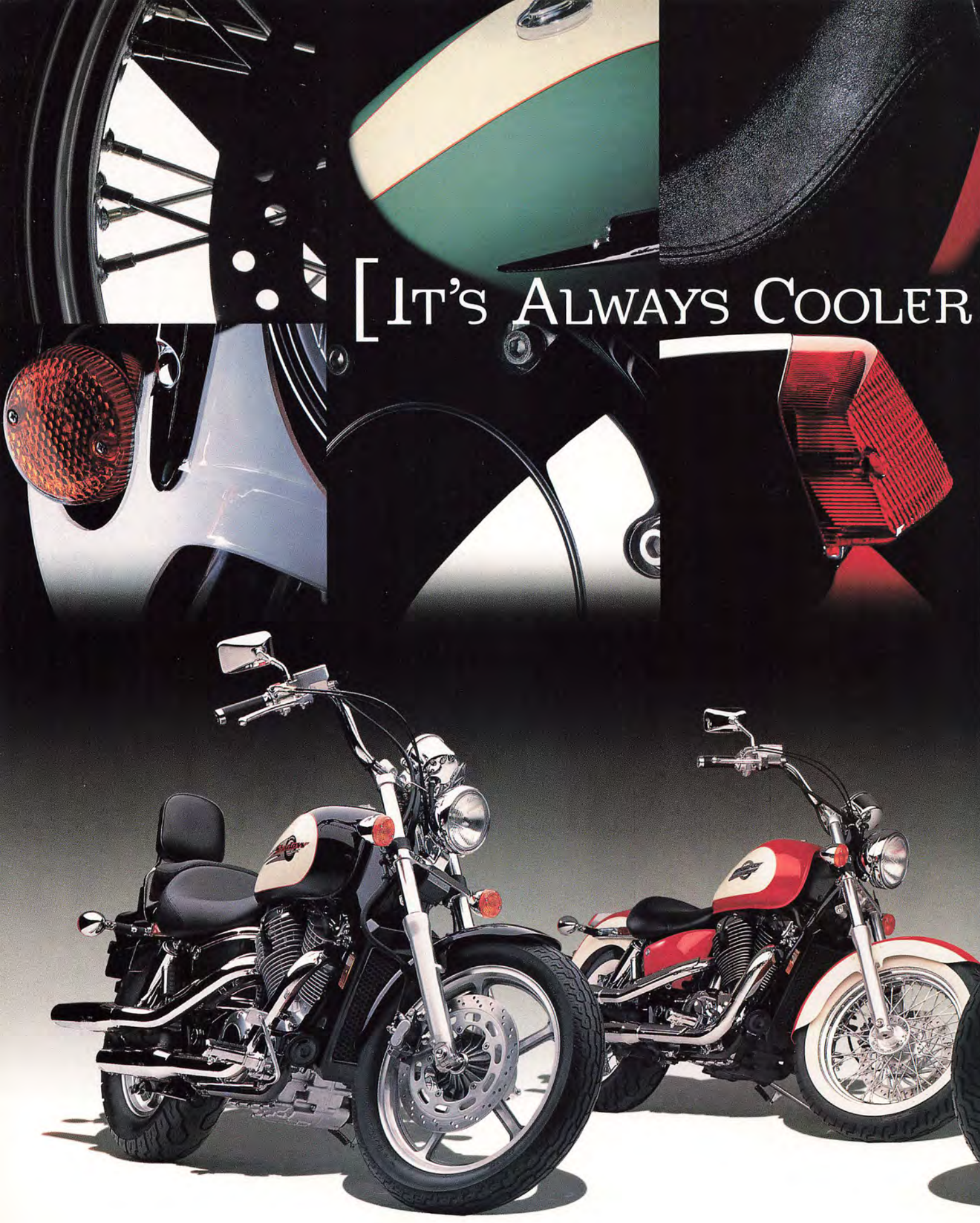


DRESS: MISSONI; LEOPARD BRIEF: NICOLE MILLER

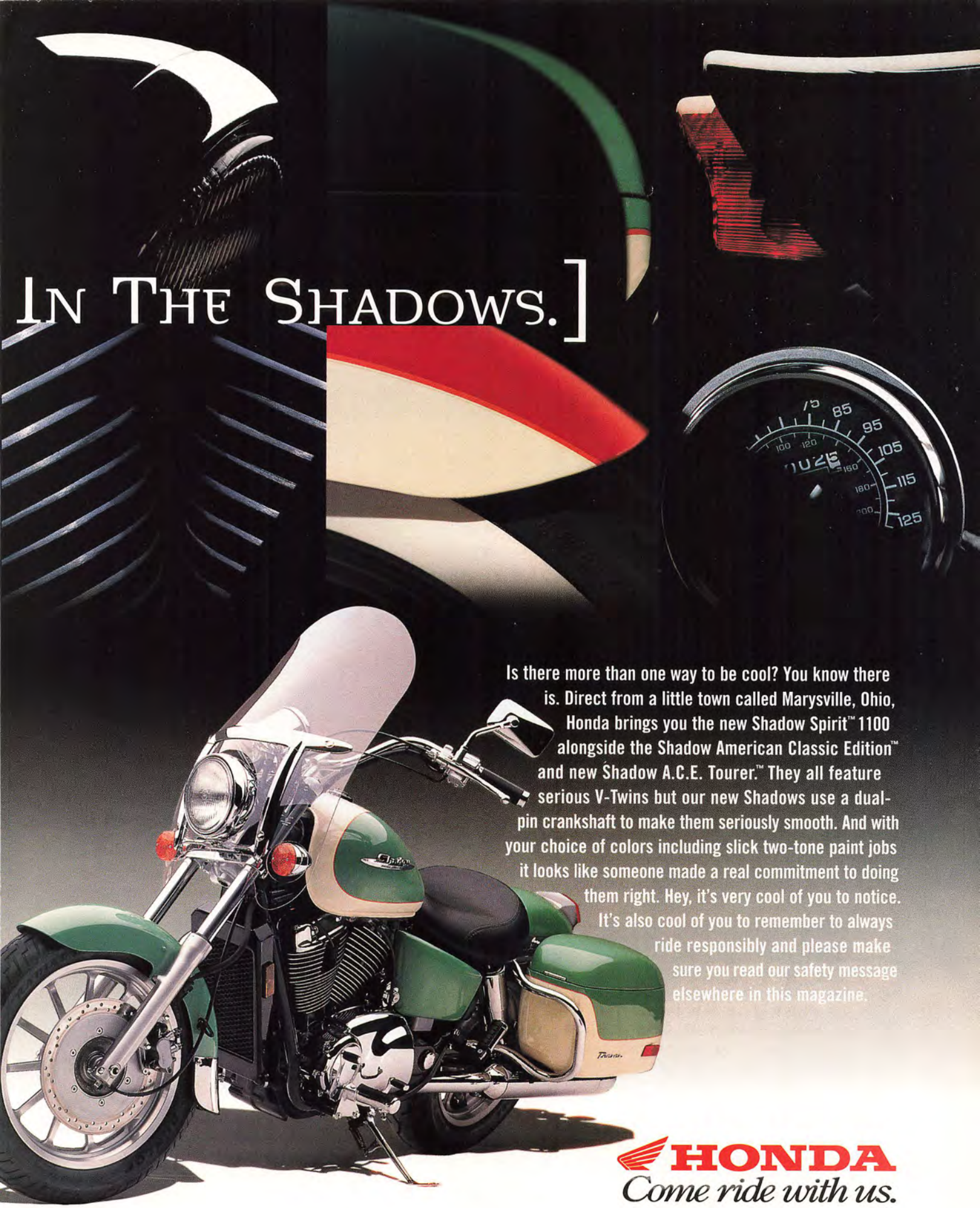


Pour two ounces of Skyy vodka over ice. Also known as Skyy Ice, Skyy Over, Skyy Rocks.
For exceptionally clean, clear vodka produced by four-column distillation and triple filtration, always reach for the Skyy.

40% alcohol (80 Proof) 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1997 Skyy Spirits, Inc., San Francisco, California.



THE NEW SHADOW A.C.E. TOURER IS AVAILABLE AFTER 4/1/97. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. California versions may differ slightly due to emissions equipment. When you buy a new Shadow Spirit 1100, Shadow A.C.E. or Shadow A.C.E. Tourer before December 31, 1997, you'll become a member of the Honda Rider's Club



Is there more than one way to be cool? You know there is. Direct from a little town called Marysville, Ohio, Honda brings you the new Shadow Spirit™ 1100 alongside the Shadow American Classic Edition™ and new Shadow A.C.E. Tourer.™ They all feature serious V-Twins but our new Shadows use a dual-pin crankshaft to make them seriously smooth. And with your choice of colors including slick two-tone paint jobs it looks like someone made a real commitment to doing them right. Hey, it's very cool of you to notice. It's also cool of you to remember to always ride responsibly and please make sure you read our safety message elsewhere in this magazine.

HONDA

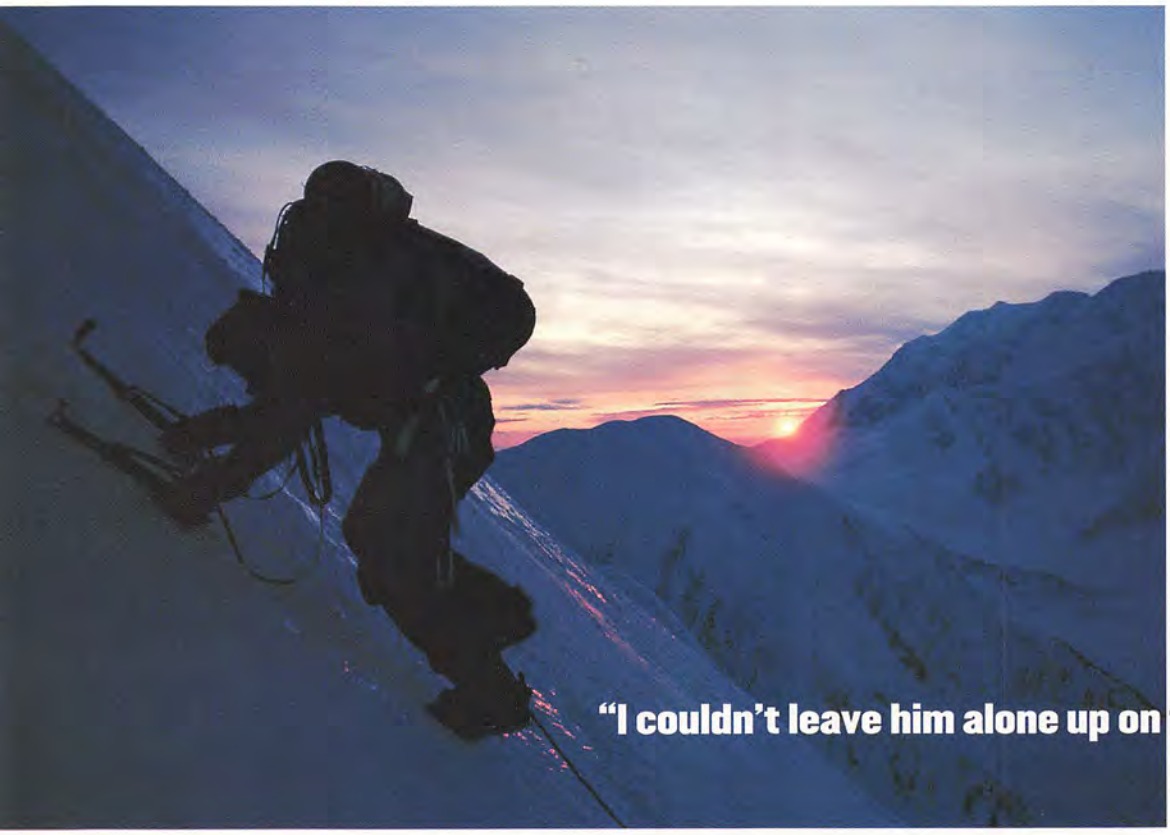
Come ride with us.

of America. That entitles you to reimbursement for MSF rider training. See your Honda Dealer for complete details. For a free brochure, see your Honda Dealer or write: American Honda, P.O. Box 3976, Gardena, CA 90247. Shadow Spirit, Shadow American Classic Edition, and Shadow A.C.E. Tourer are Honda trademarks. ©1997 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (2/97)

Snowbound

With his buddy's body buried under an avalanche, Bryan Becker put on his boots for the climb of his life.

AS TOLD TO KEVIN SIMPSON



"I couldn't leave him alone up on the mountain."

PHOTOGRAPH: © GLENN RANDALL/SPORTS LIGHT

DEATH ON THE MOUNTAIN was the furthest thing from my mind as I walked on the beach near my uncle's Miami home. I had flown down from Colorado—my wife and I live in Manitou Springs, literally in the shadow of 14,110-foot Pikes Peak—to help my uncle get a family property in shape to sell. I was glad to lend a hand, even though it meant I had to turn down an invitation from my best friend, Bill Blair, to ski with him and some friends in the spring snowfields on the east face of the peak. But I assumed there would be other days for me to ski with Bill.

I had been in Miami barely long enough to get sand in my shoes when the phone rang and my wife, Carolyn, was telling me that Bill and his skiing pals had been caught in an avalanche—a big one. Rescuers performing heroically in terrible weather conditions had pulled all but one of the group off the mountain alive. Everyone but Bill. He hadn't come down.

I caught the first plane home, knotted with fear and denial and anger and the gnawing feeling that I should have been up there too. It was dark by the time I reached Manitou Springs. A round of phone calls left me grappling with two wrenching facts. Bill was dead. And he was still on the mountain.

I knew I had to go after him—tonight, not tomorrow. We had a code in our circle of climbers, one we rarely put into words. If any of us died on a mountain, we wanted the others to bring us down. Part of it was that we didn't want strangers risking death by compounding whatever miscalculation had led to our own demise. But mostly it was personal.

Carolyn, the voice of reason, didn't want me to go alone, fearing another avalanche. It was raining and there was no telling what kind of weather might be waiting at the higher altitudes. All true, I knew, but ➜

Cartier



Pasha® Watch
Solid steel.
Chronograph and date.
Water-resistant to 30 meters.

©1996 Cartier, Inc. Photo H. GISSINGER

150 YEARS OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE

ATLANTA · BAL HARBOUR · BEVERLY HILLS · BOSTON · CHEVY CHASE · CHICAGO · FORT LAUDERDALE · HONOLULU
HOUSTON · LAS VEGAS · MONTREAL · NEW YORK · PALM BEACH · SAN DIEGO · SAN FRANCISCO · SOUTH COAST PLAZA · ST. LOUIS
TORONTO · VANCOUVER · ARUBA · FREEPORT · NASSAU · SAN JUAN · ST. BARTHELEMY · ST. MARTIN · ST. THOMAS

I began preparing my pack: sleeping bag, skis, poles, food, camp stove. And beer. Bill always gave me hell if I didn't bring enough beer.

I made the trailhead on the west side of town at about 1:30 a.m. as the rain crystallized into icicles on the tree branches. Manitou Springs sits at 6,600 feet, and the climb from there to the Pikes Peak summit is the longest base-to-peak trek in the state. Jet lag and exhaustion dogged me from the start, and the darkness and the rain and my manic emotions left me feeling just a little bit spooked. A couple of hours into the journey, I was practically hallucinating. But I knew Bill was up there, still several hours' hike away, and I didn't like that he was up there alone.



Bill Blair (left) and Bryan Becker

Funny, I didn't even really like the guy at first. We'd met 15 years earlier through a mutual friend and soon found ourselves in each other's company on rock climbs, back-country ski expeditions, and all kinds of outdoor adventures. Basically, that's what I do for a living, as a climber and mountain guide. It took us a couple of years to really get close. Bill had this antagonistic style that grew on you. He was built low and stout, like a cannonball, and that's pretty much the way he skied—hell, that's pretty much the way he lived. Stand still and Bill would barrel into you and start wrestling. He'd never miss a chance to chide you, bait you, dare you. After a while, you figured out that this was Bill's way of making friends.

"I sat his body up facing toward the sun. Then I cracked open a beer."

I reached 9,800 feet about 3 a.m., and I trudged into Barr Camp, where year-round caretaker Russ Carpenter runs a little way station where hikers often rest on the way to the summit. He filled me with hot Russian tea and gently tried to talk me out of continuing on, even though I think he understood that I had to go. I still had another couple of hours from Barr Camp to the vicinity of the avalanche. And I had one worry: What if I couldn't find Bill once I made the East Face? I knew the rescuers had marked the location of his body with a ski when severe conditions forced them to temporarily call it quits. But the wind and the snow could have changed everything.

When I reached timberline, the sun was rising red above the clouds. I let out a yodel—something Bill and I'd do to keep track of each other when we were skiing the back country, separated by trees and linked only by our voices. I knew he wouldn't answer this time, but I had to try.

A little below 13,000 feet, I saw the ski sticking up out of the snow. Choking on emotion, I slid my avalanche shovel from my pack. The snow was still fresh, and I only had to dig a foot or so before I saw Bill's yellow jacket, the one he always wore. It didn't take long to pull him from where fresh snow had buried him. I prayed that he would open his eyes and make me the butt of some ruthlessly elaborate practical joke.

"C'mon!" I screamed, half crying. "Get up and give me some shit! Please give me some shit!" But he was cold.

I had to back off for a while, turn away and try to get it together. Facing him again, I brushed the snow from his eyes. As I dug some steps into the snow, I guessed that he had tried to outrace the avalanche. That was Bill's style. I cleaned him off some more, little by little, as I could handle it. It was as if I were grooming him, trying to make him comfortable. I sat his body on one of the steps, facing east toward the sun, which was now well past its dawn position.

I cracked open a beer and put it in Bill's hand. But for the first time since I'd known him, he wasn't drinking his share. I bawled and I cussed and sat there for a long, long time. Finally I found his backpack and pulled out the cell phone he usually carried, and I called his wife, Deb, in the town below. She was relieved that it was me who was with him.

I called Deb a couple of more times over the next few hours, trying to coordinate a relief effort. But as the afternoon dragged on and no rescuers arrived, I decided that I needed to start moving back down the mountain before dark. I packed up all the avalanche-strewn gear I could find and lashed my skis together into a makeshift sled that would be Bill's ride downhill.

It was a difficult descent. I tried to tow him behind me, but Bill's heavier body kept gathering speed and running me over. He sent us both sprawling—just as he'd done on purpose when he was alive. I'd move the body, then hike back up to retrieve the gear. Move Bill, get the gear—over and over. Finally I realized that this wasn't working, and that getting him off the mountain had to be my priority. So I stashed the gear and marked the spot so I could bring it down later. Then it occurred to me that if I threw my leg over his body on a litter made of skis. . .and *rode* it. . .I could make much better time. The creepiness of the maneuver wasn't lost on me, but it worked. I could steer left or right by dragging one heel or the other. I know Bill would have been amused, not offended, that we could still carve a few turns together.

Around timberline, I spotted two of our friends heading uphill toward me. We hugged and we cried, and I felt relief and satisfaction that Bill's other close friends had arrived to help him down off the mountain. I would later be scolded by the sheriff's department for tampering with what, technically, remained a crime scene, and I would be lectured about how search-and-rescue teams are trained for the kind of thing I'd attempted on my own. Of course, those concerns hadn't even crossed my mind. They all knew that, but they still had to read me the riot act, because, hey, that's their job.

But to be honest, I would have done the same thing even if I'd been conscious of all the protocol. When you're bonded to a buddy by the mountains, it's the only thing you can do. M

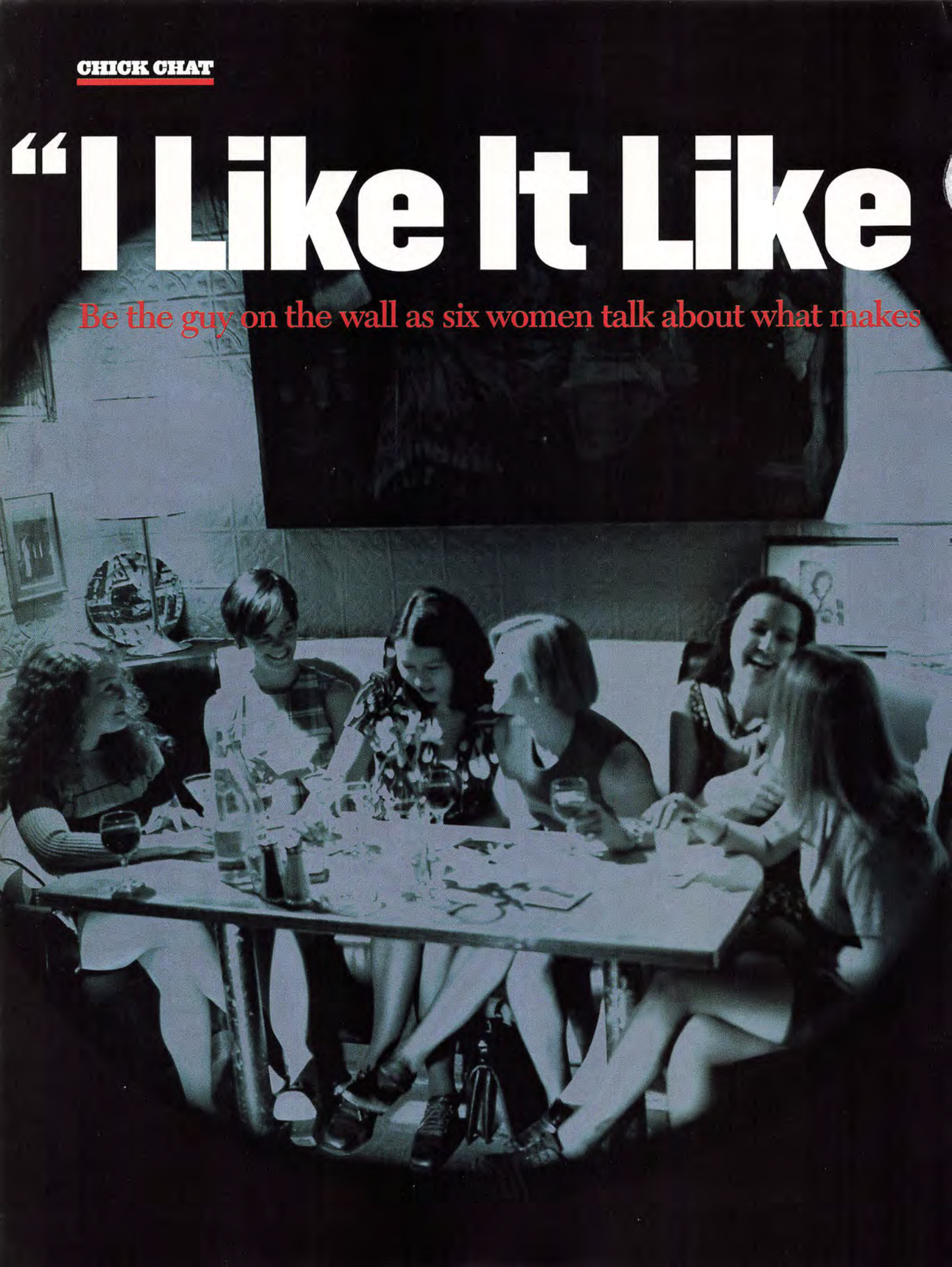
Kevin Simpson is a columnist and reporter for The Denver Post.

PHOTOGRAPH: DAN HEIDENREICH


PERRY ELLIS

"I Like It Like

Be the guy on the wall as six women talk about what makes



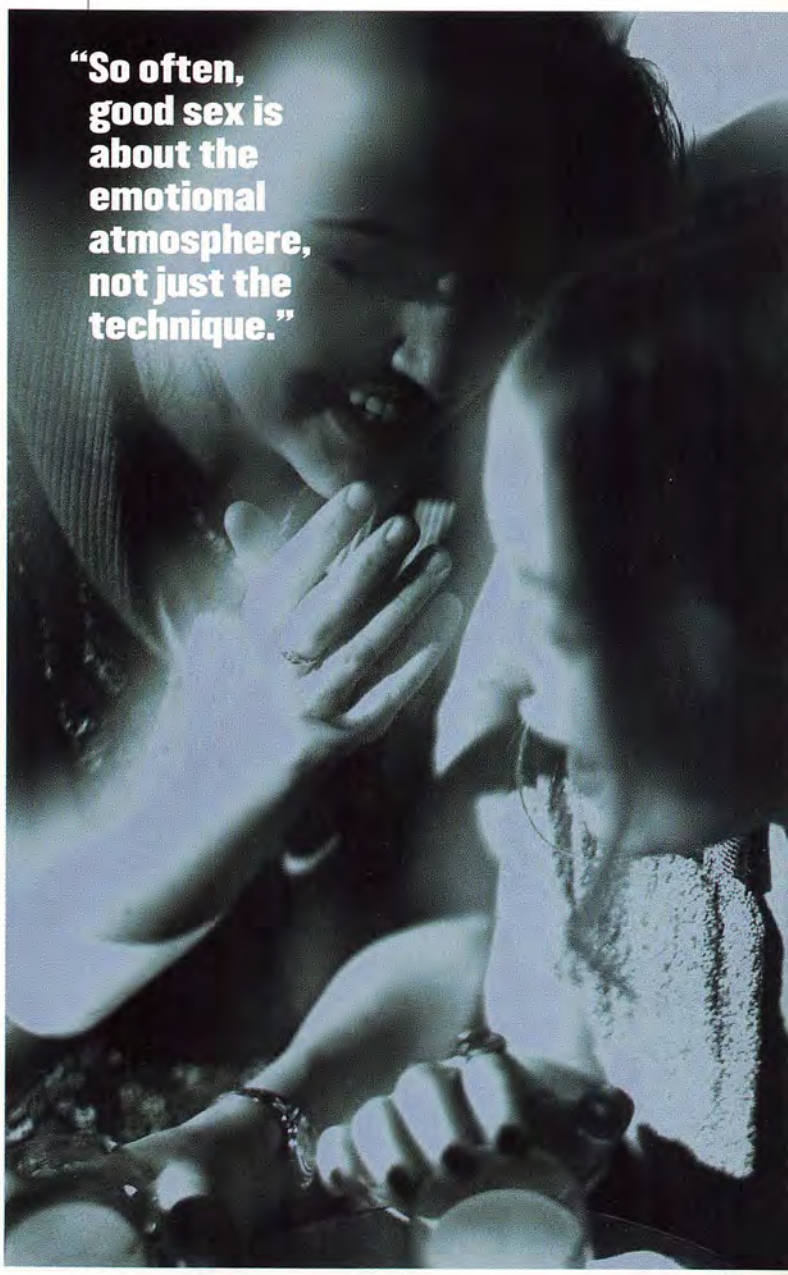
That"

sex good, bad, weird, fantastic

THE CHICKS

LUCY
24, has a live-in boyfriend
JOANNA
22, has a steady boyfriend
PHOEBE
28, is single
LENA
35, has been married nine years
JACKIE
32, is separated
LINDA
31, has been married four years
(*not the women's real names*)

IF ONLY SEX ITSELF were this easy: A free dinner and a couple of drinks was all it took to get six women gushing uncontrollably about their lust lives. Here, in their own words, they discuss what floats their boats in the bedroom.



GETTING IN THE MOOD

LUCY: A guy could watch a few old movies and get a great crash course on what women want to be made to feel sexy and in the mood.
JOANNA: So true!
LUCY: You know, we're suckers for flowers, we're suckers for gifts . . .
JACKIE: Flattery.
LUCY: You come home to flattery and candles on the table, and who cares if it's baked beans for dinner?
LENA: But it doesn't have to be candles and music; it's more the whole mood he sets.
LUCY: Right; as long as he makes the effort, as long as he asks you what you did that day, and listens.
LINDA: And asks you how you feel. Women want men to ask them how they feel, and we want men to be our fans. It makes us feel sexy.
PHOEBE: Exactly. I was working with a guy on this project, and we were on his couch with papers spread everywhere, and he said at one point, "You're so good at this," and it was like, "Take me!" Sometimes it doesn't take much to create the right mood!
LUCY: Even if they're just lying through their teeth.
JOANNA: Yeah. We've been watching *Baywatch*, and my boyfriend has looked at Pamela Anderson and said, "Oh, your boobs are much better." Guys should realize how much that shit means.
JACKIE: Especially if you're living together or married and you see them every day.
LENA: Sometimes my husband rolls over in the morning and goes: "So, how about it?"
JACKIE: It's the absolute wrong thing to do.

PHOTOGRAPHS: RIC ARREN; HAIR & MAKEUP: ASSUMPTA FOR PRICE INC; LOCATION: RAOUL'S, SOHO, NY

WATCHING AND TALKING

"We pushed a chair up in front of a mirror, and had sex watching ourselves. I loved it."

LINDA: Does anyone get into porn, for, like, foreplay?
PHOEBE: If you're watching it as foreplay, you should only have to watch, like, five minutes of it.
JOANNA: Exactly—that's all it takes. My boyfriend and I started renting it after we went to a party in college where someone was showing a porn film. Everyone was joking around, like, "Aha, a porno," and I'm like, "Yeah, sh-h-h."
JACKIE: I like watching sex a different way. I had this highly erotic experience recently when a guy and I had sex while sitting on a chair in front of a mirror. It was great! Of course, you've got to make sure the lighting is right and everything, but it's like watching amateur porn of yourselves.
PHOEBE: I think a lot of women like porn movies, but it seems weird if a guy initiates it in the wrong way—it's best to joke around a bit and feel each other out. I would think he was creepy if he's really into porn.
LENA: We don't watch it that much anymore, but we used to go to X-rated movies years ago, and it was a big turn-on.
PHOEBE: You're like Pee-Wee Herman!
LENA: I'm not like Pee-Wee Herman.
PHOEBE: O.K., O.K. I think I like porn because I get turned on when a man, you know, talks dirty. Of course, it's nice if they talk at all. This one guy stopped in the middle of sex, and I said, "What's the matter?" and he said, "It's not supposed to be this good." Wow, that worked!
JOANNA: If they express their desire verbally, that's *such* a turn-on.
JACKIE: Which some guys don't understand. They won't do it and they won't talk dirty—it scares the shit out of them. Or when you reach down and touch yourself, they freak out.





THE INS AND OUTS

LINDA: Guys need to understand that every woman is so idiosyncratic, and whatever you did with the last woman doesn't necessarily work with this one. It's chick-specific.
LUCY: And situation-specific. It's not like the clitoris is this magic button that you can push, and bingo, instant orgasm. I mean, one day you can lick my wrist and I'll come just from that.
LENA: It's true. It's often about emotional atmosphere and not just "technique."
JOANNA: Um . . . but technique is still important. Because some guys just don't get it.
PHOEBE: They just need to listen. I'm making noises, naturally, but I'm also guiding you. "Oh...oh...oh!!!" You know, this is your guide; it's not just me being an idiot.
JACKIE: I hate it when they sense you're climaxing so they change how they're touching you.
PHOEBE, LUCY, JOANNA: Yeah!
LINDA: And they shouldn't just start doing it harder. They suddenly think: "Must go faster! Must do it harder!"
LENA: There's something to be said for a slow hand and a really soft touch.
JOANNA: But I love it when guys grab other parts of your body strongly and embrace you tightly.
LENA: I like the butt thing.
JACKIE: I like the butt thing too.
LENA: Some guys realize it can be an erogenous zone without being penetrated. Like, it doesn't necessarily mean I want anything inside there. It's just a place that's sensitive. And taboo.
LINDA: But a guy doesn't have to focus on a taboo spot. Rubbing your neck for five minutes after work is worth 25 minutes of oral sex.
JACKIE: I think oral sex is overrated.
LENA: Me too.
JACKIE: I think guys think that if they go down on you, if you're not getting wet from the inside out, that they'll just make you wet with their mouth—like fast-forward.
LUCY: It's like, "Oh, my God, his face is down there!"
JOANNA: I disagree. I love it. I mean, I love it.
PHOEBE: Oh, yeah, absolutely.



IT'S AN ICON. IT REPRESENTS TRUTH, HONESTY, AUTHENTICITY AND INTEGRITY. THERE ARE MANY ICONS. MUSICIANS, POLITICIANS, EVEN ACTORS. AN ICON CAN STIR THE EMOTIONS, IT CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO RELATE TO AND TO IDENTIFY WITH. SO, JUST IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. BUT THEN AGAIN, IT COULD JUST BE A RED STAR ON A GREEN BACKGROUND.

IT'S ALL TRUE

Heineken®

http://www.heineken.com

Heineken USA, Inc., White Plains, NY

True to the original recipe since 1886



LINDA: But again, it's chick-specific. I'm not into it so much, because I suspect men don't really like it that much.
LENA: That's the thing: As long as they tell you they like it, it's O.K.—instead of it being like they're doing you a favor.
JACKIE: Here's something that I think is incredibly sexy—when they hold your hands up above your head.
JOANNA: I agree—it's wonderful. I'll have my hands down and he'll start to do something, and I'm going, "Wait, let me get my arms up. . . ."
LUCY: I like the whole bondage-rape fantasy, even if it's just my boyfriend pinning my hands down.
LINDA: Doggy-style is a very sexy position—guys love it.
JACKIE: Does anyone get off from doggy-style?
PHOEBE: If they reach around. They have to reach around.
LINDA: Do you always come during sex?
LENA: It's rare that I don't.
JOANNA: If I don't orgasm, I usually go home and do something to, you know, finish off the evening.

MEN VERSUS BOYS

PHOEBE: Older men rock my world. They go slower, there isn't that rush-rush feeling. And they don't mind when you ask them for something. Younger guys interpret that as "Oh, I'm doing it wrong, I'm doing it wrong." Usually they're not; I just want something different.
JOANNA: I dated this guy five years younger than me—he was basically just about legal—and he would go into the bedroom first, take off all his clothes, and then I'd walk in and he'd be already under the covers, like, "Hi!" His clothes were carefully folded on the chair. It was terrible. Terrible.
LINDA: Die. I would die.
LUCY: There's some quote: "The man who folds his clothes up before having sex has no concept of the thing itself."
JACKIE: I was with this younger guy—he was about 22—and we were having sex. I reached into my drawer and took out some K-Y jelly. The reason I needed K-Y jelly was because he wasn't attentive enough to get me aroused in the first place—and he goes, "Don't! Don't! That's weird." I never slept with him again.

THE BEST SEX EVER

JACKIE: I'd have to say that some of the best sex was recently, with a guy I didn't know very well. I had this attitude "I don't give a fuck what this kid thinks," and I came extremely quickly; it was just effortless.
LUCY: You just let your self-consciousness go.
JACKIE: Exactly.

"You can have great sex with someone you don't know well—you don't really care what he thinks."



JOANNA: Some of the best sex I've ever had is when my boyfriend and I have gotten into this game of playing doctor or playing UPS-man-comes-to-the-door. I guess that sounds weird, but we laugh a lot.
LINDA: That's really cool.
PHOEBE: I want to do that.
LINDA: O.K., my best sex was Christmastime, seven years ago. I'd been having a hot-and-heavy affair with a married man. On the telephone, he told me he was definitely going back to his wife but he wanted to come over for dinner and to return some things of mine. I opened the door to let him in and he just pushed me back into the hallway and started kissing me passionately. We ended up having sex on the floor, right there in the foyer. He shoved my skirt up and pulled down my tights and just sort of took me. It was very intense and exciting.
PHOEBE: He wanted you so much, but he knew he was walking away.
LINDA: I guess.
PHOEBE: Last-time sex is always hot. I broke up with someone a few months ago, and the night we broke up, we still stayed together and had sex. We were both thinking about the fun we'd had, and it was very sweet, but thrilling. But I also love "vacation sex" or just doing it anywhere but the usual your-place-or-mine.
JOANNA: I remember my best experience was being away in San Francisco for business and calling my boyfriend—we'd only been going out for three weeks—to invite him to come join me. I sent him a plane ticket overnight. He arrived at 10 on Saturday morning, and we agreed we'd wait until the nighttime to go to bed. We walked around the city, we stared at each other, we bought candles and just talked



"I took all my clothes off except my high heels and walked toward him."

about how nice it was going to be. And the anticipation was just great—sitting at dinner, ordering wine, saying, "In one hour. . ." It was like we were teasing each other.

JACKIE: Teasing is totally key.

LENA: But I don't like teasing. What do you mean?

LUCY: Like when he's doing all sorts of sexy things to you, but he won't give it to you right then. You know? So you're just, like, faint!

LENA: My favorite stage of sex is when you've been with a man long enough so that you really both know and trust each other and everything, but you're still in the mad-love stage. I mean, I've been with the same man for 12 years; so when you get past that period, you have to try harder.

JACKIE: You can't compare married or long-term sex with the kind of passionate sex you have with someone you don't know very well. Passion is rooted in insecurity.

LUCY: I've had sex on top of a Manhattan building.

PHOEBE: No way!

JOANNA: At night or during the day?

LUCY: At night. We almost had sex downstairs at a party, and then we were making out in the elevator going up—I think we were pretending that we were going to look at the stars—and when we reached the top, I took all my clothes off except my high heels, and I walked across the top of the building toward him, and we had sex with me leaning over the concrete wall.

PHOEBE: I want to do that! Sex outside is way underrated. I'm a big camping girl—because I'm from the Midwest, I guess—and being out in the middle of nowhere is incredibly sexy. You're lulled into the idea that there's no one around—yet people can still happen upon you, and there's still an exciting tension there.

IN THE LONG RUN

LENA: To make long-term sex work, you have to train yourself to keep looking at the person in a new light. You update your mental files on him. It's a turn-on for me when one of my newer friends meets my husband and can't stop singing his praises, and I think, "Oh, yeah, *that's* why I married him."

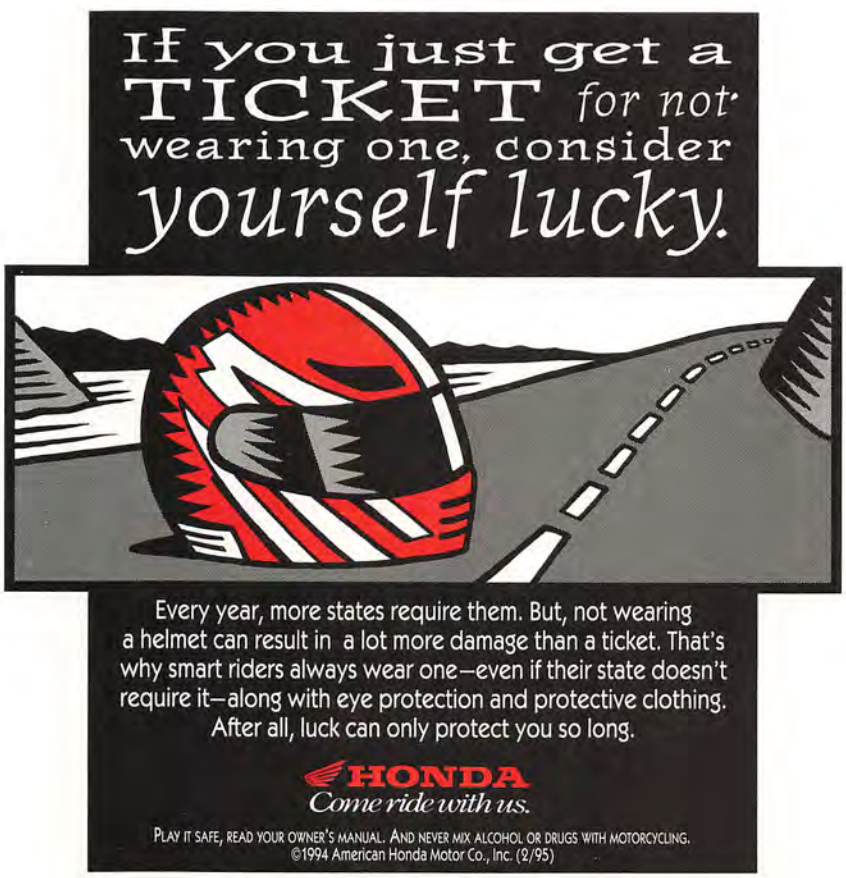
LINDA: Or when someone's eyeing him in a restaurant, and it occurs to you that other people find him sexy.

LUCY: And interesting. Not just the person that you see clipping their toenails over the toilet bowl.

LENA: The point is, you definitely have to make an effort. Put him in new contexts, try new things together, laugh at the things you both find ridiculous, go away and fantasize about him. You can surprise yourself with the passion you bring back home.

LINDA: I find just going to a sexy movie can help. My husband and I went to see a noir thriller with a predatory woman in it recently. When we came home, I asked him if he found the woman in it sexy. He admitted he had. I didn't feel threatened by that. In fact, when we went to bed, I started talking about her, and we had pretty hot sex with me pretending to be the woman in the movie.

LENA: Role-playing can be sexy, I agree. Nothing's going to make your sex life the same as it was when you first met, but there's the occasional great night which reminds you why you married him! M



How To Do

EVERYTHING BETTER

Size Up a Sports Jacket

THE TRIPTYCH MIRROR in the men's department reflects a familiar trio of characters. In the left panel, there she is, all patience and love and, maybe, a wee atom of exasperation. In the right panel, there he is, already calculating his commission, with a tight little smile that says, "Get on with it." And in the center panel, there you are, arms hanging down like they're attached to your shoulders with Velcro as you queasily eye The Jacket. Does it fit? Sure—it's got two sleeves, and you've got two arms. Well, the back feels kind of tight, but you're at bat and the stadium is hushed. You can whine or you can take a hack at it. Here's the plastic, Mr. Man's Man. Box that blazer.

Congratulations! You've got a new addition to the Dead Zone, the place in your closet where not-quite-right clothes hang forever.

To make sure that the next sports jacket you buy fits perfectly, remember that how a jacket looks is secondary to how it feels. Your female adviser may be oohing and ahing about the fabric's weave, but when you slip the jacket on, your whole being has to say Yes! or it's no good.

Michael Anderson, design director of the new Coach line for men, says, "Too many guys try to squeeze into jackets too small for them." Yes, buying a larger size may be an admission that you'll never lose those extra 15 pounds, but deal with it. To the outside world, you'll in fact look slimmer in a jacket that's not too tight. For more tips, look right.

SHOW SOME SHIRT

Half an inch of shirt collar should show above the jacket. The end of the jacket's sleeve should fall an inch above the base of the thumb. This will display half an inch of shirt cuff, a crucial element. And remember, solid-color trousers with sports coats: no exceptions.

SHOULDERS ARE KEY

The fit across the shoulders sets the tone for the garment, explains Clifford Grodd, president of Paul Stuart, the national men's store chain. A too-wide cut gives you a pinhead look; a too-narrow one makes you look like a bigger swellhead than Bobby Bonilla. The seam of the jacket's shoulder ought to lie just past the end of your own. Overly square and padded shoulders have a fake-aggressive air.

THE WAIST BUTTON TELLS ALL

On the classic two-button jacket, this button should sit half an inch below your natural waistline. Too high, and you'll look as if you've got a stubby torso. Too low, and you'll achieve the ever-popular I'm-walking-on-my-knees effect. Give the button a tug, says Brooks Brothers salesman Robert Galloway. If it barely moves, the jacket is too tight.

CHECK LENGTH

Too many men walk the earth believing that a jacket hem should fall to the knuckle of the thumb when a man's arms are hanging at his sides. But Peter Rizzo, executive vice president at Barneys, insists that the only way to get the length right is to measure from under the jacket's back collar to the floor and divide by two.

PHOTOGRAPH: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM; SPORTS JACKET: PAUL STUART

Tell She Wants You

Only in your dreams do unfamiliar babes at parties hold up signs urging you to "Come and get it!" In the waking world, you have to decipher more subtle, unconscious signals, according to Allan Pease's book *Signals: How to Use Body Language for Power, Success, and Love.*

IF SHE TOSSES HER HEAD...

...or lets her hair fall onto her face and peers out from under her cage o' locks, holding your gaze—you're in.

IF SHE EXPOSES HER WRISTS...

...it's a subtle come-on. (The bondage imagery won't be lost on the discriminating male.)

IF SHE SPREADS HER LEGS...

...or strikes a wide-legged stance, she's either hot for your bones or has a serious thong-wedgie situation.



A bared neck—but watch the armor

IF SHE THRUSTS HER FOOT...

...or moves her tootsies in and out of her shoe, it's more classic nookie symbolism. (Don't ask her if she's got bunions.)

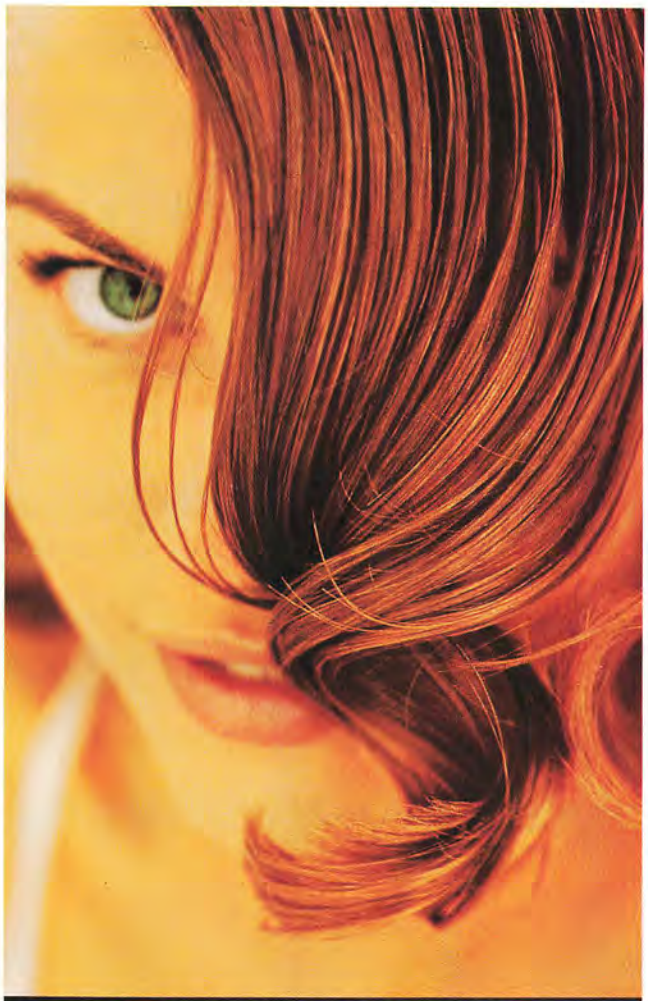
IF SHE FLASHES HER NECK...

...it's a come-hither sign of passivity. (If she flashes her *breasts*, you're either at Mardi Gras or your alarm clock is about to go off.)

IF SHE FONDLES CYLINDRICAL OBJECTS...

... or starts running her fingers up and down the stem of her wineglass, she's—well, what do you *think*?

One final note: The finger still means go away.



Is that lust in her eye . . . or does she just want to borrow a comb?

PINPOINT YOUR FITNESS LEVEL

Think you're in tiptop physical condition? Put your muscle to the test. We adapted information from *The Aerobics Program for Total Well Being* by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., M.P.D., to create a cardio-quadrathlon (swimming, running, situps, and pushups). Try each event and consult the chart to find out where you stand among others in your age group.

SWIMMING FOR 12 MINUTES



At age:	Great shape	Good shape
25	700 m	600 m
35	650 m	550 m
45	600 m	500 m

BENT-KNEE SITUPS IN 1 MINUTE



At age:	Great shape	Good shape
25	51	42
35	49	40
45	47	37

RUNNING FOR 1.5 MILES (IN MINUTES)



At age:	Great shape	Good shape
25	10:40	12:00
35	11:00	12:30
45	11:30	13:00

PUSHUPS WITHOUT A BEER BREAK



At age:	Great shape	Good shape
25	45	35
35	35	25
45	30	20

PHOTOGRAPH: ©1997 BOX OFFICE/PHOTONICA; PAUL VOZDIC/PHOTONICA; ILLUSTRATIONS: TIM CARROLL



"That's *my* foot, you little sneaking pervert!!!"

Get Along With Her Pop

YOU'D THINK BONDING WITH YOUR GAL'S DAD would be easy. After all, he's a guy, you're a guy—what more do you need? Yes, but don't forget: You're indisputably sleeping with his daughter. Despite this built-in tension, you can avoid years of simmering animosity with a little advance preparation.

WHEN YOU'RE DATING: Look for common, traditional points of male bonding—sports, business, lawn-mower repair—suggests Colorado psychologist Dr. Elan Spector. But don't talk about sex—*ever*. And not just sex with you-know-who, either. Dad's unlikely to enjoy hearing all about what you and your old buddy from high school got into after you tied one on at a Las Vegas convention, even if it was years ago. Only discuss women's attractiveness in sexually neutral terms ("Yeah, I suppose Uma's pretty"); don't get into body specs.



Love means never killing her dad

WHEN YOU'RE LIVING WITH HER: Give the guy his dignity and don't force him to acknowledge that you two are shacking up. Insisting he drop by for a meal or joking about how tough she is to live with when she's got PMS will just rub his nose in it and force him to picture the two of you doing the wild thing. Instead, be diplomatic. When he calls, say, "I'll see if she's in her room," even though you both know who else sleeps there.

WHEN WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING: Since he's on the verge of losing his darling to you forever, expect more antagonism than usual. On the other hand, men are notoriously unwelcome during the organization of a wedding, so seize the opportunity to share the doghouse with Dad. A joint exile in the garage will bridge the communication gap—grab some beers and some tools and have at it.

AFTER YOU'RE MARRIED: Involve him in your life as much as you can stand. Play to his strengths: If he's handy, ask for help in retiling the bathroom; if he's an accountant, let him do your taxes. You'll get free help, he'll feel useful—and it will help ease any lingering resentment over your hostile takeover of his little girl's heart.

SNIFF OUT A LIAR

Since their pants are almost never literally on fire, good liars can be hard to spot. We consulted *The Lie Detection Book* by detective William Majeski and other sources to list the major symptoms of the two-faced, four-flushing, bunk-slinging humbug. Honest.

WANDERING EYES

According to researchers, it's got something to do with the lobes of the brain. If your companion is looking up and to the left when he speaks, he's probably remembering something. But if his eyes shoot up and to the right, he's being, um, creative.

NERVOUS TICS

Is a normally serene coworker doing a song and dance with a rhythm track of drumming fingers? Switch your bullshit detector to the "on" position. Similarly, if a Jittery Jimbo suddenly turns into a Tamed James, that new, smooth demeanor may accompany an equally smooth line he's feeding you.

DRAMATIC ORATION

Beware the man who puts on an Oscar-worthy performance during conversation—overemphasizing points and making grand, sweeping gestures. He could be a frustrated thespian . . . or he could have your wife's bra in his back pocket.



PHOTOGRAPHS: PHOTOFEST; ILLUSTRATION: TIM CARROLL

CHAMPAGNE

TAITTINGER

Reims





Imported by Kobrand Corporation, New York, NY

To send a gift of Taittinger, please call 1-800-BUBBLY-9.

CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

Grill the Perfect Steak



Slap on some dead flesh and watch the vegans run in terror: AHHHHH!

SPRING IS HERE—TIME TO TOSS A BLOODY chunk of red meat onto the backyard grill and let your arteries fend for themselves.

1. THE MEAT

Start with a prime cut: a big, ugly slab surrounded by a layer of dry, gray fat and stamped "U.S.D.A. Prime." Get one fresh from a butcher—shrink-wrapped supermarket steaks are hockey pucks in comparison. A prime cut is marbleized with tenderizing fat, and will have hung in a meat locker for about 21 days until its tissues are torn and soft. Most of the fat will burn away as it cooks; trim off whatever remains.

2. THE FUEL

Charcoal and gas grills are damned convenient, but serious carnivores prefer dangerously large wood fires. Hardwood chips produce great-tasting smoke that really soaks into the meat. Hickory and mesquite are best, oak and pecan are close enough. (Never use lighter woods like pine, spruce, and sassafras, which contain harmful tars and resins.) Let the chips burn down to a bed of coals before you start cooking. You can try to salvage a gas or charcoal fire by throwing in some wood chips, but the real thing still rules.



"Get yer bloody slabs of cow meat!"

3. THE MARINADE

Bottled Italian salad dressings (the oily kind, not the creamy) make fast and easy marinades—particularly red-wine or vinaigrette dressing, which helps break down tough tendons in the meat. Soak and refrigerate for a few hours before cooking: Four hours on each side is optimal to turn even the leatheriest chunk of cow's flesh into a buttery-smooth crowd pleaser (but you can settle for less if you're running late). After marinating, place the meat on a dish or *clean* cutting board until it reaches room temperature. While you're waiting, light your fire and beat the meat—that's the steak, of course—with a meat pounder (or maul it with a fork) for 10 minutes per side.

4. THE EVENT

A typical eight-ounce steak should grill about 8 minutes per side. Cook it until the internal temperature reaches 160 degrees (do the knife-split test for pinkness, or stick in a wimpy meat thermometer when nobody's looking). Ideally, you should flip a steak only once: Overzealous flipping cools the surface of the beef, steaming the meat on the outside instead of grilling it. Take the steak off the grill just before you think it's done (it continues to cook), and set it aside for five minutes so its juices settle. Then kick back with some cactus juice and dig in.

WALK A WOMAN AROUND TOWN

When swinging Jane through the urban jungle, remember: City etiquette is about symbolic protection and possessiveness, according to Nancy Tuckerman, author of *The Amy Vanderbilt Complete Book of Etiquette*.

AT THE REVOLVING DOOR
Don't be polite: Jump ahead of her and keep that heavy door moving.

GETTING IN A TAXICAB
Dive in first and slide across the seat. She'll have less contact with all that taxi-seat scum (and avoid any unintentional flashing if she's wearing a short skirt).

ON THE SIDEWALK
Have her walk nearest the buildings—except at night, when dark alleys and doorways are more threatening than passing cars and gutter puddles.

ON THE ESCALATOR
Symbolically, be there to catch her if she falls: Get behind her going up and in front of her going down.



ON THE STREET
When strolling, always stay by her side (add hand- and waist-holding to taste). In a hurry or moving through crowds, though, walk before her, savagely clearing a path.

STEAK PHOTOGRAPH: SATOSHI; BARBECUE PHOTO: FPG; ILLUSTRATION: TIM CARROLL

Here's a Card You'll Like Almost as Much as Your Visa.

Condé Nast Traveler recently recognized San Francisco as the city with the World's Best Restaurants* - no surprise to the countless Bay Area residents who fill them nightly. But now, Visa is making it even more tempting to share wonderful, eclectic dining in The City by the Bay with "Preferred Dining in San Francisco with Visa."

Visa cardholders can receive an ever changing menu of exclusive benefits. It may be priority reservations for preferred seating, sumptuous signature dishes by star chefs, free appetizers or desserts...even an eat-well-for-less offer. The deals and restaurants are always new and different, but one thing stays the same: it's only available when you use your Visa® card.

Your membership also includes a newsletter featuring all the "Preferred Dining in San Francisco with Visa" programs and a select calendar of Bay Area food and wine events. To get your copy and become a "Preferred Diner," call toll-free: 888-DINE-IN-SF (888-346-3467). Experience the "World's Best Restaurants"* and bring your Visa, the "World's Most Popular Card."† Program expires April 30, 1998.

Call today toll-free 888-DINE-IN-SF (888-346-3467) and get your free "Preferred Dining in San Francisco with Visa" membership card and insider newsletter.





Preferred Dining *in* San Francisco *with* Visa.

SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

*1996 Conde Nast Traveler Reader's Choice Awards †Based on the total number of Visa cards issued worldwide and Visa's share of worldwide payment card volume.

©1997 San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau / Visa U.S.A. Inc.

HOW TO

Write a Best-Seller

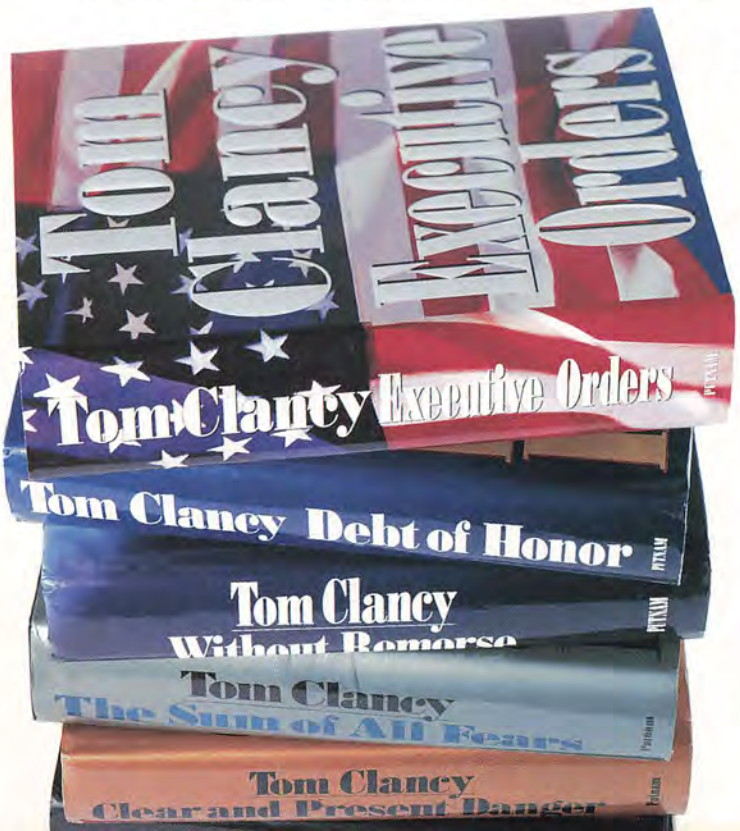
BEING A BEST-SELLING AUTHOR is a great career. You get to work at home, and that means wearing long pants only when you feel up to it. But first you've got to write the stupid thing. And who's got time for that? To shorten the learning curve, we've culled a few tips on how to write a best-seller from publishing experts. No fools, we've studied those suggestions and created our own novel, *The Maxim Prophecy*, to show you how easy this whole writing thing is.

KEEP IT SIMPLE: "For sales purposes, the plot's got to be easily encapsulated in one line," says Simon Green, a literary agent with Pom Inc. ***THE MAXIM PROPHECY*** **ONE-LINER:** "It's *The Bridges of Madison County* meets *Primary Colors* meets *Jurassic Park*."

MAKE IT TIMELY: Random House vice president Mary Beth Roach says that to get lots of media attention, "It's best if the book can be tied to breaking news." ***THE MAXIM PROPHECY*** **MEDIA HOOK:** It's the shocking story of a newly reelected President and his friendship with a former football star who's implicated in the murder of his ex-wife.

START SNAPPY: Steve Ross, editorial director of Crown Publishing, says: "The first 20 to 25 pages are critical." **FIRST LINE OF *THE MAXIM PROPHECY*:** "I've seen a lot of breasts in my time, but that afternoon at Hooters, I was speechless."

DON'T BE TOO ESOTERIC: Kent Gordon, manager of Bollinger's Book Store in Oklahoma City, knows what sells, and it ain't nuttin' highfalutin'. "Don't be inventive or creative," Gordon says. "I heard John Grisham has a computer program and he just types in the names and the places and the computer spits out the novel." ***THE MAXIM PROPHECY*** **EXAMPLE:** " 'My God, man,' the scientist said. 'Do you mean to say you've actually cloned dinosaurs, and they're living on this remote island in the Pacific?' Mere hours later, a rough-hewn *National Geographic* photographer is on his way to shoot them with the newly reelected President."





He's got balls: Tom Clancy made it big in the literary game.

HIT 'EM IN THE GUTS: Peter Gethers, an editor-at-large at Random House, says writing requires martial artistry: "It takes a kind of emotionally honest punch in the stomach, something that evokes a response in the reader." And if you can't do that? "Something spiritual, or something with cats, or some incredibly far-fetched thriller plot." Gethers should know. He wrote *The Cat Who Went to Paris*, a best-seller. ***THE MAXIM PROPHECY*** **EXAMPLE:** "The news hit me like a ton of bricks. 'You mean the newly reelected President saved the life of a tabby that was trampled by the dinosaur while it was being photographed by the sexy, rough-hewn *National Geographic* photographer?' I cried."

RAISE THOSE STAKES: "The stakes have to be high—something life-threatening to the main character, or something that will destroy his family," says Shawn Coyne, a senior editor at Doubleday. We couldn't agree more. ***THE MAXIM PROPHECY*** **EXAMPLE:** "The *National Geographic* photographer rummaged through the closet in a rough-hewn way. 'Hey,' he said, 'what are these Bruno Magli shoes doing in here? And what's this dark-red goo on them?' The newly reelected President said, 'They're mine.' "

PAINT YOUR HERO INTO A CORNER: "Put the lead character in an impossible situation with no way out," suggests Coyne. "Then see how he gets out of it." ***THE MAXIM PROPHECY*** **EXAMPLE:** "The newly reelected President clung to a root at the edge of the cliff, trying to avoid the snapping jaws of the tyrannosaurus below. The tabby poked its head through a hole on the underside of the cliff and said: 'This way, Mr. President.' "

TOM CLANCY PHOTOGRAPH: TOM WOLFF/OUTLINE; BOOKS: JAMES MACOVE

© 1997 Montego y Cia

The Macanudo Crown

Of all premium cigar-makers, only Macanudo crowns the head of every one of its cigars. Unlike a flat head, a crowned cigar head does not bend or break under pressure. Perfectly rounded and supported by the tobacco beneath the cigar's wrapper leaf, a crowned head makes a cigar easier to cut, smoother to draw and more satisfying to smoke.



MACANUDO®
True Cigar Taste

Pump Up Your Toolbox

STILL RUMMAGING THROUGH THAT OLD MILK CRATE jammed with mismatched, rusty, paint-spattered tools? Us too. We asked Tom Perkins, a training specialist at the Home Depot in Marietta, Georgia, to show us how to put together a sturdy, all-purpose toolbox that would make Bob Vila proud.

THE BOX Don't waste precious couch-potato time sorting through a makeshift, unorganizable crate: Upgrade to a plastic or metal kit with trays for smaller tools, nails, and screws. **COST: $20**



Tools paradise: When trouble arises, this gear will seem heaven-sent.

HAMMER The classic curved-claw 16-ouncer is still king, but a fiberglass handle is better than wood (which breaks), or steel (which vibrates and kills your wrist over time). **COST: $10**

SCREWDRIVERS If you're like most of us, you have at least a dozen random, ragged, chewed-up screwdrivers you've used to stir paint, open beer bottles, and stab cockroaches. Chuck 'em all and invest in a single magnetic screwdriver with interchangeable tips. **COST: $10**

TAPE MEASURE A 16- or 25-footer should be plenty long enough. The key: Get metal, not plastic, so you can knock it off the ladder with impunity. **COST: $9**

PLIERS You'll need standard pliers for light jobs, small "needlenose" pliers for fishing her earring out of the drain, a set of Channellocks, whose angular mouths give you more leverage, and a beefy 10" crescent wrench for getting in over your head with home plumbing. **COST: $5-$10** each

SOCKET SET Unless you're doing a lot of auto work or building your own snowblower from scratch, a socket set can easily replace a bulkier, costlier set of wrenches. **COST: $20**

HACKSAW Designed for cutting metal, hacksaws are also good for small jobs with wood (dowels, moldings) and bone. (Whoops! Er—forget that part.) If you only buy one all-purpose blade, look for something in the 16-18 t.p.i. (teeth-per-inch) range. **COST: $8**

POWER TOOLS Your first purchase should be a cordless drill with attachments for screwing and sanding. Your second should be a circular saw: something mean enough to chomp through a two-by-four and a chunk of your workbench in the same bite. **COST: $90, $50**

ODDS AND ENDS A razor knife, nails and screws, chalk line, electrical tape, duct tape, WD-40, pencils, safety glasses, a caulking gun, a good pair of work gloves, and a Hank Williams cassette. **COST: $35**



"Get naked and I'll fix the shower."



SCAM A FREE BEER

At a bar but out of cash? To squeeze 'em for one more golden brewski, try:

THE BAMBOOZLE.
Take your empty beer bottle into the men's room and fill 'er up with tepid water. Then, belly up to a hectic stretch of the bar and tell the 'keep he's mistakenly given you a warm one. He'll clutch the bottle, look puzzled, toss it, and fetch you another coldie. Maybe he'll even apologize!

THE SWITCHEROO.
Gravitate with your almost-empty toward a big, tipsy group ordering a monster round. Get in close and wait for their dozen cold ones to land on the counter, then "accidentally" pick up one of the new beverages instead of your backwash-y bottle.

THE BUTTERFINGERS.
Pick a well-heeled patron, shadow him until he jogs your arm, and drop your near-empty beer. Nine times out of ten, the guy will buy you a new one—and if he doesn't, the bartender will.

THE MOURNER.
Appear down in the dumps at a friendly tavern, and any self-respecting bartender will ask what's wrong and pour a freebie. Go ahead, embellish: Losing a job or girlfriend merits a free draft by law in most states.

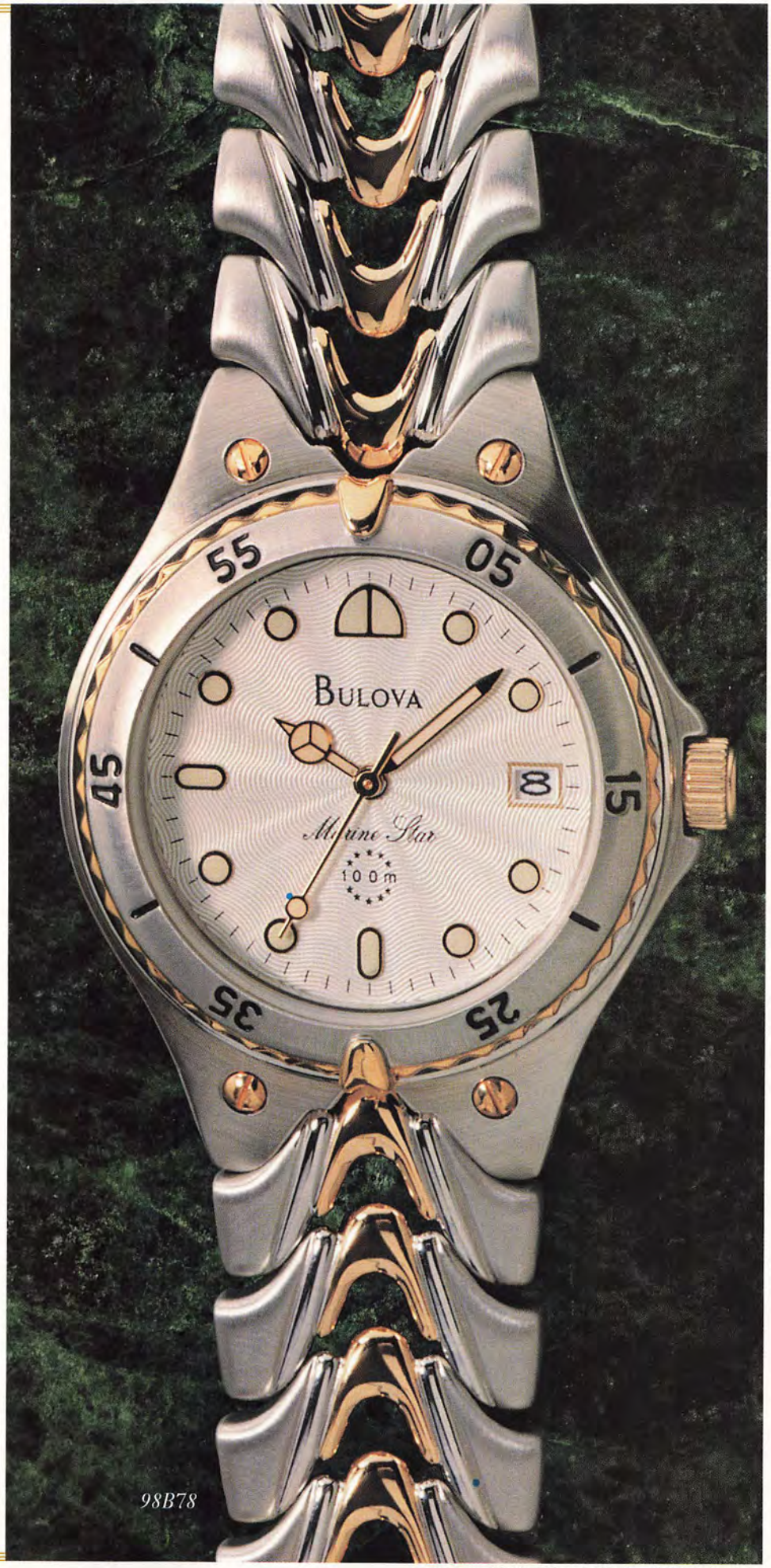
VISEGRIP PHOTOGRAPH: SATOSHI; TOOLBOX PHOTOGRAPH: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM; ILLUSTRATION: TIM CARROLL

BULOVA

QUALITY & VALUE SINCE 1875



Of all the things
you give them,
time is the
most valuable.



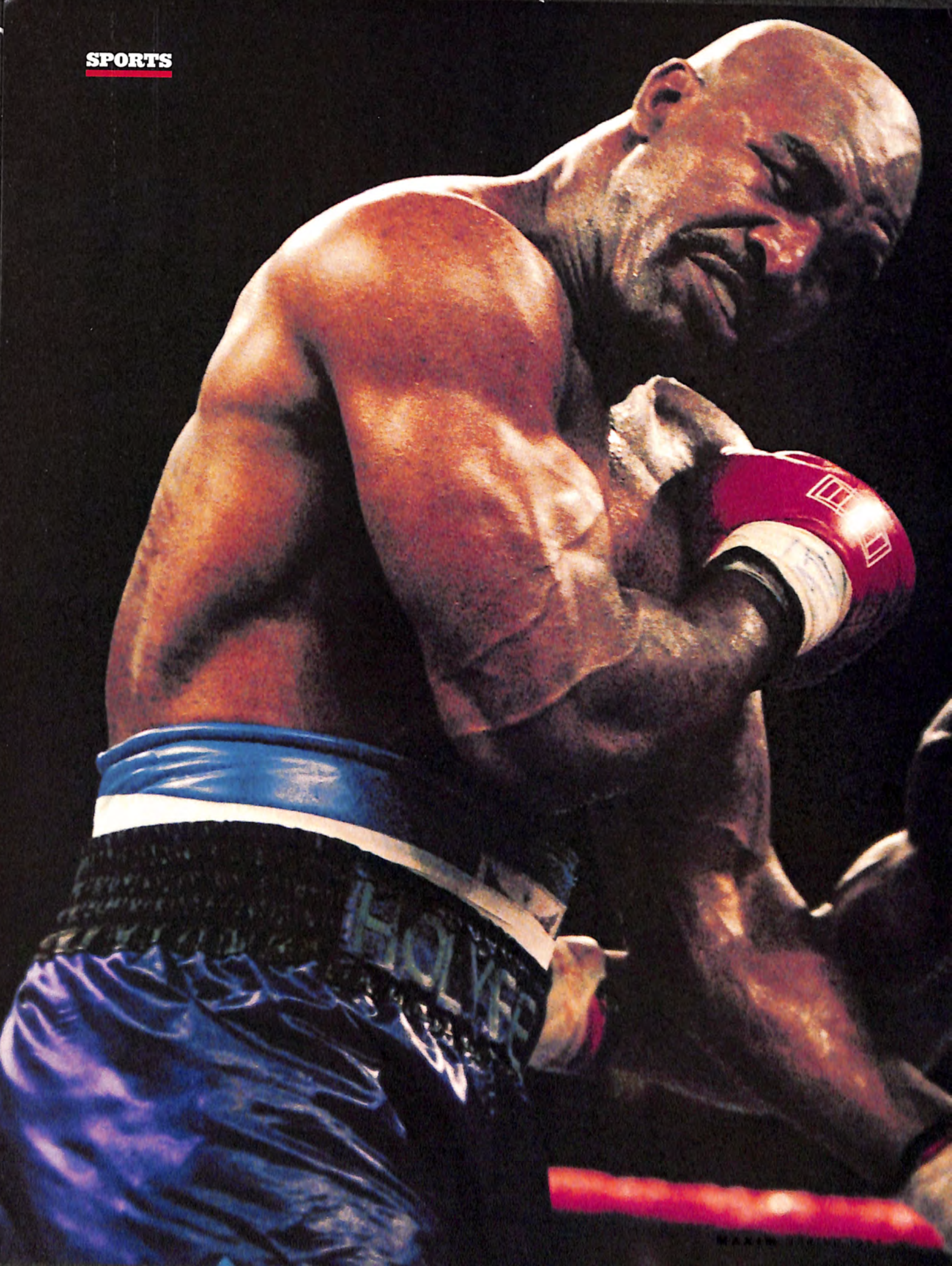
Gordon's

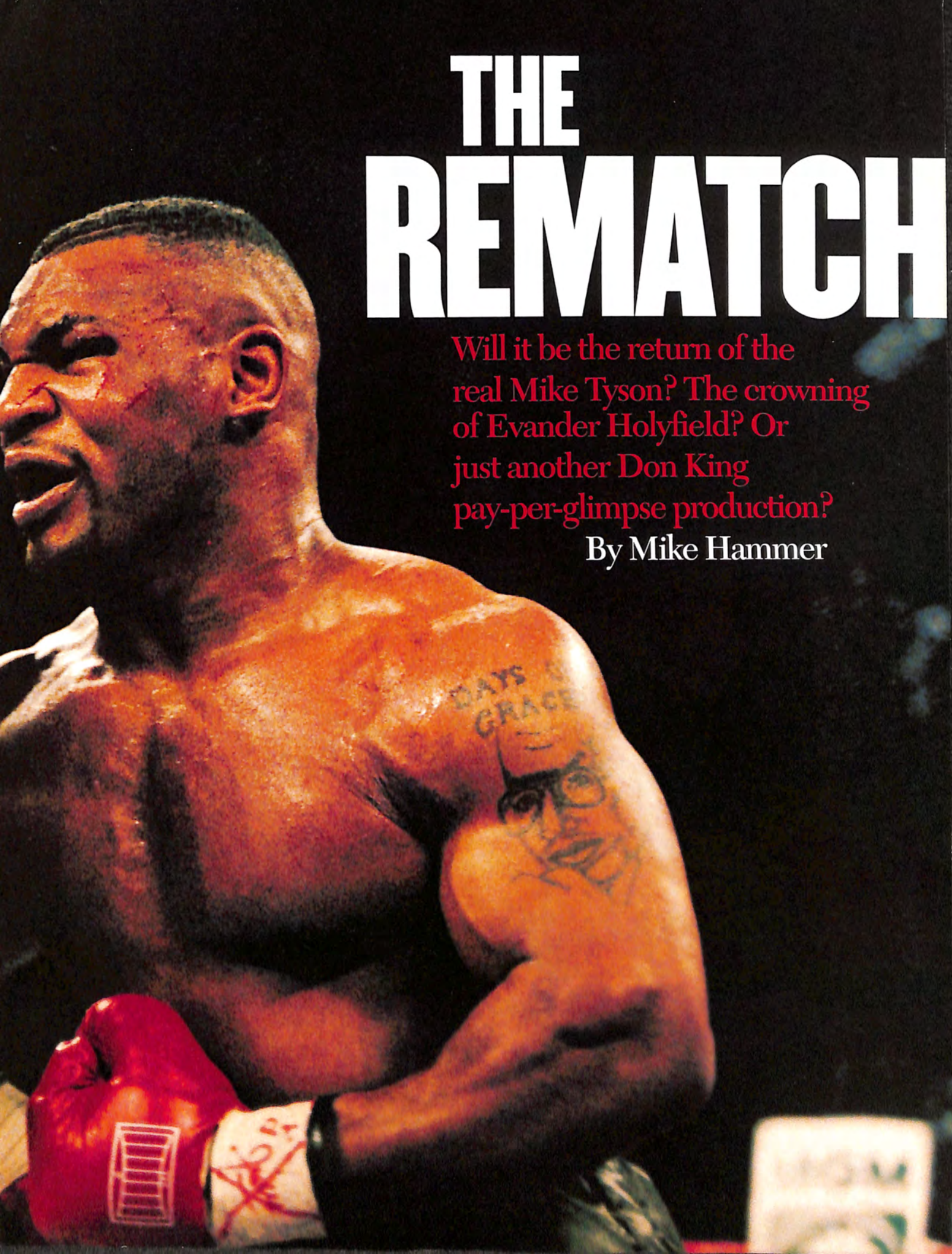
JEWELERS

Since 1905

Marine Star Collection: $185 to $499

1-800-A-BULOVA


HOYE



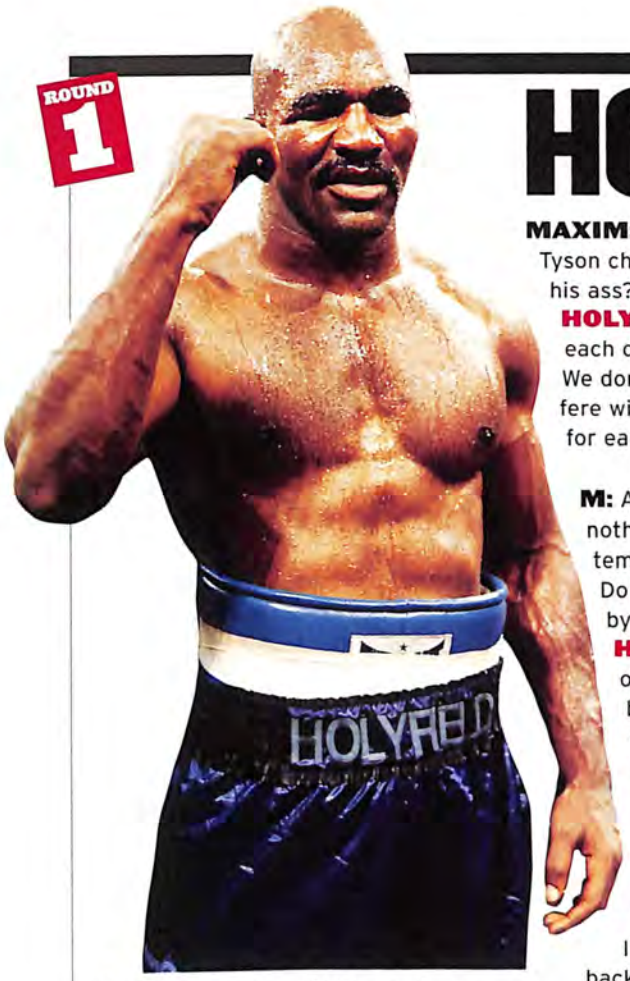
THE REMATCH

Will it be the return of the real Mike Tyson? The crowning of Evander Holyfield? Or just another Don King pay-per-glimpse production?

By Mike Hammer

ROUND 1

HOLYFIELD



On November 9, Evander Holyfield put an end to Mike Tyson's post-prison hit parade with a decisive 10th-round knockout. Trouncing Tyson again would cement his credibility for good, and relegate Tyson to bum status.

MAXIM: Has your opinion of Mike Tyson changed at all since you kicked his ass?

HOLYFIELD: We still look at each other with the same respect. We don't let the competition interfere with our manhood or respect for each other.

M: A lot of people say you've got nothing left to prove, and to tempt fate twice is dangerous. Do you think you're taking a risk by facing him again?

H: Mike Tyson gave me the opportunity to take my title back. It's only right for me to do the same for him. It would be easy for me to duck out, but I love what I do. I take it more seriously than those who are in it for the money. Besides, I'm not a man to go back on my word.

M: Did you have any fears of his supposed invincibility when you took him on the first time?

H: I knew the fight would be tough. But I'm a pro; I don't go into any fight with any fear of losing. I don't think a person is a fighter if he lets himself get whupped by a reputation.

M: Did it make you angry that many people gave you no chance?

H: A lot of people thought I was either crazy or dead. I was washed up with everybody, but I wasn't washed up with God.

M: Where do you think the Tyson win places you among the all-time great heavyweights?

H: Everybody said Mike was the only champion; if you beat him, there's nobody else. I wanted to fight the best in my era, and you can't be considered the best unless you fight people you think are great.

M: Do you think he'll fight you any differently this time around?

H: He'll be better if he wants to win.



Tyson was hit so hard his voice got all high-pitched and lispy

PREVIOUS PAGE AND RING OVERVIEW: AL BELLO/ALLSPORT; HOLYFIELD PHOTO: TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME©; DON KING: TED SOQUI/SYGMA

ROUND 3

KING

Whatever happens to his boxers, zillionaire fight promoter Don King *never* loses a bout.



MAXIM: How will the May 3rd rematch stand up to the great ones of the past?

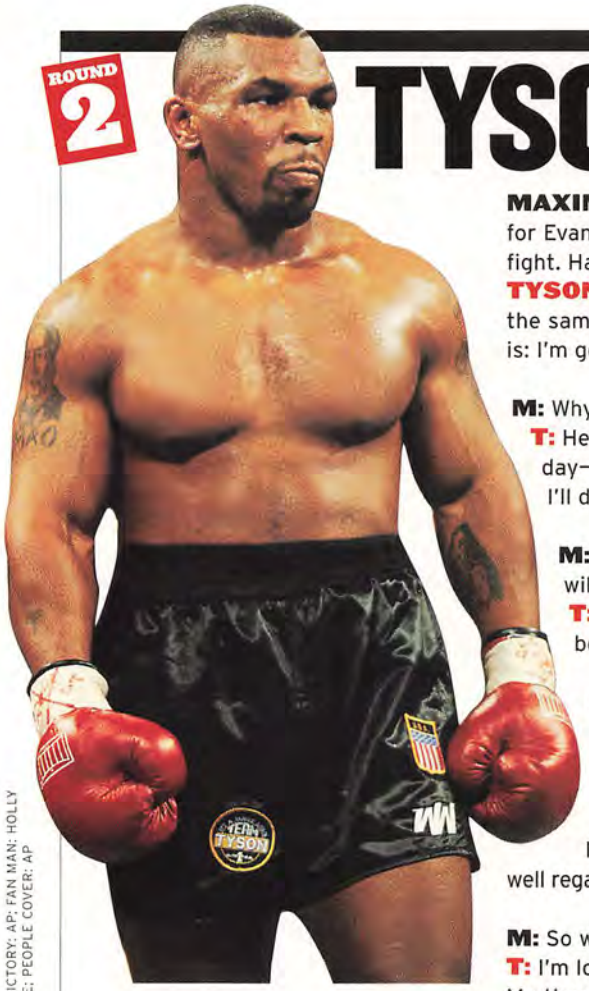
KING: It will be a marvelous, illustrious event like no other event in history. There has been no bigger event—this is the biggest on earth. You've got to put it at the top of the ladder only because of its awareness factor. Ali-Frazier never had this awareness. We've generated the excitement of billions of people around the world.

M: What happened to Mike last time?

K: He got lulled to sleep. The most important thing about the fight is that Tyson became a human being; he's no longer invincible. It revitalized the sport. Now he has to be like any other fighter and get in there in a contest.

ROUND 2

TYSON



In the late '80s, Iron Mike smashed through all comers like a cannonball through cheesecake. Did Buster, Robin, Allah and three years in jail mellow him beyond repair?

MAXIM: You had some harsh words for Evander Holyfield before your first fight. Has your opinion changed?
TYSON: My opinion of Evander is the same as it always was. My opinion is: I'm gonna knock him out.

M: Why did you lose the last fight?
T: He was just the better man that day—I had a bad night. I promise I'll do better in the next fight.

M: Why do you think the result will be any different this time?
T: If he beats me this time, he'll beat the best I've ever been.

M: You've brought in new trainer Richie Giachetti. Will that be the difference?
T: That's irrelevant. It doesn't matter who my trainer is. I'm confident we're going to do well regardless.

M: So what's your strategy?
T: I'm looking to knock Evander out. My theory in life is to destroy or be destroyed—I'm looking to destroy. I'll be the third man in history [after Muhammad Ali and Holyfield] to win the title three times.

M: Is any of the pre-fight hype starting to get to you?
T: Nah, all this talk is just bullshit. It's Don King's job to talk and sell tickets. I'm here to fight.

M: Will this be the biggest pay-per-view fight of all time?
K: The last fight was the biggest pay-per-view fight ever, and this one will absolutely exceed it. This fight sold out in 55 minutes.

M: Why do you think Mike will do any better this time?
K: Because he *has* to. The burden is on Mike Tyson to show he is, above question, the best fighter in the world. That can only come by annihilating Holyfield. Holyfield is the three-time heavyweight champion of the world; now he has to prove whether it was a fluke.

M: How will this fight be different from the first?
K: There has never before been as much anticipation of a fight in history, never this kind of excitement. I call it the Sound and the Fury, and the storm watch is on. Every time I think of it, I break out in a cold sweat.

TYSON PHOTO: FOCUS ON SPORTS; HOLYFIELD VICTORY: AP; FAN MAN: HOLLY STEIN/ALLSPORT; TYSON IN RING: AP/JIM LAURIE; PEOPLE COVER: AP

THE COUNTDOWN

TYSON		HOLYFIELD
Defeats Trevor Berbick for WBC title, is at age 20 the youngest heavyweight champ ever	1986	Defeats Dwight Muhammad Qawi to become the WBA junior heavyweight champ
Defeats James "Bonecrusher" Smith (IBC) and Tony Tucker (WBA) to unify the belts as the first undisputed champ since Ali	1987	
KO'd in 10th by 42-1 underdog James "Buster" Douglas	1990	KO's Douglas in the third to become undisputed heavyweight champ
	1991	Scheduled fight with Tyson postponed because of Tyson rib-cage injury
	1992	Loses title to Riddick Bowe
Convicted of raping Miss Black America contestant Desiree Washington; serves three years		
Finds Allah at the Indiana Youth Correctional facility	1993	Regains title from Bowe at Caesar's Palace when "Fan Man" parachutes into the ring
	1994	Retires after loss to Michael Moorer (12-round TKO), complaining of chest pains; hole in heart discovered
Returns to the ring with defeat of hulking cream puff Peter McNeeley	1995	Returns to the ring with 10-round unanimous decision versus Ray Mercer
KO's Frank Bruno and Bruce Seldon for WBC and WBA titles	1996	KO's Tyson in the 10th to become first 3-time champ since Ali

Foreign Follies

If Hell has an Olympics, this is the program. Suddenly, soccer doesn't sound so bad.

ROAD BOWLING

Ireland It's shot-putting meets jaywalking as "bowlers" hurl "bullets" (a.k.a. cannonballs) down a country road, competing for distance, while beer-swilling spectators stand in the road and try to dodge them.



FERRET LEGGING

England Bored, ale-soaked English blokes stuff angry ferrets down their pants, and the winner is the poor sot who can endure the frenzied clawing, biting and scratching longest. A bone-jarringly stupid pastime on the order of going to a Michael Bolton concert.

GOAT SNATCHING

Afghanistan The national sport, in which men on horseback try to maneuver a dead, headless goat into a goal called a "goat circle." The game usually ends when the "ball" is reduced to a pile of shredded, dirty, quite inedible meat. Not currently scheduled for the 2000 Olympics.

HURLING THE HAGGIS

Scotland Haggis, a tasty mélange of suet, oatmeal, and sheep parts boiled in the stomach of a slaughtered animal, was once chucked for distance by Highland women. Today, the event involves tossing a lunchbox—not your lunch—instead.

WATER BUFFALO RACING

Thailand Thai boys mount 2,000-pound buffaloes and whip them down a 120-meter track, trampling Italian tourists who often foolishly try to join in the race. Riding the bucking buff is a proven form of birth control.



A Thai delicacy: beef with pulverized nuts

HEAD-TO-HEAD

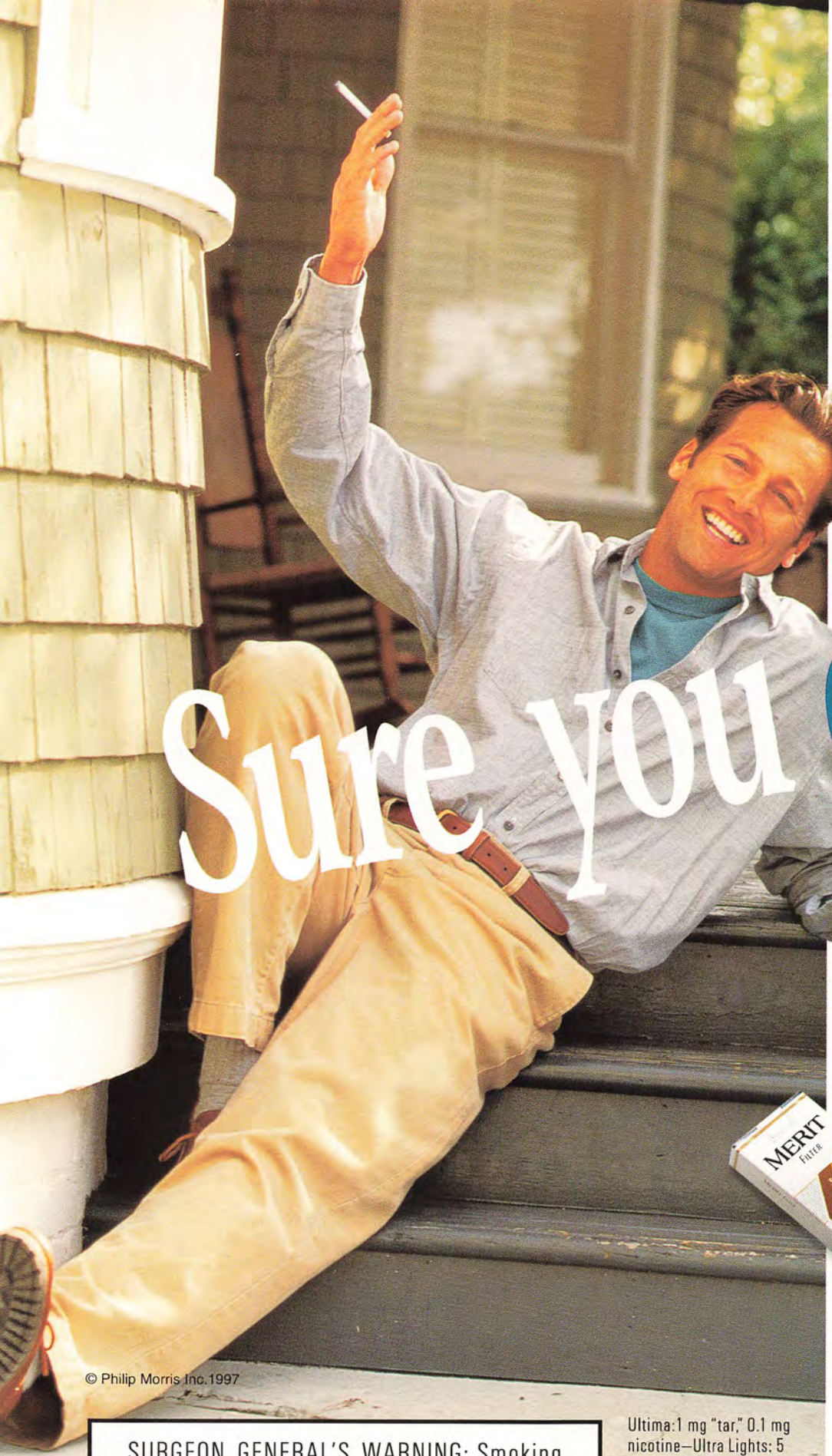


DAN MARINO vs. SAN MARINO

Dan is a football legend and a very wealthy man. San is a tiny nation on the inner thigh of Italy's boot. Here's how they measure up head-to-head.

EDGE		EDGE
	ANNUAL INCOME	
	$11.7 million	$380 million X
	POPULATION	
X 74,196 (Capacity crowd at Joe Robbie Stadium)		24,313
	TOTAL YARDS	
X 51,636 yards (career)		13,670 yards (at widest point)
	PRODUCTS	
X Nike, Logo Athletic, Sprint, McDonald's, Isotoner, *Ace Ventura, Pet Detective*		building stone, lime, wood, chestnuts, wheat, wine, baked goods, hides, ceramics
	BIRTH DATE	
September 15, 1961		301 A.D. X
	NICKNAME	
Dan The Man		Serenissima Repubblica di San Marino X
	STATUS	
X Immobile	(draw)	Landlocked X
	TIE BREAKER: HIGH POINTS	
X 1995: became NFL's all-time leader in touchdown passes, 352		Mt. Titano, 2,421 feet (more of a hill, really)
FINAL SCORE		**FINAL SCORE**
DAN 5		SAN 4

WATER BUFFALO: RICHARD VOGAL AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; DAN MARINO: BRAD MANGIN/DOUMO; SAN MARINO: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM; FERRET: RENEE STOCKDALE/ANIMAL ANIMAL



Can you really enjoy smooth satisfying taste at lower tar? Absolutely.

Sure you can!



You've got MERIT

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Fast pumping: It only gets results when you're sliding on icy roads or moonlighting as a stunt dick

Bungle Gym

Ten common mistakes that may be sabotaging your workout. By Myatt Murphy

WORKING OUT IS EASY. . . achieving results is tough. If you're like most men, though, correcting a few basic errors can improve your workout's effectiveness dramatically. We've swallowed our pride for you and asked world-renowned exercise physiologist Ellington Darden, Ph.D., author of *A Flat Stomach ASAP*, to clue us in as to the most common mistakes and how best to correct them.

MISTAKE #1 PUMPING TOO FAST FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

PROBLEM: Lifting weights quickly makes it easy to cheat, because your body then recruits other muscles to help move the weight. Do a fast set of arm curls, for example, and you'll unconsciously split the workload with your back, shoulders, and legs. "By moving slowly, you pinpoint only the muscles you want to work, and work them more thoroughly," says Darden. Another reason to slow down: safety. The faster you move a weight, the more effort it takes to stop it, and this puts stress on ligaments, tendons, and joints.

SOLUTION: Take five seconds to lift the weight and five seconds to lower it.

MISTAKE #2 CUTTING BACK ON YOUR DRINKING

PROBLEM: Forget the eight-glasses-a-day rule: It's fine for sedentary couch potatoes, but if you're an active guy trying to put on muscle, drink at least twice that amount. Why? Not only does your energy drop drastically with the slightest water loss, but saturating muscles keeps them stronger and thicker.

SOLUTION: Center the bulk of your daily water intake around your workout. Start at least an hour before and continue during your routine and up to an hour after you're finished. Keep it cold: Your body has to burn calories to warm up an ice-cold glass of water. And for the rest of the day, keep drinking until your pee is clear. You've done it with a Stroh's 12-pack, right?

MISTAKE #3 HOLDING YOUR BREATH 'TIL YOU'RE BLUE

PROBLEM: Put this article down and go for a fast run around your neighborhood. What probably made you stop wasn't your legs aching but your lungs screaming for air. Oxygen equals energy, and holding your breath starves your muscles of fuel. It's usually unconscious, but can be dangerous, because it often means you're also tensing your face, neck, and head muscles, which in turn can cause a violent contraction of a lot of little muscles that stops blood flow to your brain, causing you to black out.

SOLUTION: Inhale as you lift a weight and exhale as you lower it, breathing in short, forceful bursts through pursed lips. Avoid gulping air, which tends to loosen your abdominal muscles.

PHOTOGRAPHS: MITCHEL GRAY

L'ORÉAL® PARIS

the Feel

The new texture.

Smooth as silk, fingers glide through hair.

Free as air, no frizz, no clumping, manageability to spare.

Come to our SENSES,™ it's as new as it gets.

NEW



STUDIO LINE SENSES™

L'ORÉAL PARIS

experiential style care for women and men

©1997 Cosmair, Inc.

MISTAKE #4 POURING IT ON IN THE HOME STRETCH

PROBLEM: The rubber band analogy (the more you stretch, the more elastic it gets) only goes so far: Stretching will make muscles more flexible, but not stronger. And a flexible muscle will have more room to move, but won't resist pressure—or injury—any better.

SOLUTION: Take that same rubber band and make it thicker. Strength training will give your muscle the power to resist pressure from all sides. Go through a full range of movement with each exercise, and use several exercises to stress the same muscle from different angles.

MISTAKE #5 NOT WATCHING YOUR BACK

PROBLEM: You likely focus your effort on the muscles you see in the mirror, but the rest of society looks at you from all sides (and, believe us, it's not always a pretty sight). The muscles behind you—hamstrings, calves, and lower back—are responsible for moving your body forward, and focusing on them can help you move faster and farther. And balance can help you avoid injury by preventing stronger muscles from pulling on weaker ones.

SOLUTION: Design workouts to hit every muscle group, front and back, with at least two exercises for at least three sets each.

MISTAKE #6 NOT STICKING YOUR NECK OUT ENOUGH

PROBLEM: The big misconception is that neck exercise is a ticket to a neck brace. The exact opposite is true: Having another inch under your collar may keep you off the injury list, because so many exercises for the shoulders and upper back indirectly stress the neck muscles. "The neck is the most exposed yet most underworked muscle of the body," says Darden.

SOLUTION: Bring it up to speed with your other muscles by doing one or two neck exercises once a week. After six weeks, increase the frequency to twice weekly.

MISTAKE #7 HAVING A KNEE-JERK REACTION

PROBLEM: The popular theory is that bending your legs beyond 90 degrees when doing squats, leg presses, or lunges will damage your knees. It's a good rule of thumb, but not a law: For average-size guys, bending the legs farther works the muscles more thoroughly by forcing the calf and hamstring muscles to push against each other. Ironically, the thinner your legs are, the farther you should bend them.

SOLUTION: When working your legs in squats or leg presses, come down as far as you can until you feel your calf muscles and hamstrings touch and begin to resist each other; then stop and reverse the motion.

MISTAKE #8 FALLING ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

PROBLEM: Giving your muscles a lot of time to recover between sets may help you lift more weight, but you won't break down as much muscle tissue as you will if you rest for shorter periods. The more muscle you can tear down in a gym session, the more muscle your body will rebuild—stronger—for the next time.

SOLUTION: Fifteen to 30 seconds is the ideal range for rest between sets: Wait any longer and you're wasting your time. Chat up the chickies after you're done, when you'll sound intriguingly out of breath.

MISTAKE #9 SKIPPING THE ESSAY SECTION

PROBLEM: From salaries to girlfriends, we spend our lives comparing our past accomplishments with our recent victories to assure ourselves that we're improving. But keeping a gym notebook may seem too hardcore. Not true, claims Darden: "You won't be motivated to improve if you can't remember how far you've come."

SOLUTION: Start writing down what you're doing at the gym, including non-workout related details such as the time of day: Emerging patterns can help you hone in on what's pushing you forward and what's holding you back. Try the Pocket Personal Trainer ($30 plus shipping), a nondescript logbook that resembles a business organizer (Kanak Enterprises, 717-629-5357).

MISTAKE #10 BREAKING UP A BORING ROUTINE

PROBLEM: "There is so much variety in exercise today that people never take the time to master the plain vanilla," laments Darden. But your body adapts only when it has to: Curl a dumbbell for a few weeks, and the muscles in your arm will have to become stronger. Change your routine after every other workout, and your body never knows how it should react—so it doesn't.

SOLUTION: Stick with a new routine for at least three months, slowly increasing the amount of weight you use in each exercise, and keep an eye peeled for improvements. When you stop progressing in more than half your exercises, change your routine. M

Stop holding your breath—no matter how badly you reek



www.reebok.com © 1997 Reebok Int'l Ltd. All Rights Reserved. REEBOK and ≥ are registered trademarks and DMX is a trademark of Reebok Int'l. Nike and Air Max are registered trademarks of Nike, Inc. and Air Zoom Alpha is a trademark of Nike, Inc.



from YOU. ... unlimited income. No ... skills necessary. Is this the job for you? Write Atypical Enterprises, ☎ 8603./

HAVE YOU FOUND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR? No? Maybe you should place a personals ad. Then somebody can find YOU! Call a sales rep today and place your ad in the next edition. ☎ 8602./

SUPER PIERCING INC. Full body piercing and custom jewelry *Professional Piercologist *All needles sterilized *5 years experience *Credit cards welcome! MENTION THIS AD & GET 10% OFF! M-F Noon-7PM, SAT. 10-5 Over 18 only.

GUINEA PIGS. Looking for more runners to test the shoe (Reebok DMX RUN) that beat Nike Air Max and Nike Air Zoom Alpha. Serious runners only. "Spencer" PO BOX 197 Stoughton, MA 02072

PYTHON NEEDS A GOOD HOME. 6 1/2 ft, 6 years old. Comes with 75 gallon tank w/ hood, hot rock and stand. Eats rodents. $300. or best offer ☎ 89045./

DOGGY WALKY "The ... oldest dog walking service ... choice of "Park ... "Bayside Barker." ... Sniffer" theme-walk... available wo... work. We ... Tammy and ...

SEEKING P... Recycling. M... chill jah spirit ... Let's chat. Lan...

BONGO BAN... band with emer... percussionist. If y... permanent pos...

ARE YOU A W... ...n listening. SWF, ...lue eyes, auburn ... cuddle, animals ... beach. You are ...and a sweet talker. Lis...

BAD CREDIT? N... Establish A+ credit in ... ess! Guaranteed!! Send $... Dedhia ☎

THIS AD WORKED! You looked didn't you? Place your own ad in the personals, it costs less than you might think.

SINCERE LATIN LOVER. I enjoy candlelight dinners with women who want to have friends instead of watch TV. I'm 5'2", fun and fit. You should be 30-45, willing to accept roses by the dozen. Why not laugh, dance and enjoy everything life has to offer together? ☎ 81012./

PERSONALS
NONE OF THE ABOVE

THOUSANDS PER MONTH! Work from your home. Minimal expense, unlimited income. No training or skills necessary. Is this the job for you? Write Atypical Enterprises, ☎ 8603./

STRESSED OUT? Bills, bosses, breakups? My recorded voice will sooth your pain. When no one else will listen to your problems, I will. $9.49/min. Not a licensed psychotherapist. ☎ 81003./

THOUSANDS ...

THIS AD WORKED! You... n't you? Place your own a... sonals, it costs less than... think.

HOSPITAL STUDY ... individuals ages 20-40 ... medical conditions and ... medication. Rotating ... Total privacy ensured ... instant cash to cover ... Research

1+1=2. Recently ... 4th grade teacher was ... man age 18-60. Object... Write Edna.

PSYCHIC TIME TRAV... query the gods to find ... to your problems. All you ... is call, "Sheila" chan... Queen of Macedonia.

HAVE YOU FOUN... YOU'RE LOOKING ... Maybe you should place ... ad. Then somebody ... YOU! Call a sales rep to... ...d in the next edition

+ PARAMO... ...ic. Maybe a ... ...d in making new ... ...ble SWM lookin... ...SWF of any ... ...and more ... ...g the beach ... ...rs, I'm the ...

WO... ...? you? ...personal ...think.

E A...

...2:30 PM

...everyday, ma... you! Check or ...

#3 #24

How to make an appearance.

For some of our customers, there's more to making an appearance than just showing up. Instead, like this Corporate Litigation Attorney, they do both with élan. As evidenced by this elegant Edward suit. Made in Canada from the finest Italian twill, it's a seasonal favorite. A suit that will present an appearance every bit as confident as your own.

Paul Stuart
Madison & 45th
New York
212/ 682 0320
John Hancock Center
Chicago
312/ 640 2650
800/ 678 8278

The Body Brief

Late-breaking news from the world of medicine, and what it means for you. By Hallie Levine

DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY. Two recent studies—in Sweden and at the University of Wisconsin—show that people with high self-esteem who have active social lives and hobbies are much more likely to live long, healthy lives than those who sit in front of the boob tube. (But are they *happy*?)

IT'S TOO LATE FOR SONY, but maybe everybody should have gone beta a long time ago. Researchers in Manchester, England, found that beta-carotene increases the ability of antioxidant vitamins C and E to boost the immune system. So, swig your morning O.J. with a multi-vitamin supplement that includes beta-carotene.



CANCER KILLERS: The whiz scientists at the National Cancer Institute have found a way to push T cells (specialized white blood cells that fight infection) into targeting, attacking, and killing prostate cancer cells. The battle's been fought only in test tubes, but stay tuned for a possible new vaccine against prostate cancer.



Keep your eye on the ball . . . ow!

YES, THE BALL'S FUZZY, but it still packs a wallop. The force of even a slow-moving tennis ball, according to researchers, is enough to damage most glass and plastic eyeglasses. Lenses made of polycarbonate plastic are a better bet. Improving your return wouldn't hurt, either.

DRINK UP, PAL. An 11-year study of 18,000 middle-aged Chinese men found that those who consumed two to six alcohol drinks weekly were half as likely to die from heart disease as teetotalers. That goes for beer, too: An 8-year study conducted by lager-loving Germans found that a liter of beer per day cuts the risk of heart attack by 50%.

SWALLOW THAT SALMON. It contains a high amount of the mineral selenium, a known cancer-fighting agent. According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, consuming 200 micrograms of this stuff a day can dramatically reduce your chances of certain cancers, including lung, prostate, and colorectal.



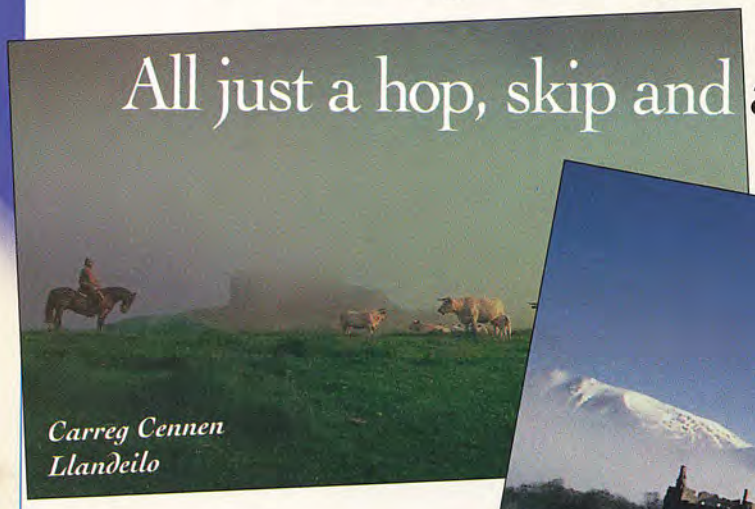
"Got . . . to . . . reach . . . orange juice . . ."

CHOMPING GARLIC whole, according to a *New Scientist* study, ups the level of the cholesterol-lowering substance acetone in your bloodstream—much more than even devouring it crushed.

TENNIS BALL: WHITE/PACKERT/IMAGE BANK; OJ: GARRY GAY/IMAGE BANK; FISH: JOHNNY JOHNSON/ANIMALS ANIMALS; GARLIC: PETER STEINER/THE STOCK MARKET

The magic of Wales, the castles of Scotland and the beauty of England's North Country.

All just a hop, skip and a jump from London.


Carreg Cennen
Llandeilo


Kilchurn Castle
Loch Awe




Crummock Water
Lake District

There's even more to a British vacation than the unexpected mix of historic pageantry and the latest in contemporary theater, dining and fashion that is London. Discover more than you expected in a country no bigger than New England.

The castles, kilts and highlands of Scotland, are just hours away. Wales, the legendary land of music and myth, is even closer. And in England itself, there's the breathtaking beauty of the North Country, with its many hiking trails and literary shrines; the tranquil villages and rolling hills of the Cotswolds in Central England; and the coastline, stately homes and historic cities of the South.

All of which make it well worth the effort of tearing yourself away from the delights of London to see the rest of Britain.

Since you're in the neighborhood.

Britain. You don't know the half of it.

For more information write or call The British Tourist Authority Dept. MAXIMC, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10176-0799

BTA
British Tourist Authority

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Zip _____ *Phone* _____

Please send me: ❑ England's North Country
❑ London ❑ Wales ❑ Scotland
❑ Central England ❑ The South of England

Call toll-free 1·800·839·6505

Beamed Up to Bossland

How to move into management without losing the love of all the pathetic little peons you left behind. By Bill Heavey

IT'S A VERY SQUIRRELY DEAL, career advancement. Prove yourself in one area and your reward is a transfer into a new job requiring completely different skills. A cop with exceptional street smarts is relocated behind a desk. A whiz at the alchemy of one-on-one sales becomes sales manager. If you're good at sex, you're promoted to parent.

When I unexpectedly advanced from reporter to editor of a trade association magazine, I resolved to model myself after the best military commander the world has ever known: Captain James T. Kirk. I would be firm but fair, and I would definitely jump the bones of any alien babes who came my way. But in truth, I was an uptight, paranoid, autocratic disaster for the first few weeks. I was convinced that the boss had doubts about me and that no one under me thought I was up to the job. I acted more like Captain Queeg than Captain Kirk.

Finally, the magazine's production editor took me aside. "Let me tell you as a friend that you're acting like a complete asshole," he said kindly. "The boss isn't going to fire you—you were his choice for the job. You're driving everyone nuts, me included. Calm down; just treat people like human beings. And zip your fly." I reached instinctively for my crotch. "Gotcha," he said. This conversation had a strangely calming effect. The smoke cleared. My jaw relaxed. When I met with the staff the next day, I apologized for acting like a jerk and told them I respected them and needed their help. Over time, we stopped viewing each other as the enemy. I gave up acting like a Burger King management trainee on a power-trip. And I didn't get fired.

In unmasking myself before these guys, I had unwittingly made what many experts say is a key move. "Every line person knows damn well that management doesn't have the answers, and they look vulnerable and silly when they pretend they do," says Lyle Sussman, professor of management at the University of Louisville and coauthor of *Smart Moves for People in Charge* (Addison-Wesley). But it's natural enough that most newly minted managers behave like idiots. After all, as a staff member, you succeeded by being competitive, by using your individual strengths and talents to get ahead, and by showing people you had the answers. As a manager, you have to elicit that initiative from other people. Cooperation replaces competition. Your job is not so much to have the answers yourself but to find a way to get them from other people.

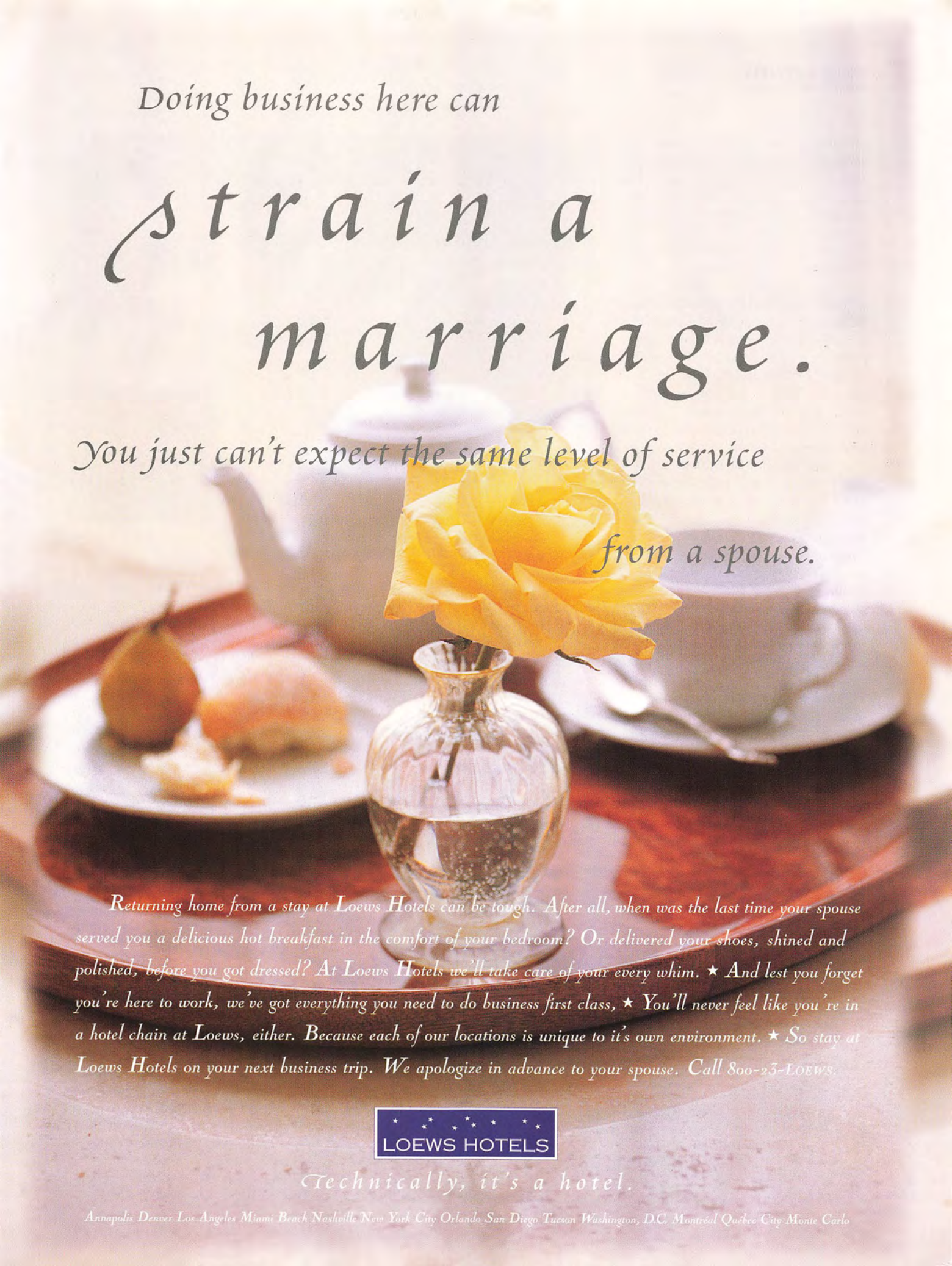
Here's how to do it:

PHOTOGRAPH: KEN WHITMORE/SHOOTING STAR



The Master: With Spock's help, Captain Kirk ran his Enterprise without alienating the troops

1 DELEGATE. Teddy Roosevelt said, "The best executive is the one who has sense enough to pick good men to do what he wants done and self-restraint enough to keep from meddling with them while they do it." Few managers delegate enough, say the experts. They're afraid of losing control, don't trust other people, or don't want to take the time to teach someone a new skill. But unless you learn to turn people loose, you'll drown. And there are →


Doing business here can
strain a marriage.
You just can't expect the same level of service from a spouse.
Returning home from a stay at Loews Hotels can be tough. After all, when was the last time your spouse served you a delicious hot breakfast in the comfort of your bedroom? Or delivered your shoes, shined and polished, before you got dressed? At Loews Hotels we'll take care of your every whim. ★ And lest you forget you're here to work, we've got everything you need to do business first class, ★ You'll never feel like you're in a hotel chain at Loews, either. Because each of our locations is unique to it's own environment. ★ So stay at Loews Hotels on your next business trip. We apologize in advance to your spouse. Call 800-23-LOEWS.
LOEWS HOTELS
Technically, it's a hotel.
Annapolis Denver Los Angeles Miami Beach Nashville New York City Orlando San Diego Tucson Washington, D.C. Montréal Québec City Monte Carlo

benefits for you: You'll have less detail work, be able to concentrate on the big picture (which is a manager's true responsibility), and have happier, more engaged employees. And remember: A good manager knows always to take a little less than his share of the glory and a little more than his share of the blame.



"Think, Spock. Of all the babes I've docked with, were any of them Starfleet employees who might have felt coerced?"

2 TRUST YOUR STAFF. In their book *Managing for Dummies* (IDG Books), Bob Nelson and Peter Economy cite the one-page employee "manual" the Nordstrom department store distributes to new hires: *We're glad to have you with our Company. Our number one goal is to provide outstanding customer service. Set both your personal and professional goals high. Nordstrom Rules: Rule #1: Use your good judgment in all situations. There will be no additional rules. Please feel free to ask your department manager, store manager, or division general manager any question at any time.* This may read like an invitation to goof off. It isn't. Nordstrom is a hard-charging place with extremely high standards. But they've figured out that the best ideas percolate up from line employees rather than trickle down from on high.

3 BE A BUFFER. In a toxic organization (is there any other kind?), there is a steady barrage of insults from above. Maybe you're supposed to report anyone who shows up for work five minutes late, takes more than an hour for lunch, or exceeds the sick-leave allotment. Don't do it. Protect your people to the extent that is possible from the bad policies, procedures, and systems that keep them from doing their best work. When you treat a person as one of the higher life forms rather than as a stepping stone on your meteoric rise to the top, over time you earn his trust and loyalty. Then, when you need a favor or an extra effort on a project (and you will), you'll have something to work with.

4 GET FEEDBACK. Once a month, ask your employees to anonymously assess your performance and the way the office functions. Request that they include suggestions for improvements and list things you're doing that stunt initiative. Later, meet with your staff and let them know what you intend to work on. It takes courage to do this, but Blaine Lee, who trains 100,000 people a year and is the vice president of the Covey Leadership Center, points out that the move pays double dividends: You'll benefit by getting from-the-trenches information, and the staff will sense that their input is valued. "If the view of a recently promoted manager is 'I was one of you, but now I'm over you,' he's going to be dead in the water," Lee says. "The role of the manager is to make the people around him look as good as possible."

5 GO FOR A BALANCE. "New managers tend to screw up their first six months in one of two ways," says Michael Gelb, coauthor of *Lessons from the Art of Juggling* (Crown). "They are so worried about doing something wrong that they don't do anything, which tends to earn the contempt of others. Or they become too arrogant, running around trying to show they know it all, which makes other people want to get even with them." Ideally, you want enough confidence to seize the initiative but enough humility to listen to people and take corrective action when you're wrong. No manager achieves this balance right off the bat.

6 JUST BE A GOOD GUY. "You need to be savvy; you need street smarts," says Gelb. "But the only thing that works is character. The rest is bullshit." He says managers laugh when he tells them this, but it's actually a laugh of recognition upon hearing the truth. So how do you demonstrate good character as a manager? Practice the golden rule: Treat others as you would have them treat you. M

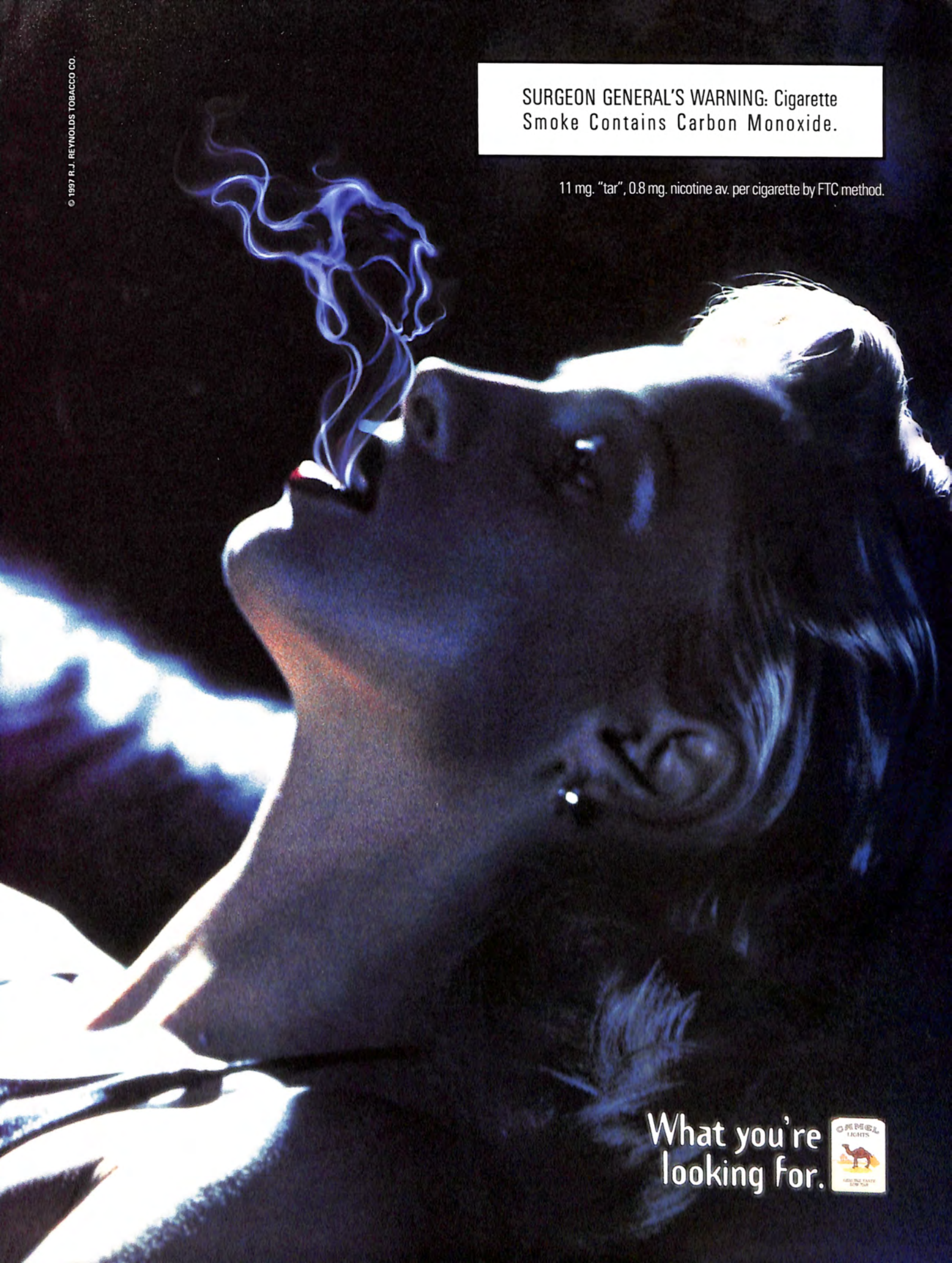
Bill Heavey—a D.C. freelance writer—is a boss who's at one with his staff

TALK THE TALK

Key phrases to keep the working stiffs happy

SAY . . .	BECAUSE . . .
"That looks great."	Praise is incredibly motivating and costs nothing.
"What will it take to keep this from happening again?"	It's a way to get an employee to get it right the next time—solving the problem for himself.
"What do you need from me?"	It speaks volumes about where your priorities lie.
"I was wrong."	Facing up to your mistakes earns you respect, not censure.
"Here, have some money."	Bribes are effective. Give gifts at the holidays and throw a free lunch every once in a while.

PHOTOGRAPH: THE KOBAL COLLECTION


© 1997 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
What you're looking for.
CAMEL
LIGHTS

Size Matters

When making your move to one of today's big-screen TVs, it ain't the way you use it—it's the size of your tube. By Rich Warren

THIS MUCH IS A GIVEN: Anybody whose viewing habits include *Monday Night Football*, pay-per-view fights, or ESPN's *SportsCenter* deserves The Big One. The Jumbotron of the living room, the monster monitor, the titanic tube. But there was always the big-screen dream—John Elway marching life-size Broncos in fabulous color toward the kitchen—and then there was the reality down at the sports bar: games unfolding in a multi-hued blizzard on an apparatus that looked like a Soviet radar station. The truth about the big-screen TV was that it was bulky and expensive and it sucked. Until now. At long last, big-screen image quality is good, overall size is living-room friendly, and prices have come down. You can now watch the TV you deserve.

The Big One comes in two flavors: the conventional, direct-view picture tube, which is what we've been watching for the past 40 years, and projection TV. In the industry, "big-screen" means more than 27 inches measured diagonally. (They've got to be kidding. That's bigger, not big.) Our definition begins at 40 inches and sprawls out from there. Mitsubishi builds the largest conventional, direct-view model. At 40 inches it weighs as much as two fullbacks and occupies as much space as a refrigerator. But some of the really-big-screen projection sets sveltely hug the wall at less than two feet deep. They're your best bet.

Projection TV has two categories: front projection, like a movie theater, and rear projection, with everything contained within the cabinet. Front projection often provides the best picture—if you can still see after the sticker shock (a mid-range model is $6,000). Stick with rear-screen models



MITSUBISHI TS-5089 You can toss your *TV Guide* and eliminate wasteful channel-surfing time. This 50-inch couch-potato's dream offers a StarSight program display, allowing you to call up an on-screen listing of every televised main event.



TOSHIBA THEATERWIDE TW40F80 For the serious movie buff: The 40-inch screen is the same shape as a standard movie screen, and the color temperature (the red/blue balance) is adjustable—fortunate, since the picture's so hot it will sear off your eyebrows.

ALL TVS PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFREY KREIN; BOXING: TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME; "THE ROCK": PHOTOFEST

RCA PROSCAN Couldn't get season tickets? Watching the action at home is easier with this 80-inch screen. The athletes are almost life-size, the sound is deafening, and the rowdy fans sitting next to you are your very own pals.



BASEBALL: ©1996 JOHN REID III/MLB; COKE CAN: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM

($1,800 and up) for value, ease of use, and quick installation. Rear-screen projection uses three projection tubes (one for each of the primary colors), lenses, mirrors, and sometimes prisms to bend and focus the light beams and project them on the screen.

Feeble when introduced about 15 years ago, rear-screen projection models now deliver bright, clear pictures viewable even in a well-lit room. In the past you'd have to sit straight back from the center or lose the image, but projection sets now offer a viewing angle large enough for the entire gang.

We surveyed the big-boy TV talent and came up with a quartet of keepers, with a range of screen sizes and features. Consider these when you finally decide to start living large.

THE WIDE FRONTIER

Talk about your wide receivers: Toshiba's TheaterWide breaks from the pack with its 40-inch (measured diagonally), wide-screen TW40F80. Wide-screen means that its 16:9 aspect ratio (ratio of width to height) makes it look more like a movie screen than a TV screen (normally a 4:3 ratio). When you watch director's cut letterbox videos, or the new digital video disks (DVDs), you won't see black bars at the top and bottom. This Toshiba also works well for standard TV pictures. Really well, in fact: bright, clear, and accurate. An electronic digital convergence circuit ensures that the three projection tubes line up flawlessly for true colors and a sharp picture. Video purists will rejoice in being able to choose the color temperature, the balance between red and blue (a.k.a. warm and cool). Yet for all its 40 inches of screen, the TW40F80, a scant 16 inches deep, respects your space. Go ahead, measure the dinky box you've been watching—it's probably deeper than this projection set. Another plus: Toshiba's wide screen can display two conventional TV images at once: During playoff season, you can view two games at the same time by using the dual tuners on the TW40F80—and this $3,300 set has plenty of other tricks worth investigating.



Press one button and 18" ta-tas are bounding across the screen

GALLOPING TECHNOLOGY

Sony takes big-screen TV even more seriously than you do when the NBA finals and Stanley Cup playoffs are unfolding simultaneously. Having established its reputation with the proprietary Trinitron picture tube, Sony considers it a point of pride to keep developing new technology.

The KP-53XBR45 projection TV, at 53 inches and $4,400, is something of a technology statement. Its digital circuitry simplifies fine-tuning picture quality for super-sharp video, but it also retains a few analog circuits for the tweaks that digital tackles less well. Similarly, the projection lenses combine glass and acrylic for the optimum properties of each; then Sony color-calibrates them to improve the purity of reds and greens. You can adjust the color temperature to suit your preference, including setting it to the reference standard. The set offers a dual picture option with two tuners, of course, and something called the Universal Joystick Remote Commander, a wordy way of saying fun remote control, with a combination joystick/trackball and a fistful of the usual buttons. Controlling the KP-53XBR45 is like playing a very, very large video game. Sony also takes a big interest in audio, with 80-watt Dolby Pro Logic surround-sound and Orchestra Seat Sound Effect from BBE, which increases presence, providing the illusion of live sound.

WANT IT TABLETOP-SIZE?

Mitsubishi not only claims having been first with big-screen TV, it's one-upping the competition with the first big-screen TVs in the tabletop category. The days of contemplating an addition to the house to accommodate a big-screen TV are over. The 50-inch TS-5089 costs about $3,900 and, measuring a tad over two feet deep, fits on top of a bedroom dresser or any sturdy table around the house. Throw your *TV Guide* away: The TS-5089 comes with the StarSight on-screen, electronic program guide. Simply highlight the show you want to watch (O.K., *Xena: Warrior Princess*) using the remote, press one button, and bingo: Eighteen-inch ta-tas are bounding across the screen. You can program StarSight to display TV programs by category, so you can browse movies, sports, news, sports, music video, sports, or, perhaps, sports. Mitsubishi includes picture-in-picture with dual tuners. You can even freeze the inset picture to view as a snapshot or series of snapshots. Video electronics include all the latest technologies and enhancements for a clear, deep picture.

MICHAEL JORDAN LIFE-SIZE

ProScan by RCA introduced the world's largest rear-screen projection TV: an 80-incher, which means that a life-size Michael Jordan could fit diagonally into this screen. It's not only big, it's bright. You might want to call the neighbors to warn them you're going to be watching *Backdraft* on this TV and save them the trouble of calling 911. Instead of the conventional seven-inch projection tubes, this mighty set uses nine-inch tubes for clearer, brighter pictures. Once you view an 80-inch picture at home, everything else looks like a Watchman. This humongous set has a price tag that's not exactly miniature: $8,500. But that buys all the frills and thrills you'd expect, from Dolby Pro Logic surround-sound to picture-in-picture with dual tuners. The set comes with a thousand lines of horizontal resolution—beyond current needs, but primed to take advantage of future improvements. You can simultaneously listen to the main picture from the speakers and the picture-in-picture sound via headphones. If you use the split-screen feature to view two pictures, you're seeing the equivalent of two 40-inch sets. ProScan provides not one but two remote controls: an all-inclusive universal and a super-simple curvaceous baby that sensuously fits the hand. And for operating this huge TV there's even a guide dog: The RCA Nipper dog shows you the way with a graphic interface that's superior to Windows 95. M

Rich Warren is the audio/visual columnist for The Chicago Tribune.

PHOTOGRAPH: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM

advertisement

What is the future of money?



What is the future of money? It's something you can control. It's something that puts power at your fingertips. It's something that makes you feel confident and secure. The future of money gives you brand new ways to pay, without cash or checks. You've got MASTERCARD. You already know it's more than just a credit card. With MASTERCARD, money is smarter, easier and even more secure than in the past. You can use MASTERCARD to buy movie tickets and stamps at the ATM. You can use it to shop on the Internet with the same confidence you have using your MASTERCARD at the mall. The future of money is MASTERCARD, and you don't have to just imagine it.

MasterCard

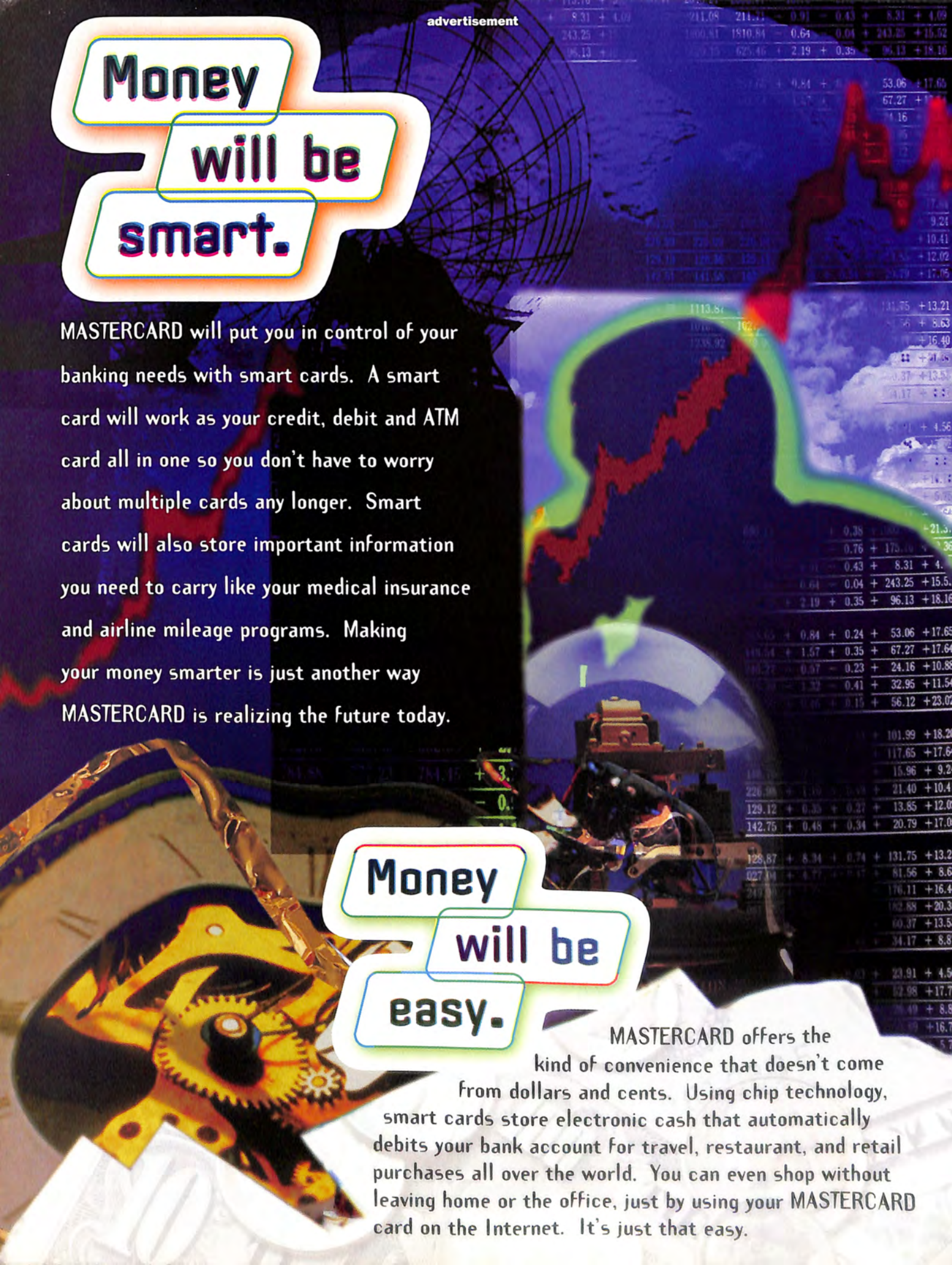
The Future of Money

the future's coming sooner than you think.

advertisement

Money will be smart.

MASTERCARD will put you in control of your banking needs with smart cards. A smart card will work as your credit, debit and ATM card all in one so you don't have to worry about multiple cards any longer. Smart cards will also store important information you need to carry like your medical insurance and airline mileage programs. Making your money smarter is just another way MASTERCARD is realizing the future today.



Money will be easy.

MASTERCARD offers the kind of convenience that doesn't come from dollars and cents. Using chip technology, smart cards store electronic cash that automatically debits your bank account for travel, restaurant, and retail purchases all over the world. You can even shop without leaving home or the office, just by using your MASTERCARD card on the Internet. It's just that easy.

advertisement

Money will be secure.

You need to feel secure about your money. MASTERCARD gives you the security you can't get from cash or checks. Bank terminals will only provide smart card access by reading your fingerprint. While you explore banking on the Internet, MASTERCARD provides secure electronic commerce, to help reduce online fraud before it happens. That makes you feel safer.

Money will be worth more.

MASTERCARD knows you always have room for an extra bonus. That's why we offer you special events and benefits you just can't get anywhere else. Take a look at our web site for MASTERCARD Exclusives, for special savings on products and services for cardholders. If you're looking for tickets to great shows and concerts, see what's available through our relationship with Ticketmaster. And best of all MASTERCARD'S even looking out for your health with our free MASTERCARD Health Care Planning Kit.

MasterCard

The Future of Money



The Future of Money™

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT:
http://www.mastercard.com

Dogs of the Dow

Unleash the best investment strategy you've never heard of. By Alexander Haris

SUCH A SAD DAY. Grandma has passed away. But old people die. Not all of them, though, spend three decades squirreling away a chunk of Thursday's meat money, the way dear old Granny did. She has willed you $12,000, and it's yours now, minus the bite the IRS took out of it. So what should you do with this tidy windfall? A sensible inner voice advises investing in the stock market—but you haven't had much experience and are leery of getting burned. Nonsense. With a little effort, you too can invest like a pro. A good place to start is by following the most basic of the so-called Dogs of the Dow strategies.

Come again? Dogs? Dow?

THE PEDIGREE

Let's start with some definitions. You've heard of the Dow Jones industrial average. The Dow, meant to reflect the condition of the overall stock market, is a compilation of the stock prices of 30 well-known American companies. It includes Philip Morris, General Motors, and DuPont. And these 30 companies pay dividends—a portion of the millions they earn—to their shareholders. Philip Morris, for example, pays $1.20 a share in dividends four times a year, for a total of $4.80 over the course of the year.

When you buy Philip Morris stock, that annual dividend is your "yield" on your investment. The yield is simply the cash dividend divided by the stock price. Pay $100 for a share of Philip Morris stock, and the company returns $4.80 to you; that's a 4.8% yield. But here's the key: If the stock price drops to, say, $90, you still get the $4.80, even though you put up less money. And the yield is now 5.3% ($4.80 divided by the new stock price, $90). A rising yield means either that the stock is going down or that the company has raised its dividend. Stocks that have high yields and whose market prices are not increasing are called "dogs" on Wall Street.

So what have stock market wizards—the ones who aren't consumed with earning commissions—come up with? Buy the dogs, they say. In the case of the "Dow 10," that's the 10 highest yielders—the 10 biggest dogs, to be exact.

THESE PUPPIES PERFORM

Several forces make the Dow 10 strategy work: the chance that a stock will go up, the variety of stocks in the portfolio, and the dividends these Dow companies pay shareholders.

Again, Philip Morris, currently the highest yielder on the Dow, is a good example. Yes, the company makes a controversial product, which is why the stock tanked last summer after a jury in Jacksonville, Fla., awarded $750,000 to a two-pack-a-day smoker of Lucky Strikes who developed lung cancer. Philip Morris (not the manufacturer of Luckies) dropped $14 a share the day of the verdict, from more than $105 to just a little over $90. (So the yield went up, right?). But Wall Street, God bless it, overreacted. Philip Morris has crept back up to about $125 since the Jacksonville verdict, on the back of its still-profitable tobacco business and the potential of its Kraft and Miller brewing divisions.

Say that Philip Morris does eventually tumble—maybe future court settlements will be truly crippling (though it's not the job of the Dow 10 investor to try to guess if this will happen). There are still nine other stocks in the Dow 10 that can pick up the slack. It only takes a couple of winners for the entire portfolio to shine.

The third reason the strategy works is the dividend. Many public companies offer no dividends at all. But invest $10,000 in Philip Morris shares, and at the end of the year you'll have earned about $400. →



DOW WOW WOW
Let the Dogs bury your bonus – they'll fetch you big bucks tomorrow

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH WING-SPROUL; MODEL: HANNAH/PERSEVERANCE FARM, LTD.



This money gets plowed back into your portfolio of 10 stocks and keeps growing.

When considering the Dow 10 strategy, remember three things. One is that it is mindless. It involves buying just 10 stocks, with no research required. And a number of institutions will set it up for you for a small fee, so participating only requires a phone call and the ability to write a check.

What is more, the Dow 10 isn't a terribly risky strategy, because it's an investment in a diversified basket of established companies. You won't be squandering Grandma's legacy: In two decades, the Dow 10 has lost money only two years.

Investing strategies based on the Dogs of the Dow philosophy have beaten two thirds of mutual-fund managers regularly for more than 20 years

CARING FOR YOUR DOGS

Last, and most important, the Dow 10 system may make you some real money. You can do at least as well as your annoying stockbroker friends from college. If you fancy yourself a sophisticated investor—and have been smirking at the simplicity of the Dow 10 strategy—chew on this: Investing strategies based on the Dogs of the Dow philosophy have beaten 90% of mutual-fund managers, regularly for more than 20 years.

Jim O'Shaughnessy, a money manager in Greenwich, Connecticut, has calculated that if your parents had started a $10,000 Dow 10 investment fund for you in 1975, and stuck to the strategy, it would now be worth more than $400,000. O.K., if your parents were that farsighted, you wouldn't need investment advice from us. Still, just $5,000 invested in 1992 would be worth more than $10,000 today, enough of a gain for you to dip into your nest egg for a sharp Hugo Boss jacket and still keep saving for retirement.

HOW TO BECOME A DOG OWNER

Merrill Lynch, Smith Barney, Paine Webber, Prudential, and Dean Witter each have a trust called the Select 10 series. Make the initial call, to (800) 562-2926, and pick one of the above-named brokerage houses. In about five days you'll get a brochure and a call from a broker from the firm of your choice. From that point on, it will be relatively easy to start playing the Dow 10. Expect to pay the broker around 2% of your total investment each year. On $10,000, that's $200.

There are also many variations on the Dogs of the Dow strategy that shouldn't be overlooked, though they are all based on the same basic premise: Invest in beaten-up, established stocks that also sport high dividend yields. O'Shaughnessy, for example, favors a "Dogs of the Market"



approach, adding 50 high-yielding stocks that also meet other fundamental restrictions. To have O'Shaughnessy put your money to work, call (800) 797-0773.

Prudential (800-221-5871) and Dean Witter (800-776-0270) will build you a Flying Five portfolio, which starts with that list of the 10 highest yielders and invests in only the five with the lowest stock prices.

If you have a brokerage account, or are willing to set one up, you can invest in the Dow 10 yourself. Be aware that even a so-called discount broker, such as Charles Schwab & Co., costs around $50 a trade. To buy 10 stocks will cost $500 in commissions, so the Dow 10 will have to do all the better just to cover these expenses. If you're comfortable on the Internet, you can do Web-based trading for less than $15 a transaction. E-Trade (www.etrade.com) and E-Broker (www.ebroker.com) are fair options. But, mind you, there is no handholding here; you're on your own.

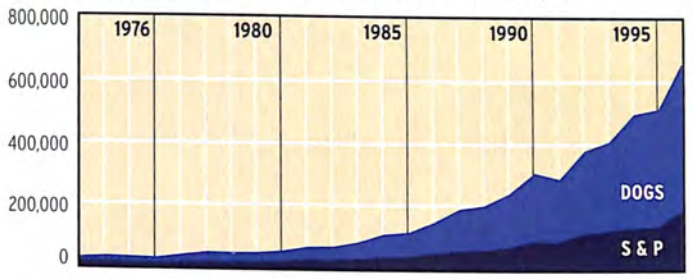
Whatever method you choose, remember to buy equal dollar amounts of each of the 10 highest yielders (with $10,000, that means $1,000 worth of Philip Morris, $900 worth of Texaco, and so on). A year later, get the new list of the highest yielders. Some will undoubtedly be repeats—hold on to them. Sell the others, and use the money to purchase shares of the new dogs, spending an equal amount on each. Example: If six of last year's dogs repeat, and you sell the other four for a total of $12,000, buy $3,000 each of the four new ones.

Whether you've been investing for years or have never even seen a copy of *The Wall Street Journal*, the Dogs of the Dow strategy is a solid investment—over time it's likely to do better than most investment strategies. The key is to stay the course and ride out the tough patches. We don't need to tell you that every dog has its day. M

Alexander Haris is a senior editor for Individual Investor Magazine.

RUFFING UP THE MARKET

Growth of $10,000 invested in 1971 through 12/31/96



The chart above compares the performance of the Dogs of the Dow Select 10 Strategy Stocks with the S&P 500 Composite Stock Price Index.

The chart assumes that yearly dividends are reinvested annually, and does not reflect sales charges, commissions, expenses, or taxes. Dow Jones & Company did not participate in the creation of the portfolio and has not reviewed this information. The "S&P 500" is a trademark of Standard & Poor's Corporation.

THE IRISH DON'T KEEP THEIR PASSIONS BOTTLED UP. WITH ONE EXCEPTION.

A PROUD IRISH LAGER.



AMERICAN STYLE



The Jacket

The look that defined attitude circa 1950. This biker jacket became a movie star in its own right with a notorious reputation.



The Watch

The Ventura: The world's first electric watch circa 1957. A distinctive face with an all-American perspective. Even if you're not a movie star of the fifties, you can tell time like one.

SINCE 1949
FULLER'S
JEWELRY

Hamilton
America's Timekeeper Since 1892

© Hamilton, a division of SMH (US) Inc., 1200 Harbor Blvd., Weehawken, NJ 07087. For additional Hamilton dealers in your area, call 1-800-209-7783 ext. 115.

Prime Time

OUR FEATURE PRESENTATIONS



ANDREW ECCLES/OUTLINE

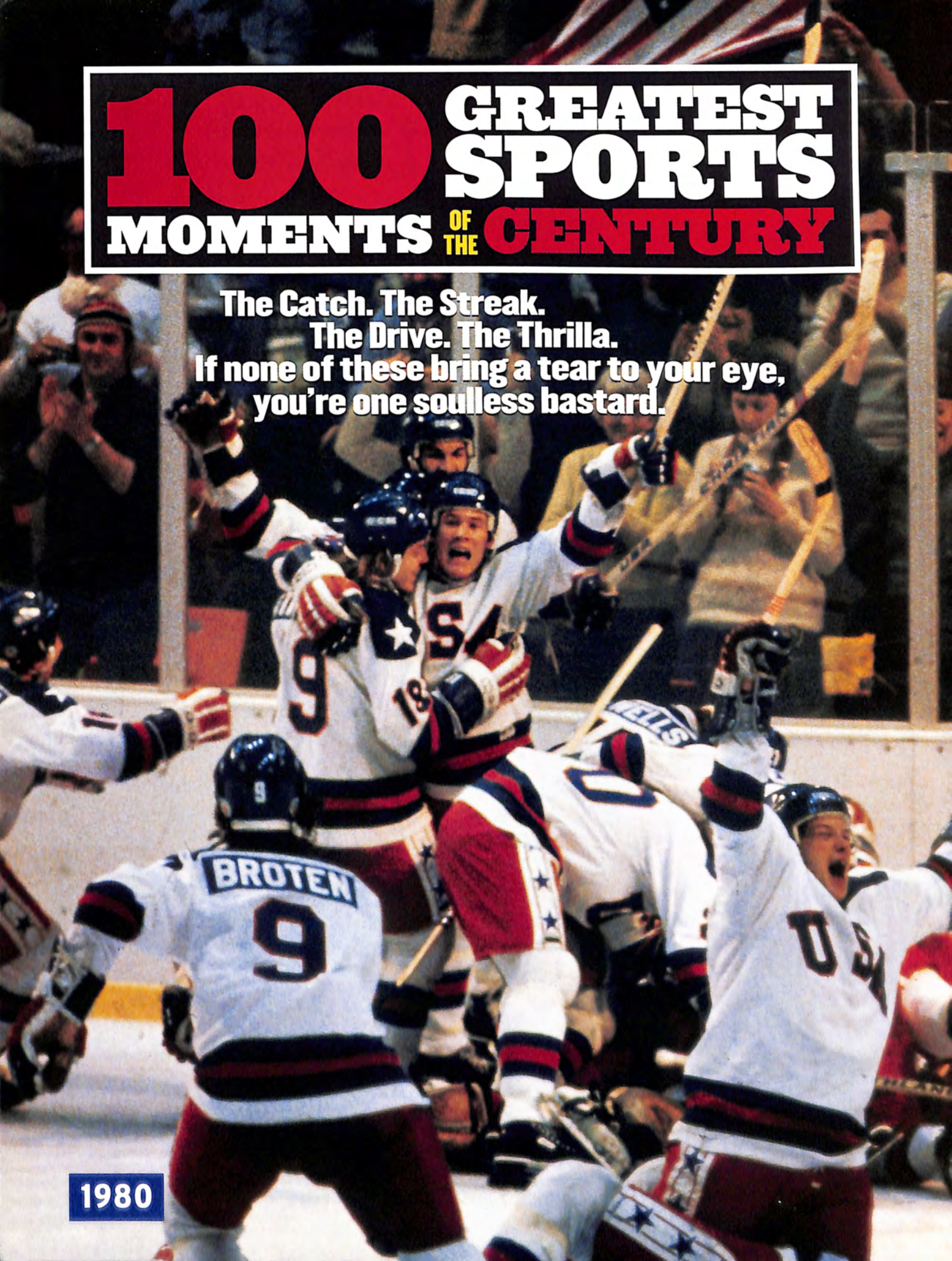
This is the spot...

...where we cover the essentials in depth, serving up full-strength stories you won't find anywhere else. This month:

- Sports history's 100 greatest moments—our take on the biggest, most contentious of all bar room debates.
- Hot tips on how to buy lingerie for the naked woman in your life (accompanied by lots of helpful pictures).
- A freewheeling report from Cuba's new frontier: white-collar cigar smuggling.
- The inside scoop on what's *right* about all the stress in your life.
- Before-and-after pics of Hollywood men who've gone under the knife.
- And a primer on how to manage that most volatile of investments, your girlfriend.

100 GREATEST SPORTS MOMENTS OF THE CENTURY

**The Catch. The Streak.
The Drive. The Thrilla.
If none of these bring a tear to your eye,
you're one soulless bastard.**



1980



MIRACLE ON ICE: HEINZ KLUETMEIER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; JACKIE ROBINSON: FPG INTERNATIONAL; THRILLA IN MANILA: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; FOUR-MINUTE MAN: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; TWELVE SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS: TERRY O'NEILL/STERN/BLACK STAR

COMPILED BY

KEITH BLANCHARD

THE TEAM

NEIL FINE
DOUG GOLD
DANNY GREEN
MIKE HAMMER
MARK LASSWELL
JOHN TESSITORE
MATT TOLL

THE TOP TWENTY-FIVE

THE MIRACLE ON ICE

1 AN UPSTART U.S.A. SQUAD DAZZLES THE WORLD WITH A MONSTER UPSET OF MOTHER RUSSIA. Though not yet playing for gold (they'd clinch that two days later against Finland), the underdog U.S.A. fights as if the free world's at stake. Mark Johnson scores with one second left in the first . . . Jim Craig makes save after sprawling save against a relentless Soviet attack . . . Mike Eruzione slips a 30-foot shot past Vladimir Myshkin to finally put the U.S.A. in the lead. The clear-as-ice message: Communism is doomed.



2 JACKIE ROBINSON TAKES THE FIELD

Major-league baseball is whiter than Shelley Long's underwear until Jackie Robinson, a 28-year-old grandson of slaves, steps into the batter's box at Ebbets Field to hit the most important groundout in history. Though the Negro League star goes hitless against the Boston Braves' Johnny Sain (also, coincidentally, the last man to pitch to Babe Ruth), he scores Brooklyn's winning run, and goes on to lead the National League in stolen bases (29) and win Rookie of the Year.



3 THE THRILLA IN MANILA

The third act in the Ali-Frazier trilogy shakes out as the best brawl ever: Ali himself couldn't overhype this one. After nearly knocking Frazier out in the first, Ali spends four rounds jabbing away at his rival's face. Frazier takes over in the fifth, ripping left hooks into the champ's jaw, but from the 10th on it's Ali's fight again, as he tenderizes Frazier's famously ugly mug, swelling his eyes shut. Frazier's manager stops the carnage in the 14th, and a triumphant Ali pronounces the fight the closest he's come to dying.



4 FOUR-MINUTE MAN

Gangly young British medical student Roger Bannister has been testing the limits of human exhaustion for seven years: sticking hollow needles in his fingers to measure lactic acid, pounding out countless miles on a treadmill. His goal: to determine whether it's possible for man to run a mile in under four minutes. Finally, on May 6, 1954, Bannister flies across the finish line in 3:59.4, breaking the four-minute barrier and carving two full seconds off the nine-year-old world record.

TWELVE SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS



1972: Pool Shark Swimmer Mark Spitz wins an unprecedented seven gold medals in Munich

1912: Superman Jim Thorpe's heroics—he takes first in both the pentathlon and the decathlon—electrify the Stockholm games

1941: DiMaggio's Streak The Yankee Clipper hits safely in a record 56 straight games

1922: Ghost Story "The Galloping Ghost" Red Grange haunts Michigan's end zone in a spooky offensive display, rushing for four TDs in the first 12 minutes

1977: Home Run Derby Yankee Reggie Jackson cements his rep as Mr. October by reaching bleacher three times on three consecutive pitches

1976: Gym Beam Licker Nadia Comaneci raises the bar for all pixie gymnasts with an unthinkable six perfect 10's. The scoreboard, not designed for double digits, scores each triumph "1.0"

1938: The Untouchable Cincinnati's Johnny Vander Meer blanks the Braves and Dodgers with consecutive no-hitters

1961: Maris' 61 Roger Maris passes the Babe with a single-season-record 61st homer on the next-to-last day of the season

1930: Major Dude With wins in the 4 major tournaments, Bobby Jones becomes golf's lone grand-slam champion

1956: Perfect Pitch Yankee Don Larsen retires 27 straight Dodgers for the World Series' first—and only—perfect game

1974: Catching the 715 Hank "The Hammer" Aaron nails a 1-0 slider from the Dodgers' Al Downing to take over as baseball's career home-run king

1970: GOOOAAAALLL!!! With a gravity-defying header and three assists against Italy in the World Cup final, Brazil's immortal Pele cements his team's rep as the greatest ever

1936



5 ARYAN BURR

JESSE OWENS STICKS IT TO THE NAZIS WITH FOUR GOLD MEDALS IN BERLIN. Though the amazing Owens has recently broken five world records and tied a sixth within the span of 45 minutes, Hitler is convinced his Aryan Olympians, armed with home-field advantage, can save the day for fascism. Jesse answers with four golds, putting *der Führer* in such a furor that the teeny psychopath refuses to personally award Owens his medals.

1968



6 QUANTUM LEAP

In perhaps the most amazing personal feat in Olympic history, 22-year-old Bob Beamon smashes the world long-jump record by an unbelievable margin: nearly two feet. On the Mexico City scoreboard, his 29' 2½" leap shows up as 8.9 meters, which means nothing to the metrically-challenged Beamon. As he recalled later: "Ralph Boston [a teammate] came over and said, 'Bob, I think it's over 29 feet.' I said to Ralph, 'What happened to 28 feet?' " His record stands for nearly 30 years.

1939



7 THE "LUCKIEST MAN" SPEECH

Eight games into the 1939 season, making errors in the field and hitting just .143, the long-suffering Iron Horse puts himself out to stud after 2,130 consecutive games. Haltingly bidding farewell to 62,000 of the Yankee faithful at a July 4th Day in his honor, Gehrig, already fading from the disease that would kill him at age 37 and today bears his name, moves the crowd to tears with a simple eloquence not even 1942's hokey *The Pride of the Yankees* can ruin. The future Hall of Famer closes out his career with this humble clincher: "Today, I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

1958



8 THE LONGEST YARD

Johnny U's Colts nip the Giants in the NFL's best game ever. The pressure's so intense for this pre-Super Bowl title game, broadcast live from Yankee Stadium, that players are throwing up beforehand. Miraculously, it lives up to the hype: In the last 1:56 of regulation, with the Colts trailing the Giants 17-14, Johnny Unitas coolly marches Baltimore from its own 14, making seven straight completions to set up a 20-yard chip shot (with 0:07 left) that ties it up. In sudden-death OT—the NFL's first ever—Unitas drives to the 1, ignores the easy field goal option, and hands off to Alan Ameche, who dives in for the big, big win.

1951



9 THE SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

On a cloudy afternoon at the Polo Grounds, New York Giant third baseman Bobby Thomson crushes the most famous homer in baseball history: a ninth-inning, three-run blast that closes out one of the best pennant races of all time with a 5-4 win. Victimized Brooklyn pitcher Ralph Branca is never the same, later asking a priest, "I don't smoke. I don't drink. I don't run around. Baseball is my life. Why me?" A fastball, Ralph: a big, fat, inside fastball.

1962



10 WILT'S HUNDRED

In a season in which he *averages* 50 points and 25 rebounds a game, Wilt "The Stilt" Chamberlain manages to have an exceptional night, racking up 100 points in a single game. A weak man-to-man New York Knicks defense leaves him free to score at will, and Wilt's embarrassing single-triple in the 169-147 victory leads, two seasons later, to a four-foot expansion of the foul lane.

NINE CLASHES OF TITANS

1967: The Ice Bowl Green Bay freezes Dallas out 21-17 in a 15-below-zero, nipple-splitting "Packer weather" arctic blast
1979: Bird vs. Magic The most-watched NCAA final ever turns into a blowout when Magic and Michigan State outshoot Larry Bird's Indiana State 75-64
1985: Hagler vs. Hearns Marvelous Marvin Hagler endures a two-round spanking from Thomas Hearns before felling The Hitman with a hard right
1925: The Four Horsemen Notre Dame's legendary backfield clobbers Stanford's awesome triple-threat tailback Ernie Nevers in the Rose Bowl, 27-10



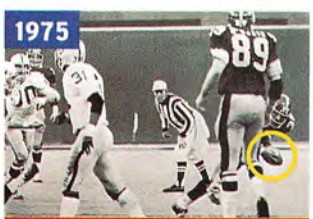
1981: Engaging the Borg Upstart "Superbrat" John McEnroe takes on, and defeats, mechanical five-time Wimbledon champ Bjorn Borg in an epic final
1968: The "Game of the Century" In a battle between unstoppable forces, Elvin Hayes' Houston Cougars outlast Lew Alcindor's UCLA Bruins 71-69 in a packed Astrodome
1981: The Chargers-Dolphins Playoff San Diego beats the Dolphins in a triple-OT playoff game so exhausting that Charger Kellen Winslow has to be carried from the field
1974: Rumble in the Jungle The ever-resourceful Ali rope-a-dopes a roaring George Foreman into powerlessness in Zaire, winning his stolen title back
1973: Battle of the Sexes "Women's libber" Billie Jean King pits her fuzzy balls against "male chauvinist pig" Bobby Riggs, whipping him in straight sets

ARYAN BURR: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; QUANTUM LEAP: ©ALLSPORT/USA ; LUCKIEST MAN: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; LONGEST YARD: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; SHOT HEARD: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; NINE CLASHES: WALTER IOOSS, JR./SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; WILT'S 100: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN



TYSON GOES DOWN

11 UNTHINKABLY, IRON MIKE FALLS TO ONE-HIT WONDER BUSTER DOUGLAS. Having just ripped undefeated champ Michael Spinks a new one in 93 seconds to take the title, Iron Mike seems indestructible: Buster Keaton might have gotten better odds than the 42-1 allotted "Buster" Douglas. But an out-of-shape, preoccupied Tyson (remember Robin Givens?) focuses his energy on catching punches with his face, and his invincibility evaporates with a stunning 10th-round knockdown.



THE IMMACULATE RECEPTION

12 Pittsburgh's about to lose its first post-season game in 40 years. Down 7-6 to Oakland, facing a fourth and 10 with 22 ticks left, Terry Bradshaw shoots a pass to Frenchy Fuqua at Oakland's 35, praying for a first down and a last-ditch field goal. But Raider safety Jack Tatum deflects the pass. . . right into the knee-high hands of Steeler RB Franco Harris, who runs it in for the 13-7 win.



THE GIPPER SPEECH

13 Knute Rockne knows his worst-ever Notre Dame team doesn't have a prayer against powerful Army—so he calls in an angel. With the Fighting Irish trailing 6-0 at halftime, Rock tells his weary troops how Irish running legend George Gipp, on his deathbed, asked Knute to someday exhort a team to "win one for the Gipper." "This is the day, and you are that team," sez Rockne. The fired-up Irish rally to upset Army 12-6.

TEN SHOCKERS

1987: The Drive Down seven and battling from his own 2-yard line in the AFC championship game, John Elway leads the Broncos in a six-minute, 98-yard race to the Browns' end zone

1983: Houston, We Have A Problem Jim Valvano's NC State squad—the Cardiac Kids—steal the NCAA championship title from the bricklaying "Phi Slamma Jamma" Houston Cougars

1938: Schmeling Salts Joe "The Brown Bomber" Louis avenges an earlier loss by slamming chisel-jawed Aryan heavyweight Max Schmeling to the mat

1989: The Cats That Roared The No. 16 Princeton Tigers almost scrape past No. 1 Georgetown in a 50-49 nail-biter credited with saving small schools' automatic NCAA tourney bids

1986: Bear Behind Six years after his last major win, creaky 46-year-old Jack Nicklaus smokes the last 10 holes at Augusta to overcome a four-stroke deficit and win the Masters



1952: Rock Solid An all-but-beaten Rocky Marciano saves himself by landing one of the most crushing blows in heavyweight history on "Jersey Joe" Walcott's jaw

1969: The Miracle Mets A lightly regarded Met team beats the odds—and the Orioles—in an unforgettable World Series

1985: 'Nova-Georgetown Behind unholy 79% shooting, Villanova stuns Patrick Ewing and Georgetown 66-64 in the greatest upset in college hoops history

1989: The Comeback His Bills down 38-3 in the third quarter, backup Frank Reich engineers six straight scoring drives to grease the Oilers 41-38

1974: 88 Is Enough Notre Dame scores the final 12 points to halt Bill Walton's immortal Bruins at an NCAA-record 88 wins

TYSON GOES DOWN: TONY TRIOLO/FOCUS ON SPORTS; IMMACULATE RECEPTION: ©NFL PHOTOS; GIPPER SPEECH: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; TEN SHOCKERS: DAVID CANNON/ALLSPORT



STEED OF LIGHTNING

14 SECRETARIAT THUNDERS HIS WAY TO A TRIPLE CROWN BLOWOUT. He's already racked up Kentucky Derby and Preakness wins, but no one's prepared for the show Secretariat puts on at the Belmont. "Big Red" roars out of the gate to an eye-popping 31-length win, shattering the track record by a full 2 seconds, setting a new world mark (2:24) for a mile and a half on dirt, and recording the first Triple Crown in a quarter century.



ALI-FRAZIER I

15 After three years of fancy footwork dodging military service and getting in touch with his Muslim side, Muhammad Ali returns to the ring, positioning himself as the people's champion and current champ Joe Frazier as a fraud. In the ensuing "Fight of the Century," an enraged Frazier goes medieval on Ali's body before a global closed-circuit audience, while Ali reshapes Frazier's face with stinging jabs. In the 15th, Frazier's body work prevails as he scores, in a unanimous decision, the first-ever defeat of Ali.



BILL BUCKNER'S ERROR

16 With the Sox leading and two outs in the bottom of the 10th, Shea's scoreboard flashes: "Congratulations to the Boston Red Sox, 1986 World Champions," and they're one strike away from winning their first Series in 68 years. But it all unravels in a New York minute: Sox first baseman Bill Buckner lets Mookie Wilson's baby grounder slip between his legs, Ray Knight skips in with the winning run, and the Mets go on to take the series. Buckner is eventually forced into exile in Idaho—no shit.

FOURTEEN DARKEST HOURS



1972: The Munich Murders When Palestinian terrorists invade the Israeli dormitory at Munich's Olympic Village, the resulting bloodbath costs 17 lives and scars the Games irreparably

1993: The Seles Stabbing A rabid Steffi Graf fan leans over a railing and plunges a 10-inch serrated knife into the back of her top-ranked rival, Monica Seles

1909: Crash Course The first Indianapolis 500 devolves into a demolition derby when the track's paving comes up in chunks, causing dozens of gnarly crashes and five deaths

1919: The "Black Sox" When eight Chicago White Sox players, including "Shoeless Joe" Jackson, throw games in a World Series against the Cincinnati Reds, it nearly brings down baseball

1978: The Stingley Hit A crushing hit by unapologetic L.A. Raider Jack Tatum leaves Darryl Stingley of the Patriots a paraplegic

1984: The Midnight Flight Much-reviled Colts owner Bob Irsay packs up the franchise late one night and absconds with the heart of Baltimore

1951: Shaving Account A string of college point-shaving scandals involving more than 80 games tells a tale of corruption matched only by modern boxing

1991: Magic's HIV After testing positive for the virus that causes AIDS, Laker great Earvin "Magic" Johnson takes himself out of basketball . . . twice

1979: Hayes' Haymaker Legendary Ohio State coach Woody Hayes self-destructs spectacularly at the Gator Bowl, attacking a Clemson player on national TV

1993: "Why Me?" Toothy Nancy Kerrigan's leg is bashed by the goon squad of her rival, snuff skater Tonya Harding

1912: Ugly Ty The always controversial Ty Cobb further endears himself to fans by leaping into the stands to pummel a disabled heckler

1988: Lights at Wrigley As all Chicago weeps, Wrigley Field, the final holdout, yields at last to major-league pressure to install lights for prime-time-friendly night baseball

1985: Taking the Snap Linebacker-from-hell Lawrence Taylor sacks Redskin quarterback Joe Theismann for good, snapping his leg like a Kit-Kat bar

1996: Spitball Oriole All-Star second baseman Roberto Alomar makes all whiny, spoiled, millionaire athletes look bad with his phlegmboyant antics

STEED OF LIGHTNING: ©HERB SCHARFMAN/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; ALI-FRAZIER I: ALLSPORT/HULTON DEUTSCH; BILL BUCKNER'S ERROR: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; FOURTEEN DARKEST HOURS: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS


With all the milk I drink,
my name might as well be
Calcium Ripken, Jr.
Really, I'm a huge milk fan.
Besides being loaded
with calcium, there's nothing
like it when it's ice cold.
Which is why I drink
the recommended 3 glasses
a day. And as you'd
probably guess, I'm not one
to miss a day.
MILK
Where's *your* mustache?℠
CAL RIPKEN, JR. ©1996 NATIONAL FLUID MILK PROCESSOR PROMOTION BOARD



1972

TIME AFTER TIME

17 With the U.S. leading 50-49 and seconds remaining in the gold-medal basketball game in Munich, the Soviets inbound the ball and fail to score. But the pinkos are awarded a controversial do-over, which they also botch. Then it gets ugly: As time expires and U.S. players celebrate, an official with no Olympic authority demands that the refs *again* put three seconds back on the clock. Given one more shot, the Commie bastards throw a length-of-the-court pass, hit a layup, and "win" the gold. It was perhaps the worst officiating in Olympic history: To this day, the U.S. team has refused to pick up its tarnished silver.

THIRTEEN PHOTO FINISHES



1984: The Hail Mary Losing by four with just six seconds left, Boston College quarterback Doug Flutie blows the Miami Hurricanes away with a bomb to Gerald Phelan



1978: Bucky Dent's Dinger A light-hitting Yankee shortstop crushes the Red Sox with an improbable blast at Fenway

1987: Man of Steal Celtic Larry Bird hijacks a trip to the NBA finals with a last-second theft of Isiah Thomas' inbounds pass

1954: Willie Mays' Catch The Say Hey Kid snatches a long Vic Wertz fly and turns a 490-foot double play, spurring the Giants to a Series sweep over the Indians

1978: Nose Job Eyeing a Triple Crown, Affirmed just noses out archrival Alydar at the Belmont

1991: Laettner's Buzzer-Beater Duke's Christian Laettner sinks the money shot as time expires to beat Kentucky in double overtime at the NCAAs



1986: "No mas!" Bested by Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Duran, the most feared lightweight in history, begs like a sissy girl

1970: The Kick Club-footed kicker Tom Dempsey of the New Orleans Saints nails the longest field goal ever, a 63-yarder that clears the crossbar by . . . well, half a foot

1970: Trouble Bruin Bobby Orr's flying-nun goal gives St. Louis the blues—and returns a sorely missed Stanley Cup to Boston

1979: Wrecking Brawl Leaders Donnie Allison and Cale Yarborough bump and crash in the Daytona 500, and the good ol' boy brawl that follows cements NASCAR's popular appeal

1982: Oops: There It Is Georgetown's Freddie Brown throws away a last-second chance at the NCAA title with a perfect pass to shocked Tar Heel James Worthy

1951: Barilko's Last Goal Just weeks before he's killed in a plane crash, Toronto's Bill Barilko wins a nail-biter of a Stanley Cup with an overtime goal in the Game 5 clincher against Montreal



1992: Flight to the Finish Scott Goodyear rockets from dead last in the Indy 500 pack to a virtual tie at the flag, .043 seconds behind winner Al Unser, Jr.



1981

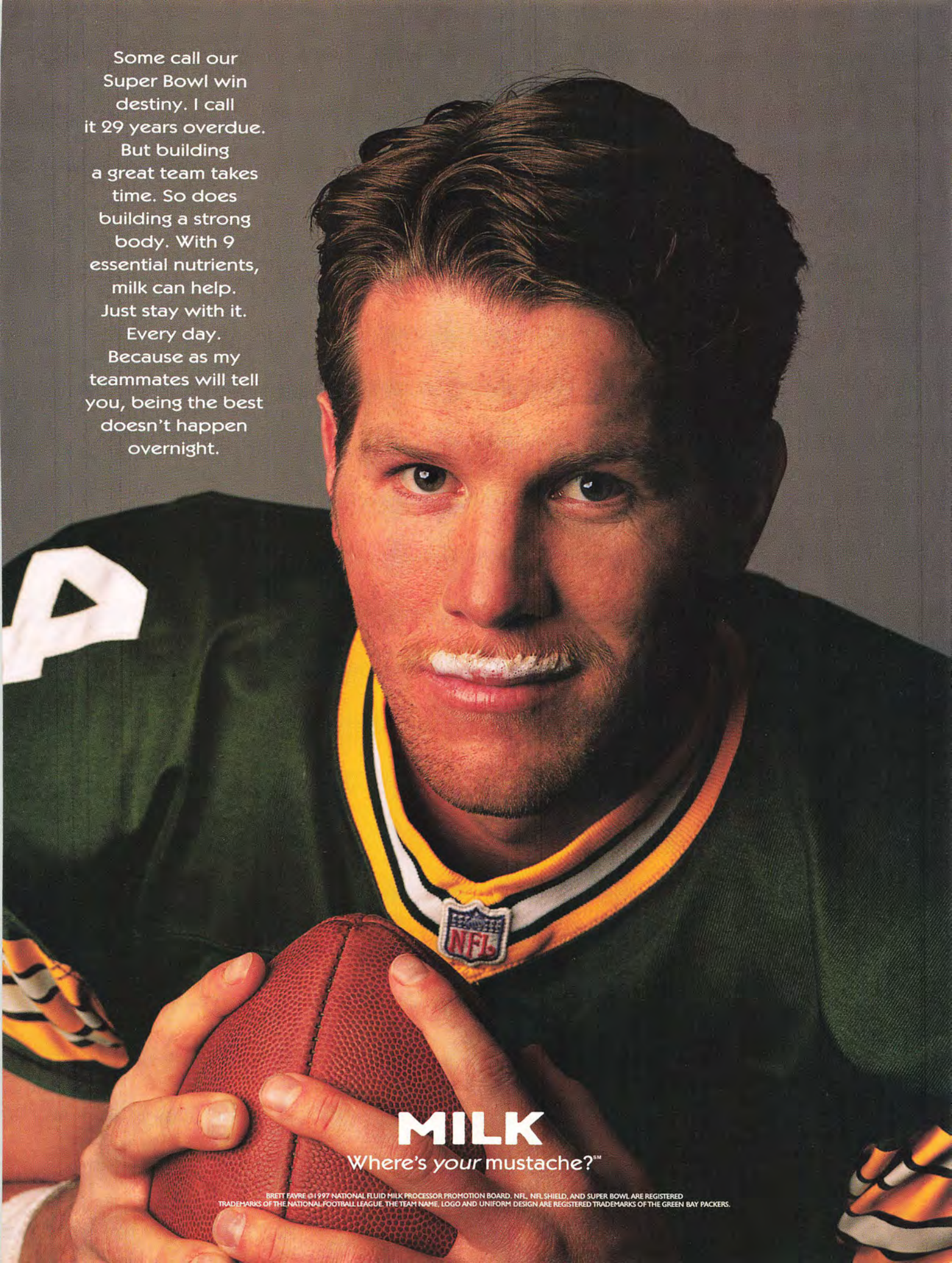
THE CATCH

18 **THE 49ERS' DWIGHT CLARK HAULS IN THE NFL'S ALL-TIME GREATEST GRAB. Six points shy with less than a minute to go, Joe Montana, playing for his first NFC championship, needs a miracle against the powerhouse Cowboys. Rolling right out of the pocket, he lofts the pig high into the end zone, where Dwight Clark leaps, hangs in the air for about an hour, and drags the bitch down. The PAT is good, and the 'Niners officially displace Dallas as America's team.**

GOT A PROBLEM?

Don't like our picks? Send your gripes to *Maxim* Magazine, 25 West 39th Street, Suite 900, New York, NY 10018. Our crack staff of happy-go-lucky interns will cheerfully bundle them together for a follow-up report, or simply pitch them in the shredder.
E-mail: editors@ maximmag.com

TIME AFTER TIME: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; THE CATCH: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; HAIL MARY: HEINZ KLUETMEIER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; BUCKY DENT'S DINGER: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; NO MAS: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; FLIGHT TO THE FINISH: IMS PHOTO BY SAM SCOTT


Some call our Super Bowl win destiny. I call it 29 years overdue. But building a great team takes time. So does building a strong body. With 9 essential nutrients, milk can help. Just stay with it. Every day. Because as my teammates will tell you, being the best doesn't happen overnight.
NFL
MILK
Where's *your* mustache?℠
BRETT FAVRE ©1997 NATIONAL FLUID MILK PROCESSOR PROMOTION BOARD. NFL, NFL SHIELD, AND SUPER BOWL ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE. THE TEAM NAME, LOGO AND UNIFORM DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE GREEN BAY PACKERS.

1995



CAL'S VICTORY LAP

19 **BALTIMORE'S CAL RIPKEN BECOMES BASEBALL'S NEW IRON MAN. In front of an ecstatic hometown crowd on September 6, against the Angels, Oriole shortstop Cal Ripken, Jr. breaks Lou Gehrig's record by playing in his 2,131st straight game. When the game becomes official in the fifth, Ripken takes a goose-bumpy victory lap around Camden Yards: shaking hands, kissing his kids, and perhaps pondering a run for the White House—which, on this night, seems like a lead-pipe cinch.**

1960



MAZ HYSTERIA

20 Leading off the bottom of the ninth in a tied Game 7 against the heavily favored New York Yankees, Pittsburgh Pirate second baseman Bill Mazeroski hits Ralph Terry's second pitch over the left center-field wall, winning the World Series and becoming the first of two players—Toronto's Joe Carter →

SEVEN BIZARRE TWISTS

1979 Miracle of the Meadowlands Instead of taking a knee to preserve a 17-12 win over the Eagles, the Giants run one more play, fumble the handoff, and cough up a TD

1965: The Phantom Punch A suspiciously light tap from Cassius Clay drops the mob-friendly Sonny Liston in round 1 as the crowd screams, "Fix!"

1978: The Holy Roller Out of time and down 20-14 to the Chargers, the Raiders kick, bat, and bobble a so-called fumble into the end zone for the win

1908: Merkle's Boner Fred Merkle costs his Giants a trip to the World Series when he fails to touch second on the way around and alert Cubby Johnny Evers steps on the bag

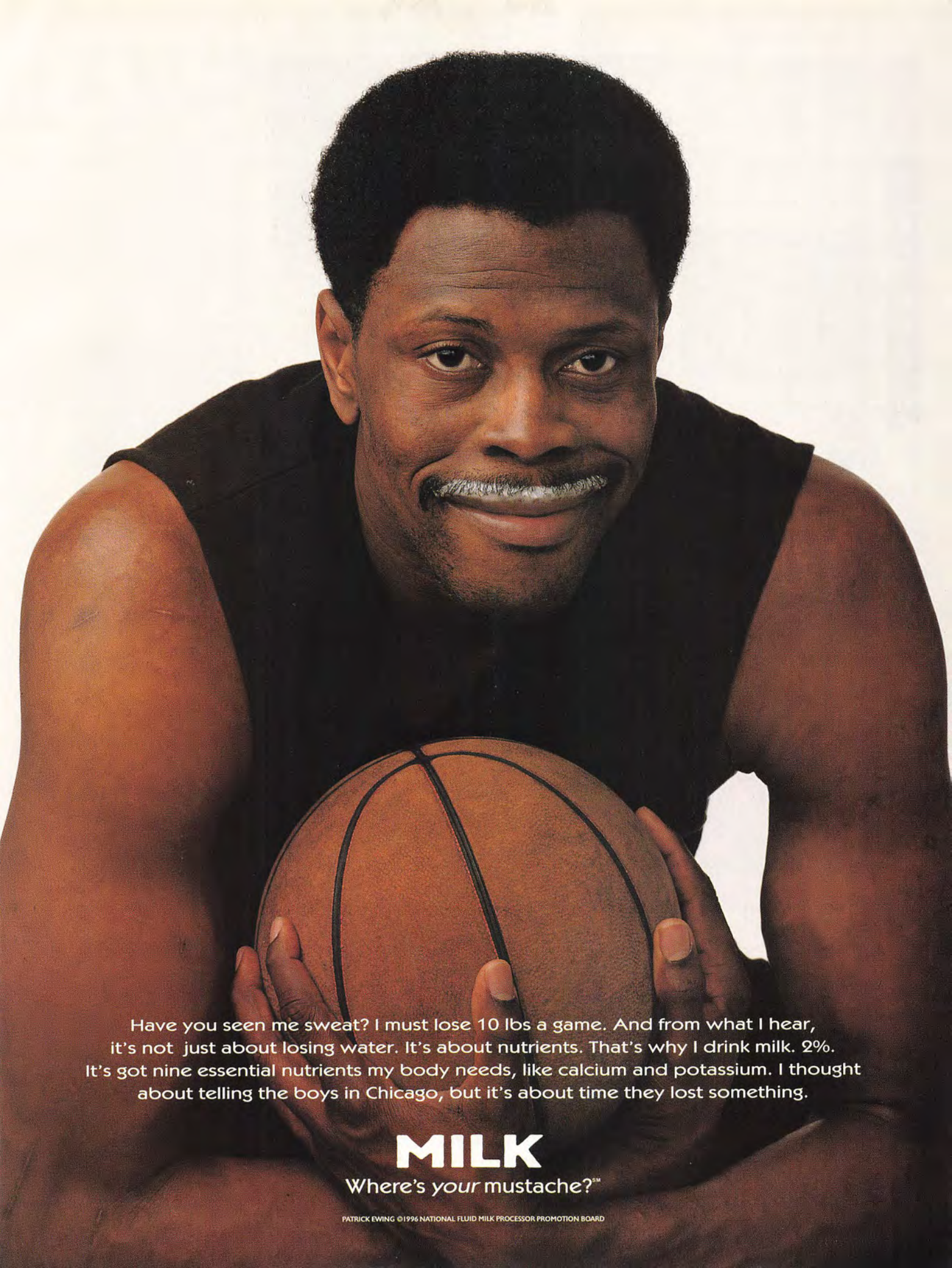
1954: The Twelfth Man In the middle of a 95-yard TD run in the Cotton Bowl, Rice's Dickey Maegle is tackled from the sidelines by a frustrated Alabama reserve player

1968: The Heidi Game At the critical end of a close Jets-Raiders game, NBC calmly switches to the prescheduled movie *Heidi*, incensing fans

1986: The Hand of God Goal Argentina's Diego Maradona credits divine aid with scoring a winning goal over England, later confessing the "hand" was his own



CAL'S VICTORY LAP: DOUG PENSINGER/ALLSPORT/USA; MAZ HYSTERIA: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; SEVEN BIZARRE TWISTS: ©ALLSPORT/USA


Have you seen me sweat? I must lose 10 lbs a game. And from what I hear, it's not just about losing water. It's about nutrients. That's why I drink milk. 2%. It's got nine essential nutrients my body needs, like calcium and potassium. I thought about telling the boys in Chicago, but it's about time they lost something.
MILK
Where's *your* mustache?℠
PATRICK EWING ©1996 NATIONAL FLUID MILK PROCESSOR PROMOTION BOARD

would become the other in 1993—to end a baseball season with a home run. Forbes Field has sadly gone the way of knuckleballs, the Polo Grounds, and daytime doubleheaders, but a plaque commemorates the spot where Maz's long ball landed.

1965



"HAVLICEK STOLE THE BALL!"

21 The gravelly call of voice-of-the-Celtics Johnny Most is now almost as memorable as the game-saving clutch theft itself. Boston is up by just one point on Philadelphia in Game 7 of the NBA Eastern finals when John "Hondo" Havlicek deflects Hal Greer's inbounds pass over to teammate Sam Jones, who dribbles out the last five seconds of play, preserving the Celtic dynasty for another year.

1969



THE GUARANTEED VICTORY

22 When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way, and the brash, glitzy Joe Namath—a.k.a. Broadway Joe—isn't about to let Johnny U's legendary Baltimore Colts get all the press before Super Bowl III. He rashly guarantees that the [18-point underdog] Jets will win the following day, and then, unexpectedly delivers with a 16-7 upset. The Jets, as surprised as everyone else, proceed to leave the trophy in a hotel room.

1982



BAND ON THE RUN

23 When Stanford kicks a field goal with four ticks left to go up 20-19 over archrival Cal, the fans are juiced. When the clock expires during the final kickoff to Cal, they pour onto the field to celebrate—unwittingly screening potential tacklers and helping Cal pull off, with five laterals, the most bizarre kickoff return in history. It's Kevin Moen who finally takes it in for the score, famously bowling over Stanford trombonist Gary Tyrrell. "This was the biggest fiasco of all time," grouses the embittered Stanford coach, Paul Wiggin.

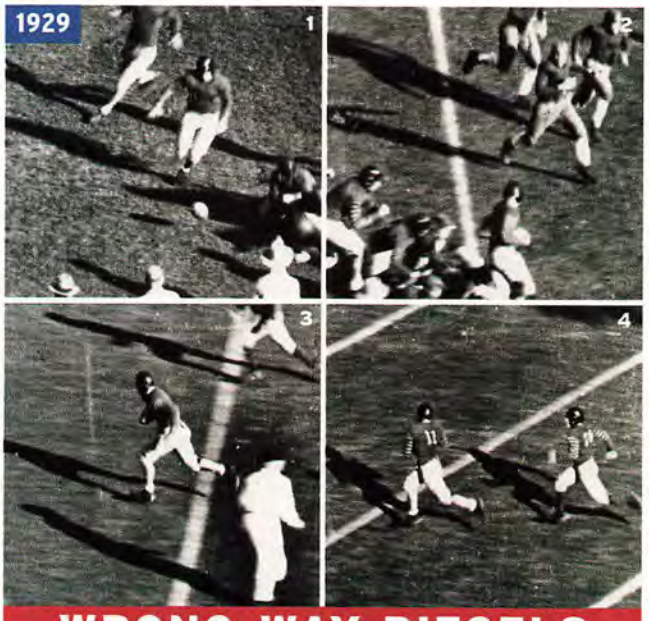
1927



THE LONG COUNT

24 Still bitter at having lost his title to Gene Tunney two years earlier, an enraged Jack Dempsey thrashes his rival, making him eat canvas in the 7th. But time stands still for Tunney when Dempsey, the gloating "Manassas Mauler," refuses to go to a neutral corner, and the ref pauses the count until he does: Tunney's down, but not out, for around 17 seconds. Given the extra time to clear his head, Tunney shakes off his funk and goes on to take the decision from a mortified Dempsey, who never holds the title again.

1929



WRONG-WAY RIEGELS

25 A DISORIENTED CENTER RETURNS A FUMBLE SEVENTY YARDS THE WRONG WAY. "What's the matter with me? Am I going crazy?" says the broadcaster as Cal center Roy Riegels scoops up a fumble and sprints 70 yards toward his own end zone, with his own QB, Benny Lom, in hot pursuit. Lom catches Riegels at the 10 but is shaken off with: "Get away from me! This is *my* touchdown!" Lom finally convinces him to turn around at the 1, but it's too late, as Riegels is smeared by jubilant Georgia Tech players. A two-point safety on the next play proves the difference in Cal's 8-7 loss.

TEN HEARTSTRING TUGGERS

1994: Power Rangers New York's Stanley Cup win shakes a 54-year curse

1968: The "Black Power" Salute Runners Tommie Smith and John Carlos raise gloved fists on the medal stand, igniting controversy

1966: Ebony and Ivory Texas Western's mostly black players beat "Rupp's Runts," the short white guys of Kentucky, 72-65 for the NCAA title



1932: The Called Shot Babe Ruth majestically points to Wrigley's center-field bleachers and belts Charlie Root's next pitch out of the park. Or not: As Root later remarks, "If he did that, I'd have knocked him on his ass with the next pitch."

1972: Henderson Saves Canada A shockingly close Summit Series with Russia brings a nation to its feet when Paul Henderson and Team Canada skate to a 4-3-1 series comeback

1975: Line Dance As his potential game-winning homer arcs over the third-base line, Red Sox catcher Carlton Fisk uses body English to keep it fair



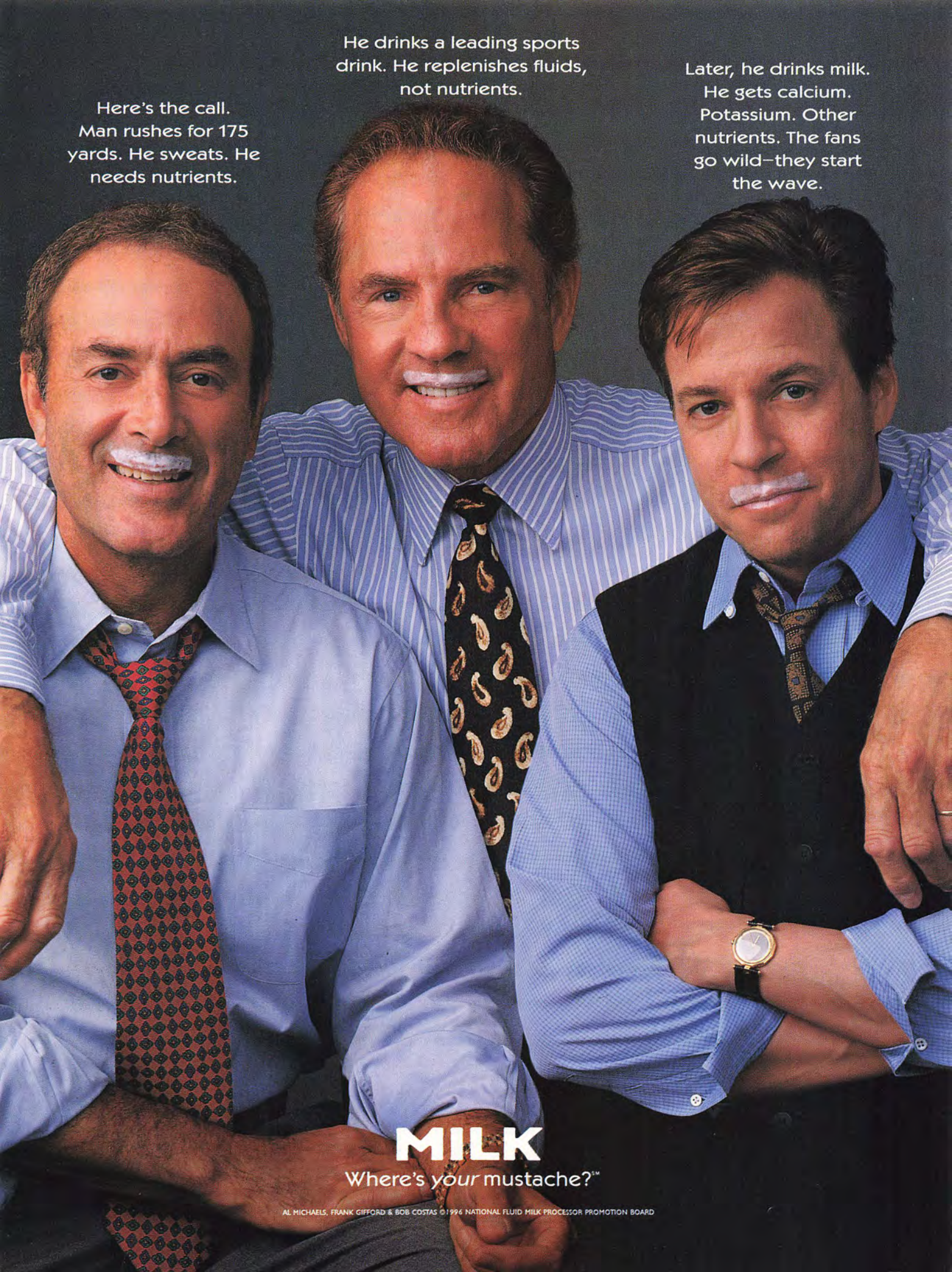
1960: Down Goes Gifford! Philly linebacker Chuck Bednarik pastes Giant Frank Gifford with a bone-jarring tackle and does a victory dance

1996: The Norman Inquest On the 84th anniversary of the sinking of the *Titanic*, Greg Norman blows a six-stroke lead, coughing up the Masters to Nick Faldo

1970: Reed's Dramatic Entrance With the NBA championship on the line, wounded Knick captain Willis Reed makes a surprise appearance to a deafening roar

1960: The Way to Go In the finale of an amazing career, Boston legend Ted Williams blasts one out of Fenway Park

HAVLICEK STOLE THE BALL: WALTER IOOSS/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; GUARANTEED VICTORY: WALTER IOOSS/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; BAND ON THE RUN: ROBERT B. STINNETT; LONG COUNT: CORBIS-BETTMANN; WRONG-WAY RIEGELS: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; CALLED SHOT: UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN; DOWN GOES GIFFORD: ©TIME INC/NFL PHOTOS


Here's the call. Man rushes for 175 yards. He sweats. He needs nutrients.
He drinks a leading sports drink. He replenishes fluids, not nutrients.
Later, he drinks milk. He gets calcium. Potassium. Other nutrients. The fans go wild–they start the wave.
MILK
Where's *your* mustache?℠
AL MICHAELS, FRANK GIFFORD & BOB COSTAS ©1996 NATIONAL FLUID MILK PROCESSOR PROMOTION BOARD





LOVE YOUR STRESS!

It's powerful, it's reliable . . . and it makes you *better*

BY HALLIE LEVINE

YOU THINK you're stressed? Consider your poor Neanderthal ancestors. Running from saber-toothed tigers, swatting at insects the size of bats, trying not to step in mastodon cowpies. It's a wonder we ever mastered fire or invented the wheel in the first place. But it's no accident: The infamous "fight-or-flight" reflex, that danger-inspired hormone rush that tenses muscles, raises blood pressure, and sharpens the senses, is also responsible for our treasured ability to respond quickly and decisively. To survive, in other words. And now that your DNA has spent millions of years carefully honing this powerful adaptive mechanism, are you absolutely sure you want to sign up for a meditation class to "relieve" it? We thought not. Embrace your stress, Og. . .it's what separates the men from the beasts.

According to fully-evolved modern experts, stress is exactly what you need to flourish in a competitive modern world. Sure, a stress overload can lead to hair loss, heart trouble, and all kinds of nastiness. But scientific evidence suggests that small bursts of controlled stress can actually steel the body against disease. A 1994 study of Italian parachuters found that levels of white blood cells were elevated during jumps, implying that short-term acute stress was temporarily stimulating the immune system. Explains Rockefeller University neuroscientist Firdaus Dhabhar: "Being mildly stressed may be good in certain circumstances—if you've been exposed to a flu virus, for example, it might help you ward it off or get over it."

Perhaps more important, however, is the power of stress to make us productive. "Stress is the spice of life," asserts Tampa clinical psychologist Gary Calhoun, Ph.D. "It's what motivates us and drives us in all aspects of our lives. If you have no stress in your life, you might as well be dead." Barry Krasner, president of the National Air Traffic Controllers Association, agrees, and as a man who's spent 10 years frantically coordinating thick swarms of arriving

Stress-Out Workout:
Deadline beating, priority juggling, and full-contact phone tag

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

The Rat Race
Competing makes you better... stronger... faster



and departing planes over LaGuardia, Kennedy, and Newark airports, he ought to know. "Nothing compares to the adrenaline rush you get when you're making split-second decisions," he says. "You become focused because you *need* to be focused. It's a survival instinct, and you thrive on it."

In the same way that actors use stage fright to help them focus, workers in high-stress jobs actually rely on their anxiety to help them succeed in times of crisis, channeling stress into superhuman mental feats. Marty Pfeifer, a sergeant with the Washington, D.C. police department, has experienced his share of car chases and drug busts, and claims that for him, the stress of life-and-death situations slows time down, allowing critical decisions to be made with astonishing speed. "Your mind is running a thousand miles a minute, and you're mentally clocking off a thousand things you need to do," he explains. "But it's focused—although your heart is pounding and your mind is racing, your body knows exactly what it's supposed to do."

Even if your career involves paper chases instead of car chases, you too can learn to channel controlled stress into a competitive advantage without bursting any major blood vessels. Here's how.

STEP 1: KNOW YOUR IDEAL STRESS LEVEL.

Why do some men seem to thrive more than others in frenzied, fast-paced situations? To answer that question, UCLA researchers dumped mice into icy water and measured signs of acute stress: quickened heartbeat, shaking, extreme agitation. They discovered that breeding the least-stressed mice together for generations produced increasingly mellow offspring, implying that some humans may be genetically better able to handle the competitive rat race. "These men tend to be risk-takers, daredevils who drive fast or jump out of airplanes," ventures Knoxville, Tennessee, psychologist Richard Driscoll.

These stress-tolerant men, in fact, may be unhappy if they *don't* get a daily allowance of stress. "You tell a guy who's used to giving orders all day to sit in front of a moving assembly line and put blue objects on the conveyor belt, and he'll go crazy because he won't feel like he's in control," says Dr. Paul Rosch, President of the American Institute of Stress. The reverse is true too: Put your college English professor on the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange, and they'll carry him out on a stretcher.

So what's the right amount of stress for you? You should feel hurried but not frantic, stretched but not overwhelmed. Try to tailor your work load to this fully-engaged pace. More than that and you risk stress-related illness and job burnout, less and you're not making good use of your stress.

STEP 2: DON'T PANIC—REFOCUS.

An unexpected adrenaline rush can throw you for a loop. "I had counted on the market going one way, and at the last minute it dropped 30 points in 30 seconds," recalls Steven Simmons, a senior customer trader at The Norinchukin Bank in New York. "It happened so fast that I instantly broke out into a sweat, my chest tightened up, and I smashed my coffee mug against my desk." This, experts say, is the most perilous time where stress is concerned. In a study conducted by Dr. Naresh Kumar, Director of the Canadian Institute of Stress Medicine, when men in stressful situations believed their jobs were threatened, their blood pressure skyrocketed into the danger zone.

To regain your focus: Breathe in deeply through your nose, hold it for a

few seconds, and breathe out, making sure the exhale is twice as long as the inhale. This suppresses your sympathetic (voluntary) nervous system and shuts off your adrenaline flow, which is key: If you live in a state of constant arousal, the same steroids that give you the energy rush cause levels of "good" cholesterol to decrease and those of "bad" cholesterol to rise, leading to thickened arteries and increasing your odds of having a stroke.

Once you've switched off the panic button, you'll be better able to ignore outside distractions and zoom in on the situation at hand. Ideally, advises Tampa psychologist Calhoun, "you want to use your stress like it's a laser beam, zeroing it right into your target at the immediate moment and switching it off the instant you don't need it anymore." Pfeifer, the D.C. cop, concurs: "Anytime I arrived on the scene of an accident or after a shooting, it was utter chaos—sirens blaring, lights flashing, people shouting," he recalls. "You need to shut your mind to everything and remain focused on the real objective—in my case, noticing unusual details right at the scene that would help me catch the suspect."

STEP 3: RELIEVE TENSION WITH PHYSICAL ACTIVITY.

The fight-or-flight reflex demands physical responses to stressful situations. While bashing your rival in the skull with a club is no longer tolerated in modern offices, some sort of quick burst of physical energy can provide instant tension relief. Says Simmons of his Wall Street market downturn: "Once the crisis was over, I jumped up and down a couple times and screamed. It seemed like I was throwing a temper tantrum, but I figured that at age 27, there was no reason to be fighting a heart attack."

For some men, a five-mile jog every morning may take care of any excess tension; others may need a game of touch football every weekend. A favorite stress-relief exercise for men of all stress levels: sex. Like professional athletes, whose testosterone levels rise right before a game, men in high-stress situations often feel their libidos zoom. Explains Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld, author of *The New Male Sexuality*: "If a man has a high sex drive to begin with, he may get aroused while he's closing a hellish deal or trying to meet a tight deadline, because the excitement he feels while stressed reminds him of sexual arousal."

Word from the field seems to back this up. Admits one Wall Street power broker: "I don't know if it's just the adrenaline rush or the thrill of playing with millions of dollars, but it's a real turn-on. And when I get out of work, I find myself wanting to have sex constantly, even three or four times in one night, before I can wind down." Allen Elkin, Ph.D., director of The Stress Management and Counseling Center in New York City, calls this type of unerotic sex "potato-chip" sex. "Some women go eat chocolate, some men go have sex," he says. "It's not so much a result of your hormones as it is a way to release tension and make yourself feel better."



The Boss Toss
Put that rage to good use!

STEP 4: DON'T BE THE LONE RANGER.

If you feel you're the only one in your office who "gets it," and you can't delegate because no job can be done satisfactorily unless you do it yourself, you'd better change your attitude or change your career. The people most likely to suffer heart attacks are those who are constantly in conflict with others: They're living in a state of perpetual hypervigilance their bodies can't sustain.

When stress can be divided among members of a team, it's not nearly so incapacitating. "You may still be working at a frenzied pace to meet a company deadline, but if you're all working together, chances are it's a more invigorating sort of stress," explains Driscoll. This is the camaraderie soldiers experience in combat when fighting together against a common enemy. The bottom line: Next time you're facing a looming deadline or trying to close a big project, enlist coworkers and do it together. You'll feel less overwhelmed, which will help you be more productive—and you'll infect them with your sense of urgency, so more will get done.

STEP 5: TURN IT OFF AT THE END OF THE WORKDAY.

"The key to using stress for success," explains Dr. Richard Eisler, professor of psychology at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, "is knowing how to bring it down once you leave your office." Learning to shut off work mode when you shut off your computer is key to efficient stress management. "At 4 p.m. on a Friday afternoon, the markets dropped on a stock I'd been trading," recalls 34-year-old Tony Hamer, a chief trader at Chase Manhattan Bank. "Absolute bedlam broke out in the office. But once the market closes at 4:30 p.m., what can you do? I forced myself not to dwell on it over the weekend—saw friends, slept a lot—and when I came back on Monday morning, I felt refreshed enough to handle the situation."

But don't let yourself get into the habit of doing nothing during your well-deserved down-time. One of the best ways to relax and regroup is to channel evening and weekend energy into some outside activity. "I've always been actively involved in something throughout my years as an air traffic controller, whether it be coaching my kids' Little League games or working on a charity drive," says Krasner, the NATCA president. "It gives you perspective, which in turn makes stressful moments at work seem less stressful."

Besides distracting you from thinking about work, having an outside activity can provide a small arena of personal power, and the confidence gained can carry over into a chaotic workplace. Miami Beach chef/restaurant owner Jonathan Eismann says the amateur flying he does on the side helps keep him sane. "A lot of my work stress stems from yelling at vendors because they're late on a food delivery, or finding out that my chief cook has called in sick—situations where I feel like I have no control," he says. "When I fly I'm back in control: My energy goes into focusing on navigating the plane and not allowing my mind to wander."

For those of us who can't afford a private plane, even playing channel hockey with the remote has health benefits. "I call it therapeutic vegging," says Dr. Elkin. "Sometimes there's no better stress reliever than sitting on your bed and watching TV." M

The Workplace Warrior

Don't bottle it up—be the beast



RELIEVING THE PRESSURE

We won't lie to you: Some stress is bad, especially the most common type, which springs from work overload. If you're regularly canceling dinner plans, or dragging home just as Letterman and Leno are coming on, you're clearly having trouble leaving the job where it belongs—at the office. "Ultimately, the issue stems from whether or not you have control," explains Lyle Sussman, professor of management at the University of Louisville in Kentucky. "If you feel like your company's controlling your calendar and your watch, you're that much more likely to suffer job burnout." Here's how to regain control and strike a balance between work and play:

WIND DOWN.

Use the last half-hour in the office as transition time. Shove work aside. Let the phone ring. Start prepping for tomorrow: Clean off your desk, make a list of things to do, and give yourself a mental high-five for the day's progress. Then get the hell out of there.

LEAVE WORK AT THE OFFICE.

Heading out at 6 p.m., you should be carrying only your gym bag. Don't take paperwork home: Instead, get to the office an hour or two early the next day. It'll be quiet, you'll be fresh, and you'll get twice as much done. Once you're out the door, switch into free-at-last mode. Don't use your travel time for brooding; instead, plug in earphones or read something unrelated to work. When you get home, take a shower and change clothes.

DELEGATE.

A guy can only do so much. The key lies in knowing what you have to do personally and what can be handed off to someone else.

GET A LIFE.

Make plans for weeknights once in a while, and stick to them—don't just set up shop in front of the tube. Play b-ball at the Y, or visit the local Libros 'n' Latte bookstore. All work and no play makes Jack want to phone Dr. Kevorkian.

FIND A HOBBY.

In fueling your bid to become the office superstar, don't turn into Johnny One-Note. Find something you're interested in: Coach a Little League team, learn to fly-fish, or turn the yard work into actual gardening. Pursue this pastime with a vengeance.

GET AN ANSWERING MACHINE.

Home is your haven. Don't let colleagues trespass by phoning you to gripe. If somebody does get you on the line, tell him you were on your way out the door and you can talk in the morning. If *you* call a coworker at home, ask your boss to fire you.

DON'T BE A PACKHORSE.

Delegate, prioritize, and talk to the boss about your work load. Then, if you still find yourself dragging your desk home at night, look for a new job. You've built a moat of sanity around your life—don't piss in it.


Box 100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
KOOL
27
HONDA
Firestone
NGK
SPARK PLUGS
KLEIN
TOOLS
Now it's our turn.
© 1997 B&W T Co.



Babe M

BAD MOVE #1

"That dress looks great on you! It's so slimming!"

High yield, low risk,
and no hostile takeovers!
All this can be yours
if you follow *Maxim*'s
six-step guide to
investing in the woman
of your dreams.

anagement

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WHITMAN

STEP 1 | TAKE ADVANTAGE OF AN INITIAL OFFERING

A GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN with an attractive personal portfolio has surprised market prognosticators and agreed to go out with you. The venue will be critical to whether there'll be a second date. Here are some first-night strategies dissected:

YOUR OPENING BID	HER ANALYSIS	YOUR REVISED BID
The local bar. She'll see you relaxed and at your best on your home court—plus she gets to meet the buds!	*"Date one, and we're already reduced to hanging out at his neighborhood tavern? Maybe he's showing off to his friends that he can even get a date."*	Meet for a drink in neutral territory. A nice bar that neither of you knows will level the playing field, so now you two kids can get to know each other.
A super-trendy restaurant where the waitresses all look like models. She'll think you're so cool!	*"I can't afford to split the check—this creep probably thinks I'm going to pay off in the sack. And how can these waitresses stay so thin around all this food? I feel sick."*	Try a moderately priced restaurant, but an interesting one (maybe ethnic?). If she offers, go Dutch; if she doesn't, you won't have to go into hock.
An elaborate dinner—your place. Barry White gently rumbling from the speakers. Lights down low. Champagne chilled. Silk PJs hanging off the bed. So-o-o-o sexy!	*"Yo, Romeo. I'll be out here in the driveway."*	Don't do the dinner until you know her better. Instead, invite her over for Sunday brunch. Better yet, offer to bring the meal to her. *(See, this is what it'll be like if I sleep over!)*



BAD MOVE #2

"Honey, I wouldn't trade you for the sexiest girl on earth."

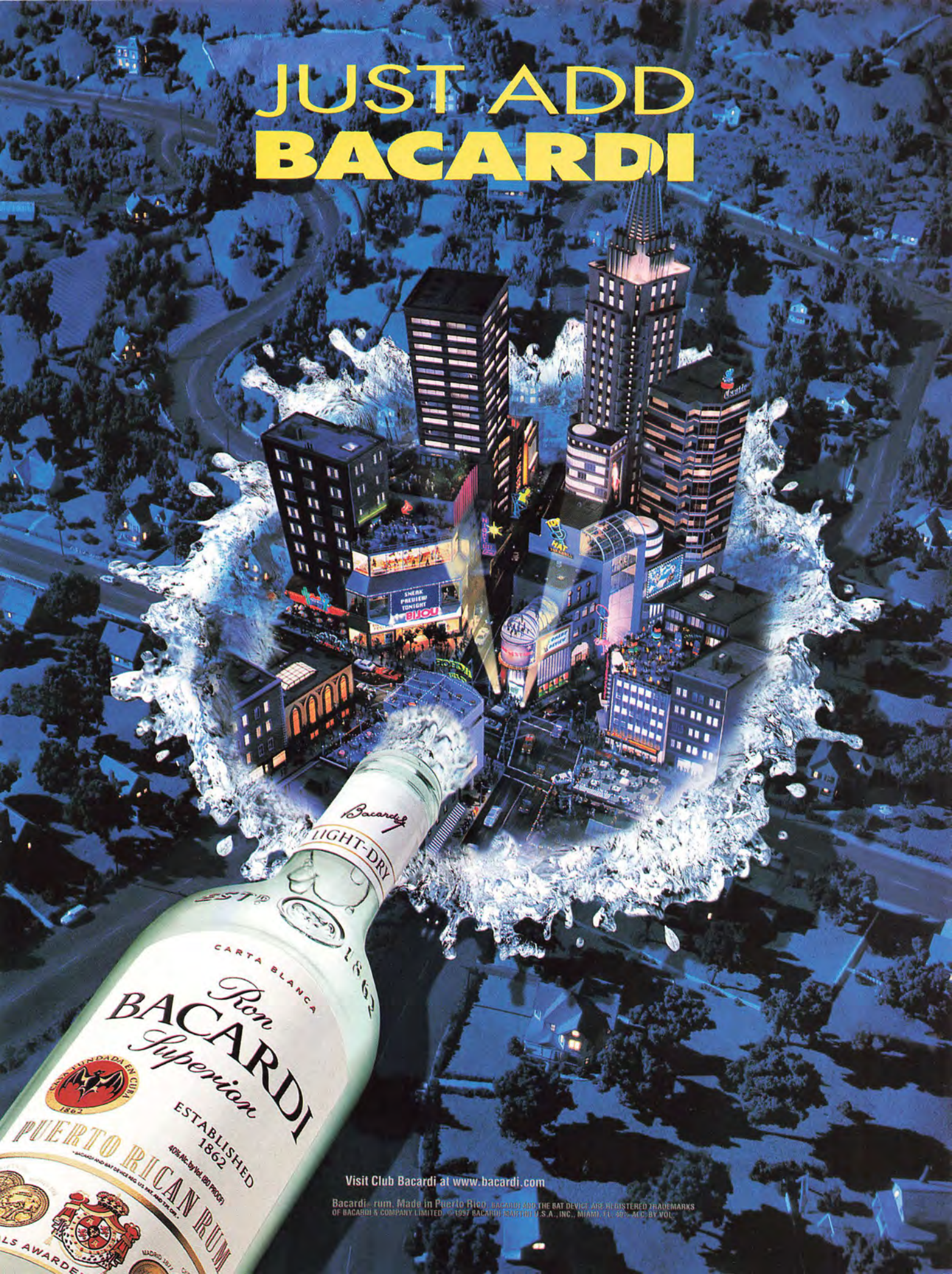
STEP 2 | CHOOSE YOUR RISK LEVEL

WOMEN HAVE A REPUTATION for being great communicators, but they don't always say what they mean. Instead, they expect you to suss it out by deciphering subtleties such as tone and context, which is why a book like Deborah Tannen's *You Just Don't Understand: Women and Men in Conversation* turns into a best-seller. Fortunately, men always have the option of ignoring the subtext, no matter how obvious. So, feeling confident in your relationship? Think she's getting a good thing with you? Then feel free to disregard her unspoken messages. Of course, this aggressive strategy entails risk—e.g., a long string of frozen dinners for one—and shouldn't be entered into lightly. Here's the skinny:

SHE SAYS:	INTERPRETATION:	CONSERVATIVE STRATEGY:	MODERATE STRATEGY:	AGGRESSIVE STRATEGY:
"What are you thinking about?"	("I'm thinking about us. What are *you* thinking about?")	"I was thinking about . . . us." A greasy but quick way to find out what's really on her agenda.	"My tax return," "The Cavs' bench scoring," etc. A temporary reprieve at best: Three lost-in-space daydreams in a row, and you're on the launching pad.	"I dunno . . . what are *you* thinking about?" Though you may forfeit bedroom access for 24 hours, tossing the question back at her demonstrates how silly and annoying it is.
"No, I don't mind if you go out with the guys again. Whatever."	("Go ahead, just use me for sex.")	"What, you're not coming?" This is a trade-off: The guys will hate you for about a week, but then, you're not sleeping with the guys.	"Thanks for being so understanding. Listen, you and I haven't had a night out together in a while—this weekend you wanna [date plan here]?" Women know when they are being bribed—but seem not to mind.	"O.K.; well, don't wait up." When she complains later, you can answer: "But you said you didn't mind. I thought we were being honest with each other." He shoots, he scores—but still manages to get shut out.
"Do I look fat?"	("Tell me I don't look fat.")	"Fat? Are you kidding? You look terrific." Nice try, but it will never work.	"You look fine." Nice try, but it will never work.	"Why do you feel compelled to ask me that every freaking day?" There, that felt better. By the way, duck. *
"Are you listening to me?"	("Aren't my concerns important to you?")	"I'm trying to, but your eyes are so pretty that I got distracted." Well done. You bought either time or a ticket to Hummerville.	"Sure. You said Gabrielle's getting a divorce and Julie worries she's pregnant." Nail the details, and the real issue—your wandering focus—goes away.	"Huh?" Hey, she zoned out that time you told her about George Brett and the pine tar incident, remember? Now you're even. Right? Right? Let's get a ruling from the umpire...
"Do you think she's pretty?"	("Is she prettier than me?")	"Who? Her? She looks great—if you like 'em real mean-looking." No, she'll never believe you don't check out other women, but she'll love you for pretending.	"Sure, she's O.K. But she doesn't have your smile." Women have a fair idea of how they rank, but a specific compliment is hard to resist.	"You think I'm blind? She's a total babe. But, hey—love the one you're with." You just stuck your weenie in a bear trap. And quit quoting Stephen Stills.

* (THIS IS A TRICK QUESTION. THERE IS NO RIGHT ANSWER. WE FELT IT WAS IMPORTANT TO DEMONSTRATE TIMES WHEN YOU CANNOT AMORTIZE YOUR INVESTMENT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO.)

STYLING BY KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR: CHRISTOPHER LOCKHART/MAREK; MAKEUP: EMMA CARTER/BOBBI BROWN ESSENTIALS; PAPER CLIP: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM; DRESS: CELINE



BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©1997 BACARDI IMPORTERS U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. 80 PROOF. ALC. BY VOL.

STEP 3 | MONITOR YOUR INVESTMENT

AN INVESTMENT NEGLECTED is an investment lost—and it's as true on Lovers' Lane as it is on Wall Street. **Rebecca Barry** outlines how to tend to your woman in a way that will earn big dividends.

YOU LIKE TO THINK you're a good guy. You call us when you say you will; you send flowers; you even sat still for *Sense and Sensibility*. But despite your best efforts, we still find things to complain about. Turn on the TV while your gal's talking or forget her birthday, and suddenly you're lumped in with all those other jerks who keep advice columnists in business.

It's not all your fault. "Men are led to believe that doing things for women is what counts," says Elyse Goldstein, a psychologist in New York City. But women are more impressed by thought than by deed: It's nice that you can lift the couch singlehandedly, but what *really* blows us away is when you remember that our parents met in Guadeloupe—just the kind of effluvia you can't possibly be expected to remember.

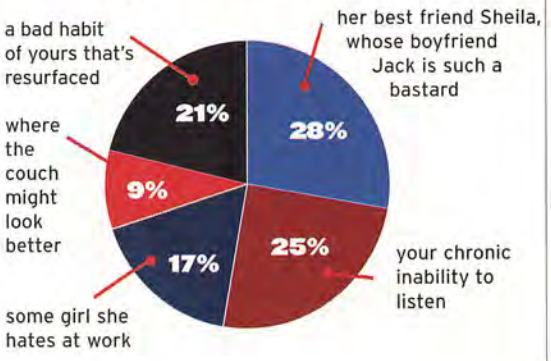
Can the gap be bridged? Of course: We don't need your undivided attention every second of every day. But we like the *illusion* of having it. So with that in mind, here's a girl's guide to making us happy.

Hey, did you catch any of that?

STAY FOCUSED

Women have high expectations when it comes to listening; the half-ear you might give a buddy while playing pool won't cut it. We thrive on personal interaction and are paranoid about not being heard. So however busy you are, do your best to leave your job at the office. If you spend the evening dwelling on work, you'll unintentionally tune us out and we'll start picturing ourselves with Fabio. (Dumb as a post, sure . . . but at least he pretends.)

Zoned? She's probably talking about . . .



ASK QUESTIONS

Men don't ask us nearly enough about ourselves. I know that guys don't ask each other personal questions, but we *want* your questions. We *need* them. Women live in a world where it's perfectly appropriate to tell someone we've just met that we haven't had good sex in six months—it's how we bond. If you don't ask us questions about who we are, we think you must not care. So ignore your instincts—go ahead and ask your date why she doesn't speak to her brother. If she says that relations with her family have been chilly ever since she went to prison for manslaughter—hey, there's another topic!

COMPLIMENT THE NOT-SO-OBVIOUS

Not that we don't like the no-brainer praise—a woman with great legs will walk a long way to hear you mention that fact—but we love the feeling that you're paying close attention. Our new hairstyle may seem only microscopically different to you, but it's a huge deal to us. Notice it. Compliment our shoes, our perfume, our manicures. Point out our sense of humor, tell us what we said that first attracted you.

TAILOR YOUR GIFTS

Women are impressed more by creativity than by money. In other words, don't just send flowers or chocolate. If she stares longingly at black go-go boots in a store window, make a note of it; if she says she loves a specific store, shop for her there. Once you get in the zone, you'll soon find shopping much easier. Maybe even fun. O.K., O.K., easier.

KEEP IN TOUCH

When we're out together, hang with us a little. Sure, we can happily fend for ourselves in social situations, and you're allowed to talk to other women. The point is to make it clear that you're actively glad we're there with you. Make eye contact with us across the room; excuse yourself from other conversations to check in with us; touch our arms or backs possessively, as you slide by. Plant a light kiss on our lips, proving that you don't care if the whole place knows you're not solo. But hovering is not sexy. Neither is announcing that you're checking in so you "don't get in trouble." We're women, not homeroom teachers.

OGLE DISCREETLY

Most women are insecure, on some level, about their looks. We understand that you notice other women (just as we notice other men), but when you stare, we can't help thinking you'd rather be with them. If you must gawk, be a gentleman and wait until we're in the bathroom.



BAD MOVE #3

"I don't know what your ex was thinking when he dumped you."



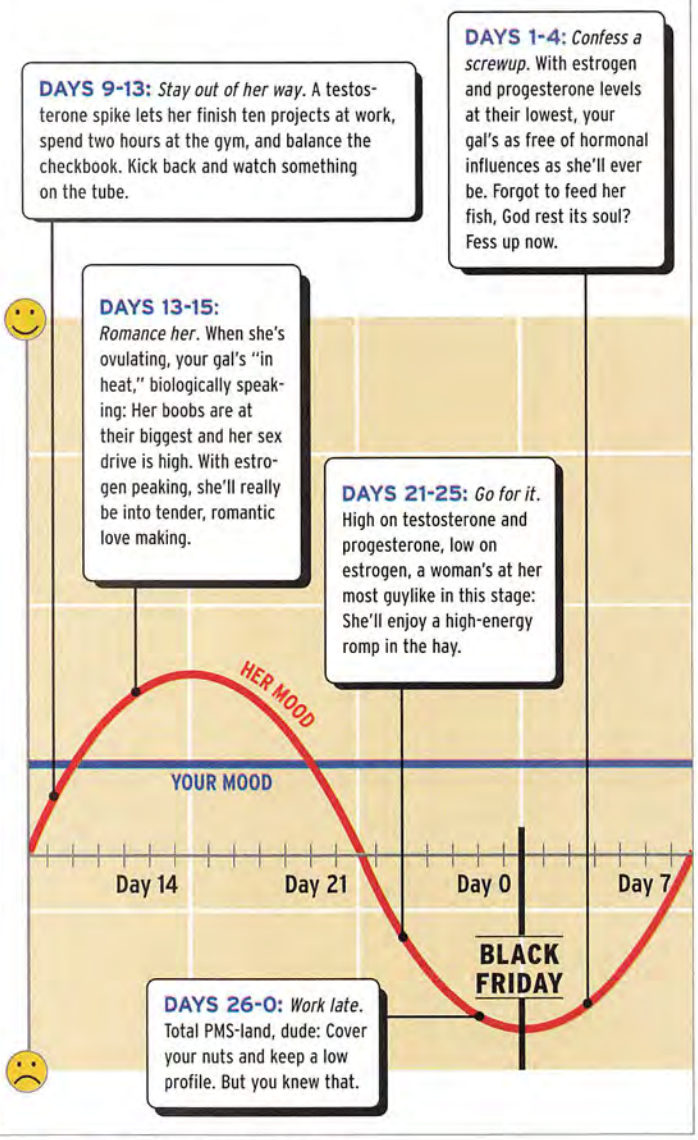
Special Offer

We'll send you the authoritative full-length video "The Premium Cigar" Along with a copy of our 20 page booklet "How To Judge a Good Cigar" and a Don Diego cigar cutter, all for $15 check or money offer (retail value $30). Write Don Diego, P.O. Box 407166SJ, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33340-7166. Allow 12 weeks for delivery. Offer expires June 30, 1997. Offer not available to minors. Limit one per customer



STEP 4 | PLAY HER CYCLE

SURE, YOU KNOW NOT to joke about her cute little five-pound weight gain *right* before her period. But the ramifications of a woman's cycle go beyond lying low during PMS. Here's a monthly guide to playing her hormone swings.



STEP 5 | INVEST STRATEGICALLY

BEING MORE THOUGHTFUL and devoted would be great. But who's got the time? The key to reassuring your gal she's your number one priority without losing your job or your mind is strategic emotional investment. Here are some tried-and-true tips to improve your bond rating.

WITHHOLD THE MINIMUM

Bottling up your emotions once served the useful purpose of keeping the word *SISSY!* off your gym locker. But break the habit: To a woman, any sign that you're thinking about the relationship trumps a roomful of new shoes. So when you get the slightest urge to discuss something, do it. It'll pay off in spades.

DIVERSIFY, DIVERSIFY, DIVERSIFY

Routine is comforting . . . no doubt about it. Applied to a relationship, though—dinner at Houlihan's, sex during "Leno"—it can be interpreted as coasting, which signifies a decreasing emotional investment. Break the patterns and she'll realize you actually care what you do with her. (Having sex during "Conan" doesn't count.)

NURTURE DOMESTIC GROWTH

Building and feathering the nest is important to women, and they turn edgy if they think you're taking it for granted. Appreciating her efforts is a very good start, but for a real payoff, take a more active part in home decisions, like which color paint goes on the walls. (Warning: May lead to halftime runs to Home Depot.)



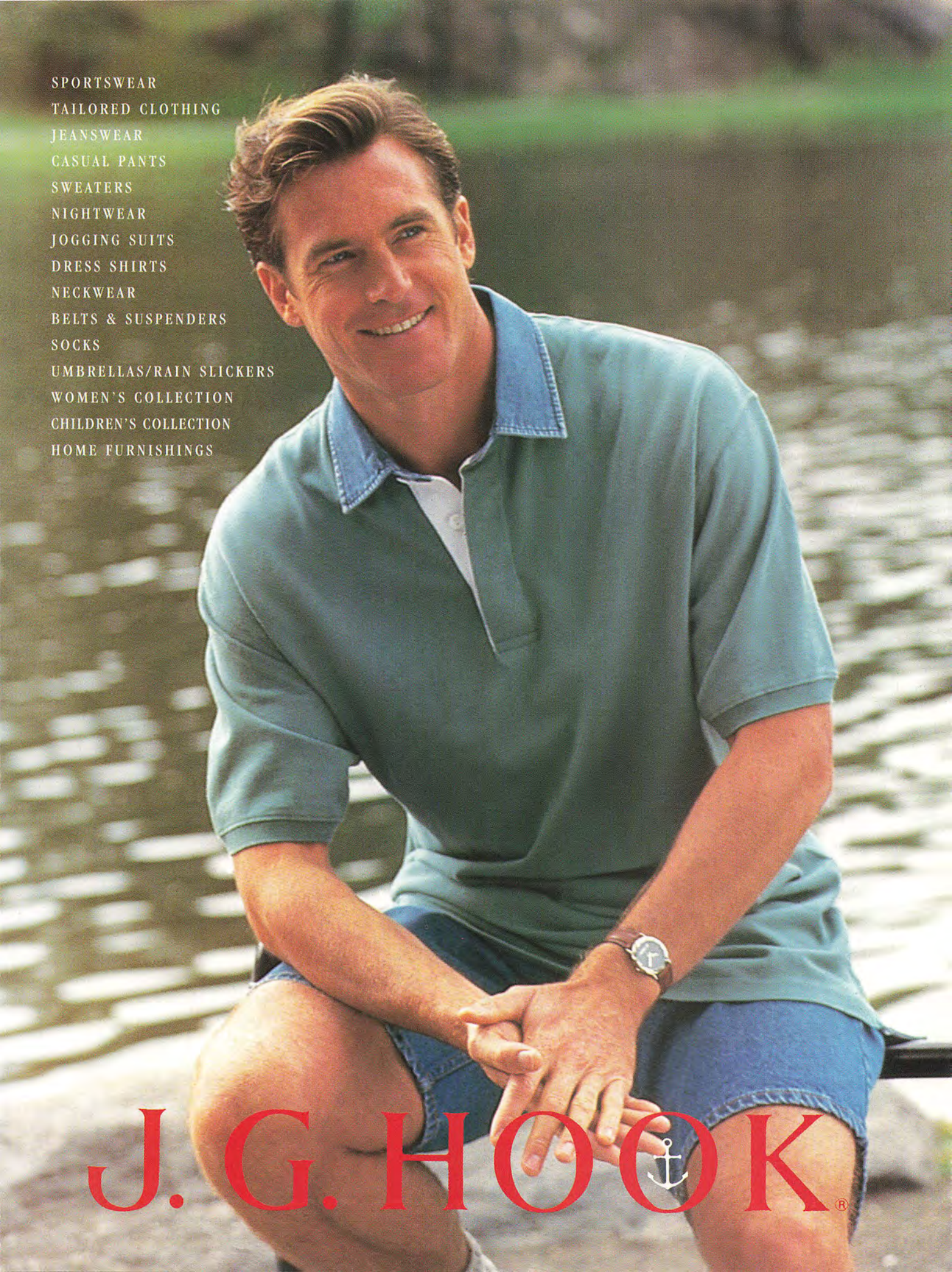
BAD MOVE #4

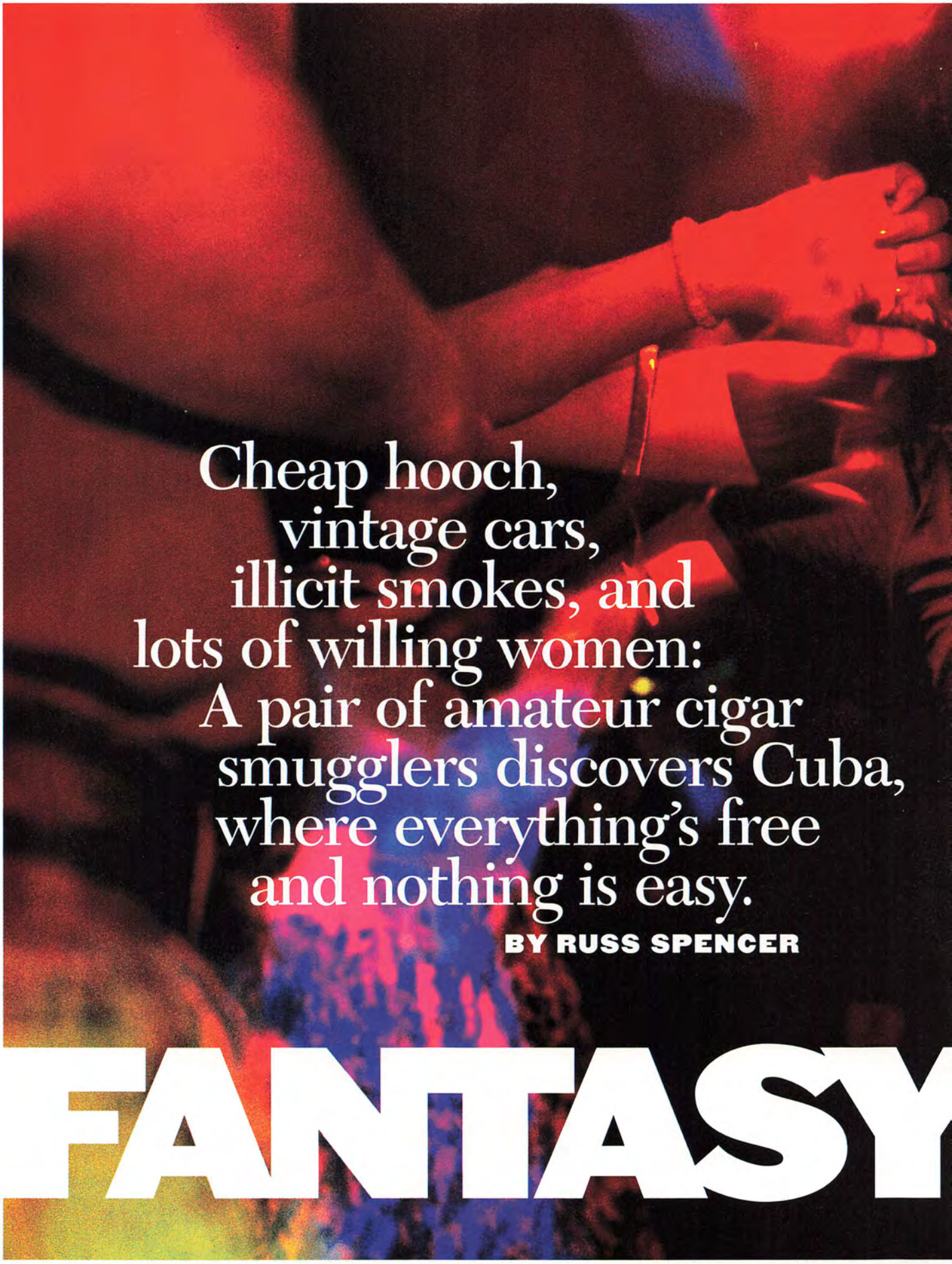
"I swear, you have the body of a woman half your age."

STEP 6 | THINK GLOBALLY

CLEARLY, there's no foolproof strategy for successful investing in the volatile relationship market. But as a general rule, thinking globally and acting locally will yield stellar returns. On a day-to-day basis, make a sincere effort to do all the little things that, strangely, mean so much to your most valuable client. But keep your eye on the bigger prize, too: Guys often let women define relationships because the whole damned thing seems so much more important to them, and then we complain that we're being asked to give up too much. If you express what you *really* want—it's not unreasonable, for example, to want to watch a baseball game without interruption once a week—you'll help ensure that you're not getting killed by the compromises.

Try to understand her side, however irrational. *Of course* pointing out that she's blocking the screen doesn't mean you love John Madden more than her. You're right—congratulations. But "winning" that fight won't help. Don't go to the mat just because you think you can take her. Instead, try to accept that she feels the way she does, apologize sincerely, and get back to the game. M

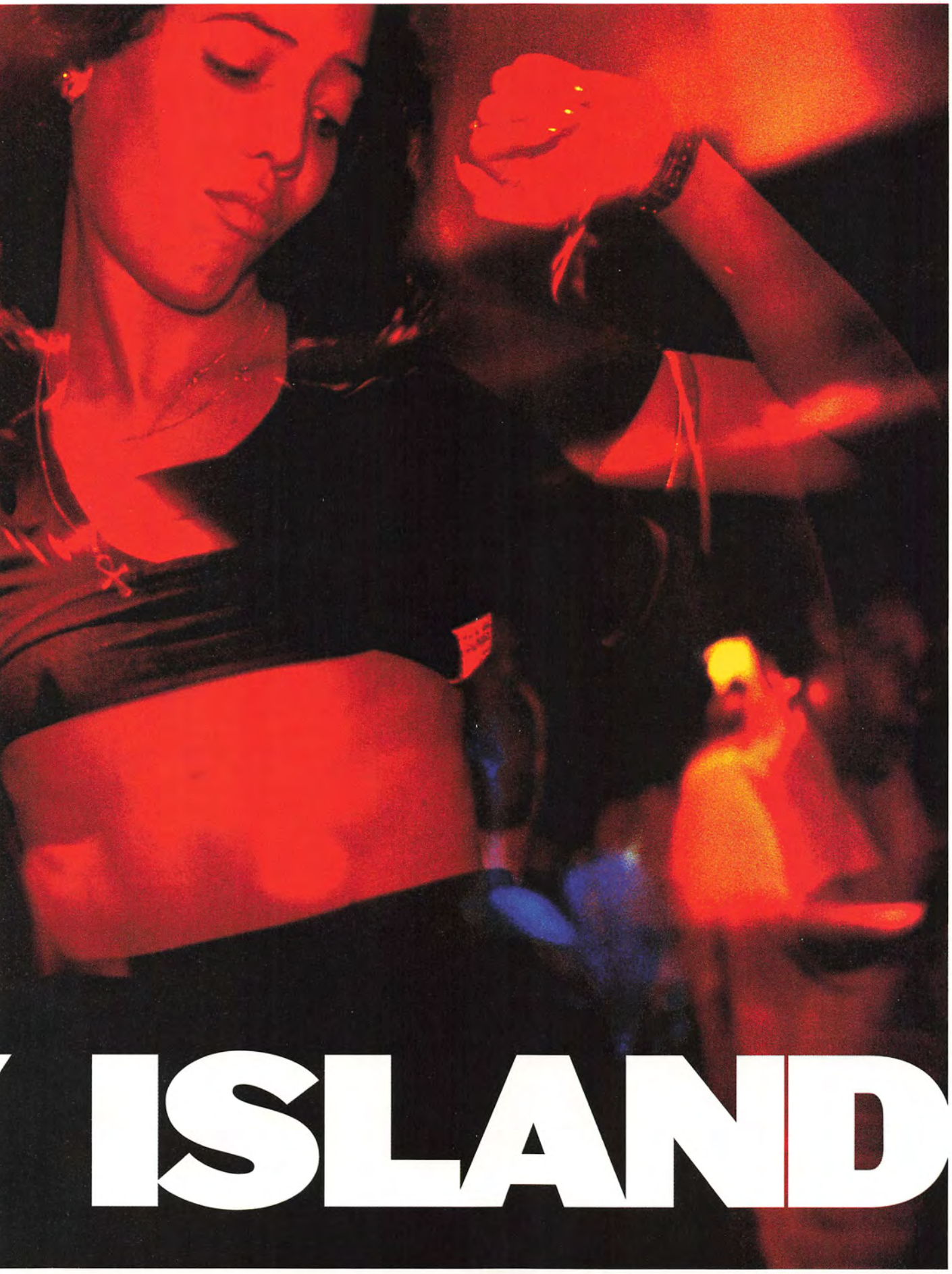

SPORTSWEAR
TAILORED CLOTHING
JEANSWEAR
CASUAL PANTS
SWEATERS
NIGHTWEAR
JOGGING SUITS
DRESS SHIRTS
NECKWEAR
BELTS & SUSPENDERS
SOCKS
UMBRELLAS/RAIN SLICKERS
WOMEN'S COLLECTION
CHILDREN'S COLLECTION
HOME FURNISHINGS
J.G. HOOK®



Cheap hooch, vintage cars, illicit smokes, and lots of willing women: A pair of amateur cigar smugglers discovers Cuba, where everything's free and nothing is easy.

BY RUSS SPENCER

FANTASY



ISLAND

Charlie and I were up to our necks in Old Havana, drinking copious amounts of rum at the Bodeguita del Media, deep in the heart of the only country in the world that ever told the United States to fuck off and got away with it. According to legend, Hemingway used to come here to get tight on *mojitos*, a devastating rum-and-mint drink. After a few, Papa would get ornery and kick someone's ass onto the dirty Cuban street.

It was great sitting upstairs in the bar, expecting nothing but to get a little drunker and head to the Café Cantate, as we'd done the night before. There, the local girls would grind against us to the smoldering tempo of a 13-piece salsa band. But suddenly, we heard three *yanquis* clambering loudly up the stairs. A heavy, tan guy with lots of gold jewelry led the way: In baggy shorts and a canary-yellow tank top that canopied out over his huge belly, he looked like a cross between Rodney Dangerfield and Fred Flintstone.

They saw us and we saw them, and the room got quiet. Five goddamn white guys amid dozens of locals in the graffiti-covered Bodeguita: It was like Stanley meeting Dr. Livingstone in the jungle. Clearly something had to be said, but nobody knew quite what it was.

"Americans or Canadians?" Charlie finally blurted out, by way of introduction.

"Americans," the tanned guy said, relaxing and holding out his stubby hand. "Tobacco or chicks?"



"Sorry, it's still not coming out. That suit will have to come off."

Waiting to Inhale

Tobacco or chicks. That's what it comes down to in Havana, where 14-year-old kids hustle fake cigars and pimp their girlfriends for chump change. My surf buddy, Charlie, and I hadn't originally fashioned ourselves black-market cigar smugglers. We're both Californians who'd traveled all over the world looking for isolated surf locations, and we were weary of jetting to distant, untrammeled cultural outposts only to find more Deadheads and McDonald's wrappers. We'd heard Cuba would be different.

Charlie is a six-foot-four, part-white, part-Hispanic, part-Native American who, over the years, has refined the practice of getting into and out of trouble to a Zen art-form. Together, we just wanted to drop out, get lost, eat dirt, drink blood, learn voodoo, die a violent death, whatever. We wanted to do what Joseph Conrad knew every modern man wants to do: travel blindly up a savage river. Where better than a time-warped sugarcane republic with a Kurtz-like resident dictator to find your personal heart of darkness?

Mention Cuba, though, and even the mailman wants cigars. At first we figured that smuggling a few boxes back home would give the trip an edge of danger—and provide the means of paying for it. But soon after arriving in Havana, we were smoking them constantly, and with the nicotine of

"The exotic *jineteras* would trade sex for dollars, Coca-Colas, lipstick, or chicken dinners."

Cuba's oldest tobacco fields coursing through our frontal lobes, we dove deep into a world of band widths, wrappers, and end-pieces. Cigars became our talismans—and they led us deep into a seedy Havana underworld far removed from Cuba's soft tourist beaches.

When we mentioned our interest in cigars, Clive, the Dangerfield/Flintstone guy, invited us to watch a cigar deal go down. Clive and his buddies—Harris, who looked like a golf pro, and Roscoe, a sort of teddy bear gone to the dark side—were from Chicago. It was Harris and Roscoe's first time in Cuba; they'd come along as "mules," guys who carry illegal cigars through airports. But Clive had been to Cuba 22 times, smuggled thousands of cigars, and banged, by his own count, almost 200 Cuban girls. He'd fly in through Cancún, as we had, stuff suitcases full of boxes, and, upon returning to Chicago, walk casually through O'Hare. Whenever he was stopped, he claimed, agents would confiscate the cigars and let him go. "Then," he said, winking, "they burn them . . . one at a time."

As we talked, the other half of the deal walked in: two Cubanos. They led us down the stairs, out through the crowded restaurant, and around the corner, where we got into a black, Eisenhower-era Chevrolet that waited at the curb. After ten minutes of cruising through dark, winding colonial streets, the bigger of the two guys got out and checked for cops. The coast apparently clear, we followed him through a pair of French doors, up a narrow stairway, and into a dingy apartment.

The first thing I saw inside was a young boy lying motionless on a bed: pale as skim milk, naked except for a towel

OPENING SPREAD AND CAR: © DAVID ALAN HARVEY/MAGNUM; BEACH: ©1991JOSÉ AZEL/AURORA; BAR: © ALEX WEBB/MAGNUM; WOMAN: ©LARRY LUXNER/DDB STOCK PHOTOGRAPHY







across his loins, a six-year-old Christ brought down from a tiny cross. He honestly looked dead, and I never learned whether he was or not. In the corner behind a curtain, chickens and piglets scratched in cages. In the kitchen, at least 50 boxes of Cuban cigars were stacked on the floor: Monte Cristos, Cohibas, Hoyo de Monterreys, Partagas. A crusty old Cubano sat near the bed with a pad of paper and the stub of a pencil. Clive began tearing into the boxes: lifting lids, pulling out cigars, feeling and smelling them, examining the quality of the bands, checking for the correct stamps and seals, and talking incessantly. In a 15-minute flurry, Clive bought 18 boxes.

Since our cigar money was back at the hotel, Clive pulled out a money clip and dealt us a loan. In short order we spent $120 for four boxes of cigars that we could take back to Hollywood and sell to Arnold Schwarzenegger for more than $2,000.

"Did you see that kid on the bed?" I asked Clive as we left, booty in hand.

"I tried not to notice," he said.

Tobacco Row

We dropped off our loot at our hotel and caught up with Clive and his mules again an hour later. They were sitting regally on the white marble steps of an apartment building where Clive had rented rooms. Cigars protruding from their faces, they looked for all the world like the rulers of a small banana republic. From the stoop, the Chicago sons had a perfect view of a busy street life fueled by foreign cash: cigar hustlers, illegal-taxi drivers, and gorgeous *jineteras*: exotic young Cuban girls who trade sex for dollars...or for Coca-Colas, lipstick, or chicken dinners.

This neighborhood, we learned, was ground zero for cigar smugglers. Clive knew of at least two others in his building alone: a handsome, low-key attorney from Los Angeles, and another Chicago guy who planned to do 1,000 boxes by boat out of Hemingway Marina—and stood to make, after expenses, nearly half a million dollars.

Across the street were three of Havana's best hotels: the Hotel Nacional de Cuba, the Habana Libre, and the Capri. Immortalized in *The Godfather Part II*, the Capri had been an infamous Mafia hangout before Castro; now Italians on sex tours stayed there. Viva la revolución. As we climbed the steps to Clive's porch, seven wealthy Italian businessmen, each with his own barely pubescent *jinetera*, noisily exited the Capri and hopped into a white taxi van.

Our host was in a good mood. Not only had the cigar deal gone well, but earlier that day Clive had scored a pile of antique comic books that would bring $100 apiece in America. He was a loose cannon, but Clive was no dummy: Going to Cuba was like stepping back in time to an island where the clocks had frozen in 1960, and he was buying up stacks of old movie posters, books, Zippo lighters, cigar-label printing blocks, and other artifacts to sneak back to America, where they'd be worth their nostalgic weight in gold.

As we sat on the porch, passing a rum bottle back and forth, *jineteras* strutted by, eyeing us. "Hey, *chicas*!" Clive yelled at a pair that looked to be about 20 years old. They turned and showed us precisely how far into the air they could thrust one hip. "Those older ones will knock your socks off," Clive confided. "You'll wake up in the morning with their tongues still stuck up your butt." But for this evening he chose a small mulatta in a pink full-body leotard. He called her a spinner, his term for a hooker so young and thus so small you could theoretically set her on top of you during sex and whirl her like a toy.

I was still trying to absorb this disturbing development when Clive dropped two tiny orange pills into my palm. "They're hard-on pills," he said. "It's the only way to survive. They're for cholesterol reduction, but one of the side effects is that you get instant hard-ons." The three Chicago boys had an ongoing contest to see whose involuntary erection lasted the longest. "I ate a few on the beach today and got a boner that lasted 53 minutes," Roscoe testified proudly.

I had conflicting feelings about the parade of dark temptation before me: total revulsion on the one hand and, on the other, a kind of car-accident fascination. But I knew one thing for sure. Charlie and I had to move to this block. That's why we'd come, for this feeling of unrestrained freedom, of adventure and power. A kid Clive knew took us to the second floor of a stylish six-story building right down the street, where a man greeted us excitedly and rented us two rooms in his home for $25 a night each. When we didn't balk at this figure—which to him meant four months' salary each night from our combined rent—he wanted to introduce us to his nieces.

Chicks 'n Smokes

The next morning, we got up late and eventually strolled up the street to Clive's stoop. There was no sign of Clive but Harris and Roscoe were already smoking cigars and exchanging *jinetera* stories from the night before. I'd so far managed to avoided sleeping with any of these desperate, young sirens, but Charlie had hired one the night before, and was happy to share his experiences. It seemed these Cuban women would do almost anything in bed. They were tireless and passionate. They wanted the dollars.

Clive burst out the door and looked down the busy street for his boy Friday, Chickadiko, shouting,"Where's my taxi?" Another young Cubano walked up the stairs and quietly advised Clive to cool it because the secret police were watching him. Lo and behold, on the opposite corner I saw a familiar face: a cop who'd steered us forcibly away from a cheap illegal taxi at the airport. Seeing those same black eyes scrutinizing us again, we got nervous.

It seemed like a good time to get moving. Charlie and I decided to spend the day riding rental bikes around Old Havana while our tireless Chicago friends headed for Santa María Beach to score *jineteras* at a by-the-hour beach hotel they'd nicknamed the Stabbin' Cabin. They wanted to get there early so the "damn Italians" wouldn't get all the finest babes. We agreed to meet again the next day at the pool of the Nacional, where Clive would be celebrating a milestone he fully expected to accomplish in the meantime: his 200th *jinetera.*

When we got to the pool the next morning, Harris and Roscoe were sitting at a table poolside, but Clive hadn't yet arrived. We hit the pool, where we met a blonde American woman and her friend, Robert, who, like all the American men we met in Havana, just happened to be a cigar smuggler.

I bought Robert a Hatuay, the less watery of Cuba's two pissy domestic beers, and talked to him about the business. Robert, a 28-year-old college graduate, was part of a complex, six-man cigar-smuggling operation. He'd pick up cigars from buyers in Havana, fly to Tijuana and bribe customs agents, give the cigars to a driver and pick them up on the U.S. side of the border, then distribute them around Hollywood. He said he didn't know Clive, but that wasn't a surprise: Robert didn't live lavishly in Havana, didn't do *jineteras*, and his crew didn't buy any street cigars. "Our clients want quality," he said. "Street cigars are shit—all of them."

As Robert talked, Roscoe was lewdly whistling at two topless European sunbathers lounging by the pool. "Roscoe," Charlie pleaded, "why don't you mellow out?"

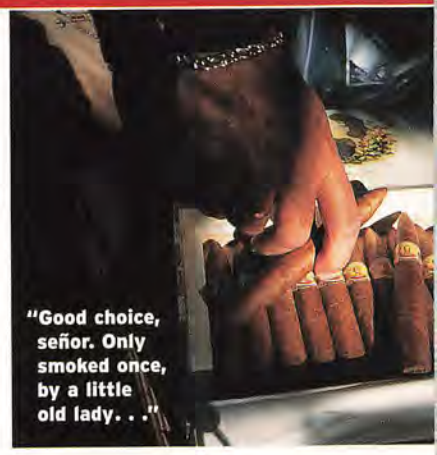
"No worries," Roscoe chortled. "We're gods here. We can do anything."

Fifteen minutes later, Roscoe was sitting in a Cuban jail.

The Crackdown

The reason Clive was a no-show, it turned out, was that he'd just been picked up by the Cuban police, who then nabbed Roscoe near the pool. The word on the street was that Roscoe had more than 20 boxes of black-market cigars with no store receipts in his room. For Clive, though, it was much worse: The block was buzzing with the news that the police had caught him with a 15-year-old girl and found Polaroids



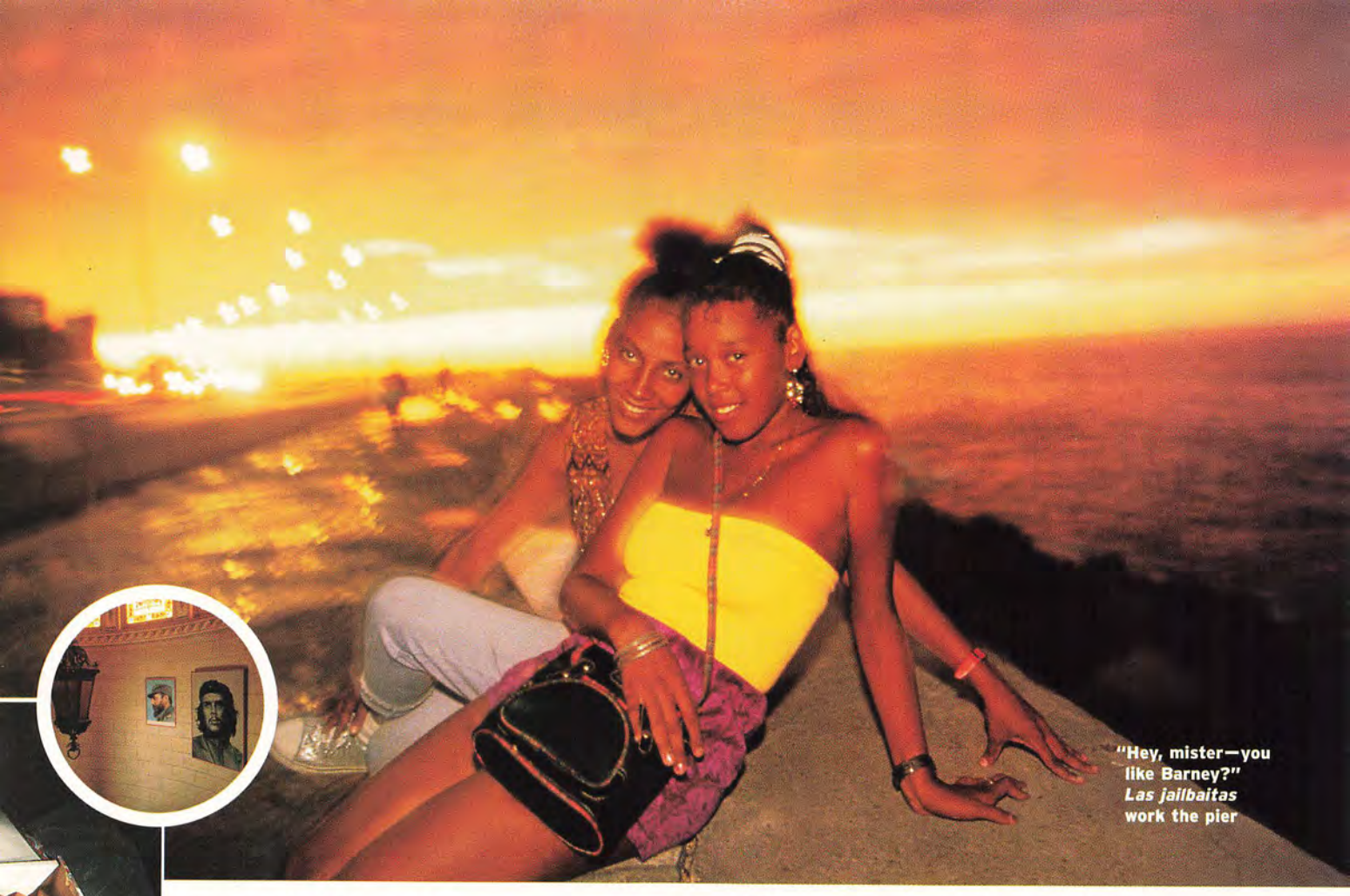


of naked, underage girls in his room. Castro, famously, doesn't tolerate any pornography, never mind *child* pornography. "He's going down," a Canadian who had lived in Havana for three months told me. "They'll keep him in jail seven years and then give him back to the United States for another trial there."

This left Harris the only one of the trio not behind bars. "I've got receipts for all my cigars," he said bravely, though he looked worried. According to him, Clive's girl was actually 18, even though she looked barely old enough to tie her own shoes; he'd also heard that after the police let her go, she sneaked back into Clive's room and stole everything the police hadn't already taken. Most disturbing of all, he said the cops had apparently been tailing Clive from the moment he got off the plane, and could name every place he'd wiped his ass for the last week.

This news hit Charlie and me kind of hard. We'd hung with Clive a lot over the past few days, and we had a roomful of illegal street cigars and two long days to kill before our flight out. Maybe Cuba wasn't so lawless after all . . . or maybe you just had to bend the law with a little less obvious glee. Cuba's extreme hunger for capitalist dollars all but forced the police to turn a blind eye to minor infractions, but it couldn't be easy for Cuba's finest to sit on their hands while Americanos plundered their homeland. They were probably itching for guys like Clive and Roscoe to push just a little too far and justify a crackdown. Ultimately, of course, they could do whatever they wanted to us: There is no American ambassador to Cuba, no recourse for somebody who's not supposed to be there in the first place.

DANCER AND PHOTOS ON WALL: ©1991 JOSE AZEL/AURORA; CIGARS: RUSS SPENCER; GIRLS: © HERNANDEZ/GAMMA LIAISON



"Hey, mister—you like Barney?" *Las jailbaitas* work the pier



Last Drag

We headed back to Old Havana that night, having decided to stay away from the smuggling scene and out of trouble. But our resolve melted when we ran into Lazaro, a young street hustler we'd befriended our first night in town, who said he had some good cigars. Faced with the lure of fast cash back in the States, we decided to push the envelope one more time.

We followed Lazaro through dark streets and into a dark house, where a maze of crumbling and dimly lit hallways led to a dining room stacked high with cigars. While Charlie investigated the boxes, I sat at the kitchen table watching a kid in a Seattle Seahawks T-shirt play the congas. His grandmother came in after a while and, mystifyingly, told me that a bed in the room next door had been slept in by Queen Elizabeth.

A teenage girl appeared out of nowhere and sat down next to me at the table, her cocoa skin luminescent in the soft light. The grandmother looked on approvingly as the girl stared at me so intently it was hard for me to meet her gaze. When I did, I saw not the cynical stare of a prostitute but the desire of a young girl who really, honestly wanted to have sex. It seemed to me she was hungry to participate in the glorious decadence of capitalism; she wanted desperately to believe that it was fortunate an American was at her kitchen table, that it would be a wonderful, magical experience for her to have sex with that American. I saw in her eyes a longing like I had never seen in my life: not for money or even sex, but a romantic, childlike longing for hope.

Behind the girl, a small television was on, but there was no sound. The eerily silent screen showed Fidel Castro in Rome, meeting with the Pope. Castro was dressed in a dark suit instead of his military fatigues, and he was shaking the Pope's hand. This is it, I thought as the girl's gaze burned into me. Charlie and I have reached the end of the river, and there's our Colonel Kurtz. With the Pope, no less.

Charlie came out with no cigars. Lazaro had tried a tactic that we were already hip to, namely, to use one good box as bait and try to sell two shit boxes as part of the deal. We walked back to our *casa*, relieved we hadn't been scammed, but feeling almost sorry for Lazaro, who'd tried so sincerely to orchestrate a real cigar deal.

I felt sorry for the girl, too. She'd been so eager and full of hope, so genuinely desirous of doing it, that it honestly felt like a rejection or a betrayal not to take advantage of her. But in the end, I couldn't sell out the innocent young eyes: I knew that what she was looking for wasn't there. Maybe if I hadn't seen those Italians and their girls coming out of the hotel, I could have done it. But I'd come to Cuba for adventure, not to become a scumbag.

Afterburn

The whole illusion was starting to unravel, anyway. Visions of rotting in a Cuban jail began to settle into my mind. That night Charlie brought two *jineteras* home for a Cuban *ménage à trois*, and they tried to steal a $50 bill in the middle of the act: Charlie had to wrench the bill from one's hand while keeping the other from scratching his eyes out. The next day, tentatively, I asked Robert to check out the Cohibas I'd bought the first night with Clive. "Look," he said, squeezing the cigars and shaking his head. "Air pockets." The Cohiba



photocopies, and there was a factory stamp on the bottom from a factory that doesn't even make Cohibas. I went back to my squalid room and spiked the box into the floor, where it exploded in a spray of cedar and counterfeit tobacco.

I just wanted to get the hell out of Cuba without doing jail time, and I wanted one goddamn box of real Cuban cigars for my trouble. Alex, a former secret-police agent who made sure Robert and his crew didn't end up like Clive, agreed to escort me to a government cigar store to do what I should have done six days earlier. I didn't have enough money left to buy real Cohibas, so I spent $80 on a box of genuine Bolivar Lonsdales: not the top of the line, but still a great smoke.

Miraculously, Charlie ran into a subdued Clive on the street. After two days of no sleep and little food in Cuban prison, he and Roscoe had been released. Clive said the police were angry that he was sleeping with too many young girls and buying too many street cigars, and they had barred him and Roscoe from returning to Cuba for a year. He denied, though, that they had found pornography, or that the *jinetera* had ripped him off. But who knew how much of what Clive said was actually true anymore?

Charlie and I were now living on money we'd begged from the American woman we'd met at the pool. But we were due to fly out the next morning, and decided to lay out a plan for smuggling our cigars home.

Charlie had two pristine store boxes and his street cigars, which he put in small plastic bags. He decided to hide half the swag in his luggage and half in his carry-on. It was the ballsiest way to go, but potentially the most lucrative. I went conservative, taking all my cigars out of the box and removing the bands. If I was searched, I planned to say I bought them in Cancún.

But despite a brief panic at Cuban customs—Charlie was stopped, but somehow talked his way through—we had no problems. When we got to Mexico, customs agents were searching everybody's bags for cigars in a big melee, and

"In this crippled economy, the cash in my wallet is more than what a local makes in a year."

Charlie and I took advantage of the commotion, opening our bags and shoving them into the agents' faces so obnoxiously that they just waved us through. During our Cancún layover, we FedEx'd everything that said "Cuba" on it—including my cigar bands—back to California. Then we sneaked into the pool at one of the big resorts and tried to relax.

On the plane to Los Angeles, my head felt like the inside of a basketball stadium—a thousand voices shouting at once. Smuggler's paranoia had ground me into a kind of manic exhaustion exacerbated by the effects of bad food, liquor, tobacco, and a sudden loneliness for Havana. I kept thinking about the dead Jesus kid, and about the teenage girl with the longing eyes. And Fidel on TV, in a civilian suit.

We were down to one last hurdle . . . American customs. Charlie was more worried than me, not just because he was carrying more contraband, but because on the way into Cuba, an immigration official who should have known better had stamped a blue Cuban flag into his passport. It's the kind of souvenir a cigar smuggler really doesn't need. Charlie had tried to scratch it out with a paper clip, pathetically covering the spot with smeared orange candy. Customs would *love* that.

As soon as we hit the ground, though, it started to feel all right. Some narco-dog double-sniffed us, but apparently had no nose for fine Cuban tobacco. I told the agent I sure as heck liked my nine days in Cancún and he let me walk, carrying 25 Bolivars that would be gone within a week. Charlie, on the arm of a foxy Club Med guest he'd picked up on the plane, sailed through with unexpected ease, carrying cigars he would later sell for $1,000.

And just like that, it was over. Charlie and I met up on the sidewalk and watched the streams of America's shiny new cars zoom by.

"I was nervous as fuck," I admitted.

"Comes with the territory," Charlie replied, lighting up a humble cigarette.

Despite all the danger and anxiety, I can't wait to get back to Cuba. It's incredibly intoxicating to live in a crippled economy where the money in my wallet represents more than one of the locals makes in a year. And it'd be much easier this time: I'd know what to do and what not to do, who to stay away from, and how to buy great cigars without getting ripped off.

And even though I didn't yield to the incredible temptation to submerge myself completely in Cuba's easy vice, just holding my ground was a challenging, heady experience. Morality is easier in the States, where there are legal and social impediments to bolster your ethics. Cuba offered me the very real opportunity to probe my darkest fantasies with complete impunity, anonymously. I came face to face with desires that repulsed me. And while I probably wouldn't have been able to look at myself if I had succumbed, I'd never have learned my ethical limits if I hadn't gone at all.

So I'm glad I didn't have sex with the girl, although every time I go through a dry spell, I think about her again and wonder if I didn't blow a big chance. There will undoubtedly be lots of American guys in that girl's future who'll be happy to fuck her brains out. But not this one. I left a lot of American dollars in Cuba, but I took home a lesson in power.

And just one box of truly excellent cigars. M

CIGARS: RUSS SPENCER

Be afraid. Be very afraid.



(yes, it's real gold.)

© The Paddington Corporation 1996. Swiss Tip #3: Eat Cheese with holes.
http://www.schlager.com



BASIC BLACK

"Honey, *please* tell me where you hid the rest of my clothes so I can go to work!"

GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

It's a match made in heaven: Women love wearing lingerie; we love seeing it in action. So drop those chocolates and buy her something. . . *useful*.

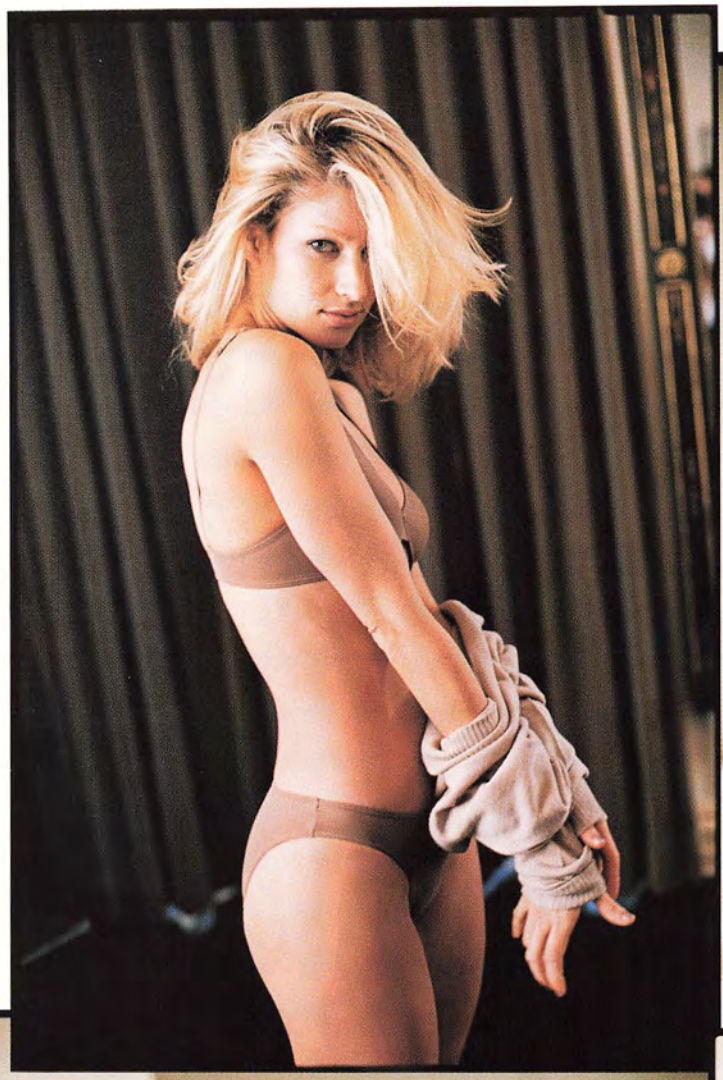
LOOPHOLES in the world of romance are few and far between, but lingerie definitely qualifies: We buy it for women to bring a little corner of our debauched fantasy world to life, and not only do they let us get away with it, they give us extra credit for being thoughtful. This fairly blatant act of lust indulgence is rewarded, more often than not, with a night of the best nookie we've had in months. Which makes lingerie an unbeatable gift-giving strategy: What have scarves and handbags done for you lately?

Sure, technically we're talking about clothes shopping. But the modern scanty superstore—Victoria's Secret, The Lace Place (or whatever the local mall calls it)—is a kind of soft-core theme park, awash in a deliriously sensual ambiance, the heady scent of potpourri wafting across acres of the stuff wet dreams are made of. As you paw through rack after rack of silky slips and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WHITMAN
STYLED BY KAREN SHAPIRO

HAIR: CHRISTOPHER LOCKHART/MAREK & ASSOCIATES; MAKEUP: EMMA CARTER/BOBBI BROWN ESSENTIALS
BLACK BRA AND PANTY: COLLETTE DINNIGAN; BLACK THIGH HIGHS: FOGAL; SATIN SLING BACKS: MANOLO BLAHNIK









tantalizing teddies, you can expect dreamy glances from the store's female customers. (Neglected by indifferent mates, they're reduced to buying their own fantasy-wear.) And while the nubile salesgal trailing you around the store won't offer to model the lacy thong panties dangling from your finger, feel free to picture her in anything you find: That's why she's there.

It's not all fun and games, though. The more intimate the gift, the more romantic the statement—and the greater the chance for a spectacular blunder. Example: It's best not to give an unsolicited Wonderbra. (Imagine opening a nicely wrapped present from her and finding a penis extender: It's like that.) And don't commit the rookie mistake of ballparking her size. Guess small, and she'll be mortified at being unable to squeeze into the damned thing. Guess too large, and you may as well hang a cowbell around her neck. Most important: Remember that a woman is carefully trained by other women in dissecting lingerie gifts for clues to the state of the relationship and your psychological health. For instance, unless you're very, very confident that you're on safe ground, crotchless panties are the gift that says, "Honey, I love you more than any other hooker."

A trip to the lingerie shop is like any other journey into the wild. Hazards lurk at every turn, but the reward for the intrepid is a breathtaking view. . .and a satisfied, smutty smile. Yet too often guys embark on lingerie-buying expeditions only to succumb in the store to what's known as the Victoria's Stagger. So much lace, so little flesh. Where's a guy supposed to begin? Right here.

PICK YOUR SPOT You're on a delicate operation and need a comfortable place to work. Department stores and large lingerie chains usually offer a large selection and good prices, but the salespeople can be harried. Lingerie boutiques tend to be pricier, but with sympathetic women behind the counters. They'll know what women want, but they also know what *you* want: to get in, get the goods, and get out faster than you can say "boudoir."

MEASURE FOR PLEASURE The lingerie shopper has to hit the store armed with more stats than a Vegas handicapper. (It's completely uncool to appraise the salesgirl and guesstimate: "My girlfriend's about your size—maybe a little bigger on top.") There are two methods of getting her numbers. One is for you and the woman in your life to trade info: Sit down with notepads and swap all the vital measurements, from her boob-waist-hip profile to her dress size and shoe size; from your inseam and neck size to your glove and hat numbers. This sort of census party can be nice: It implies a world of gift-giving. The other way to get her statistics is by stealth: Sneak a look at the tags on her bras and panties and dresses.

UNSTEADY, EDDIE? BUY A TEDDY The safest bet on the lingerie menu is a teddy. "The teddy's perfect, because it's sexy enough to wear in the boardroom or in the bedroom," says Janice Riggio, owner of the lingerie boutique Allure in New York. If you're buying it for her to wear under a suit, pick white or pastel. Want to see it on her in the bedroom? Bet on the black.

BEWARE THE BRA Even if you've got her bra size, that doesn't guarantee success. Bra-makers aren't any more consistent than the breast-Maker. The best strategy: Check the manufacturer's tag on lingerie she wears, and note the style. If she wears demi-bras or bikinis, giving her a push-up might get you pushed out. Same goes for panties: She may have the sweetest butt in the world, but if you've never seen her wear a thong, it's not because the idea never occurred to her—she just doesn't like underwear stuck in her crack any more than you do.

COLOR-COORDINATE Women buy lingerie in colors that complement their own coloring—complexion, eyes, and hair. What's in her drawer? If there's nothing black or red, she probably thinks they make her look washed out. If it's *all* black and red. . .have fun. But in general, says Peter Lee, spokesman for lingerie company Fernando Sanchez, "Go for light colors that brighten up her face. Women love in the morning to have a fresh look, and their skin looks better against pink as opposed to black." Darker colors are safer bets for after-work dressing gowns or camisoles that will spice up evening wear.

RACY, NOT RAUNCHY Bustiers, garter belts, merry widows—these garments light up the eroto-meter no matter what color you pick or how fancy the lace. So go slow. (Unless, of course, she's a sex minx, in which case: Carry on, soldier.) "When investing in something more risqué, like a garter belt or corset, think

UPPER LEFT
BIKINI BASIC
Low on sin, but high on skin, you'll see these undies more than once

UPPER RIGHT
SWEET NOTHING
See-thru fabric lets you spy before you try, and can be easily torn off

LOWER LEFT
NOOKIE NIGHTIE
This slip of a nightie offers easy access and baby-doll bounciness

LOWER RIGHT
TEDDY BARE
Load this satin one-piece with a pair of 38s, and it becomes a lethal weapon

CLOCKWISE-TOP LEFT: NUDE BRA, BRIEF: GAP; CAMEL SWEATER: NEW YORK INDUSTRIE. WHITE BODYSUIT: COLLETTE DINNIGAN. WHITE TEDDY: SOGNI SECRETTI; NAVY CARDIGAN: JOHN SMEDLEY FOR THE BRITISH APPAREL COLLECTION. BABY-DOLL CHEMISE, ROBE, AND THONG: FRANCIS SMILEY

HERE'S WHAT TO BUY IF SHE'S . . .

BELOW

. . . A CORPORATE RAIDER

Women who dress conservatively and act aggressively at work often keep in touch with their femininity with sexy underwear. Think silky black bra and panties or a lacy pink demi-cup bra with matching garter belt.





ABOVE

. . . A BIT OF A TOMBOY

Going girlie isn't always the answer: If the only garter your girl's ever handled was slithering through the grass, stay simple but sexy: cotton tap pants and a matching camisole, or an oversized silk T-shirt she can wear all by itself.

BELOW

. . . A NEW MOTHER

She may feel uncomfortable wearing a baby-doll nightie when there's a real baby in the house, but recovering new moms still want to be sexy. Your best bet: a long, opaque, satin nightdress.





ABOVE

. . . A LITTLE SHY

If she covers up every time she climbs out of bed, a black-and-silver merry widow may be a tad adventurous for your bashful lass. Instead, go for a long nightgown that's tight up top, loose below the bust.

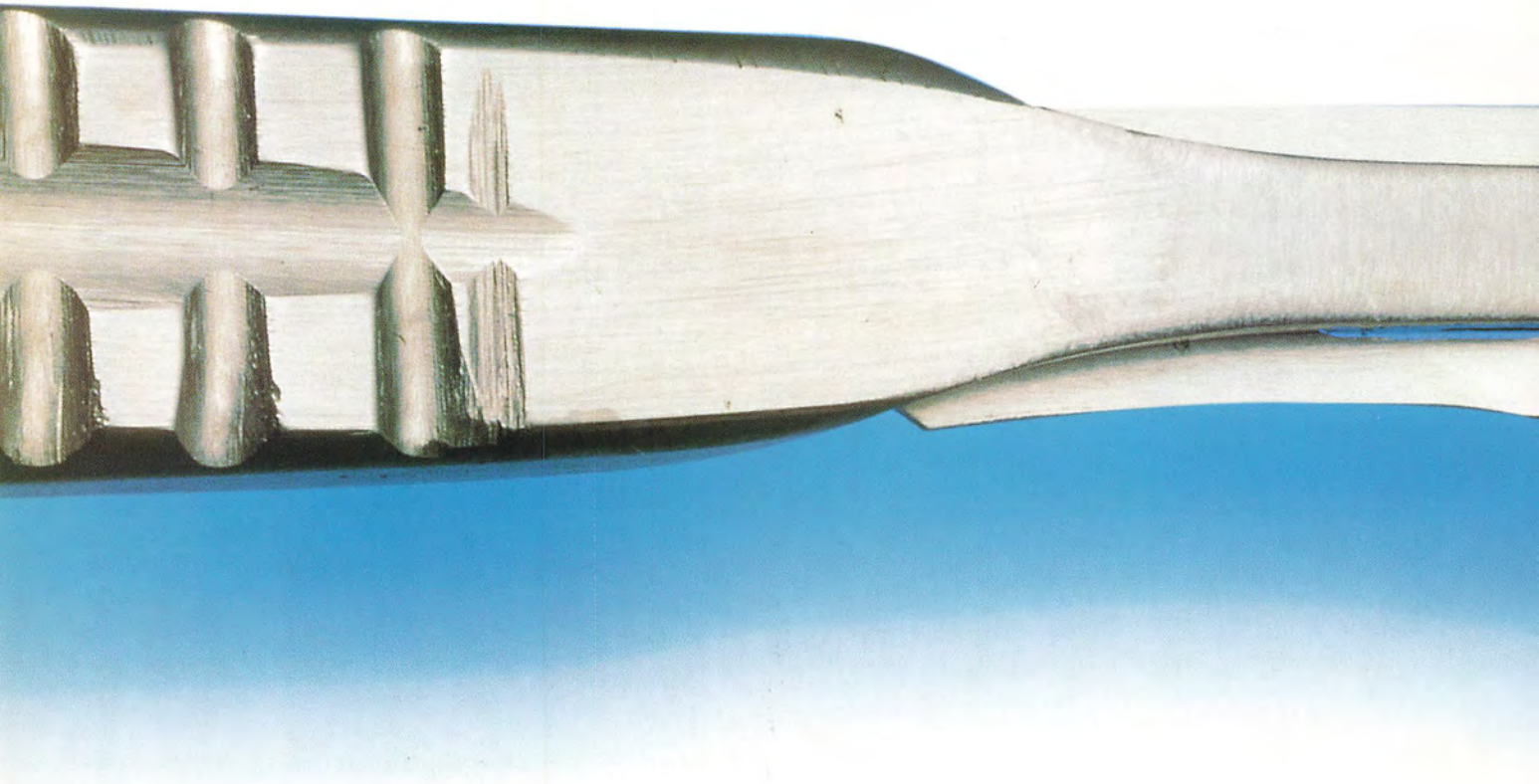
two words: *simple* and *plain*," advises Rebecca Apsan, owner of the Manhattan lingerie boutique La Petite Coquette, where the coquettish clientele includes Cindy Crawford and Sarah Jessica Parker. "Stick to solid colors, which look more elegant, and avoid lace and frills. It doesn't just look cheap—it's physically uncomfortable for her." And it's going to be really uncomfortable if she thinks you fantasize about her as the lunch special at a Nevada brothel. "The difference between a slutty red-and-black garter belt and an elegant pink garter belt which she adores is only the color," notes Andrew Wilson in his book *Handbook of Lingerie: A Man's Guide to Choosing Lingerie for the Woman in His Life*. Still, some women will insist that they're not the sort that wears garter belts. Solution: Buy her a bra-and-panty set and a pair of black thigh-highs. It's a steamy look that won't land you in hot water.

TOUCH, FEEL, SQUEEZE, CARESS More important than what the lingerie is made of is the way it feels. "If the fabric feels rough or scrappy, forget it," advises Lee of Fernando Sanchez. Silk feels terrific (to you *and* to her) but can be expensive, and usually has to be handwashed. If she doesn't have that kind of patience, go for a low-maintenance cotton nightgown or a Lycra-and-nylon bra-and-panty set. And in lingerie as in life, avoid anything that's 100% polyester.

WRAP IT UP Most stores will gift-wrap for a small charge. Make sure they remove the price tags, sure, but also nix any tags showing a Courteney Cox look-alike modeling the items, unless you enjoy listening to "Can you see my cellulite/stretch marks?" all night. Last of all, stick a little mash note in with those sweet nothings, lover-boy. If it's the first thing she sees, the lingerie may not even make it out of the box. M

CLOCKWISE-TOP LEFT: BLACK SATIN STRAPLESS BRA WITH THONG: GOSSARD FOR LA PETITE COQUETTE; WHITE COTTON TANK AND TAP PANTS: JOHN SMEDLEY FOR THE BRITISH APPAREL COLLECTION; SILK GEORGETTE CHEMISE AND JACKET NEGLIGEE: LA PETITE COQUETTE; GRAY SLIP DRESS BY LA PETITE COQUETTE. OPPOSITE PAGE: CRÈME SATIN MERRY WIDOW WITH HIGH-CUT BIKINI: AUBADE FOR OLIVIA FELDMAN; CRÈME THIGH-HIGHS: FOGAL


"HOWDY, MA'AM . . .
It's me, the guy from next door again.
Um . . . could I borrow just one more
cup of sugar, please?"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

BLADE RUNNERS

Chew on this: Every actor you can think of, with the possible exception of Macaulay Culkin, has been surgically "enhanced." Is all this nipping, tucking, and fat-sucking spawning a legion of Ken dolls?

BY SALLY OGLE DAVIS



BURT REYNOLDS
The former football star's formerly football-shaped face has been streamlined and stretched across a newly pinched nose into a vaguely Asian look. And could that be . . . an unreceding hairline?

BY NOW, people are used to the idea that just about every hot actress on the big screen has been surgically enhanced. But we still like to think of our male screen gods as authentic, somehow above the vanity of a Pamela Anderson or a Demi Moore. Arnie fretting over his profile? Sly fussing with body fat? To most fans, it's unthinkable.

The truth is that male actors—especially successful ones—are as conscious of their looks as any actress, and most are just as willing to consider a face lift or eye tuck if it means reviving a sagging career. Male stars, after all, face the same terrors as their female counterparts—close-ups, sex scenes, and eagle-eyed paparazzi—and the same pressure to retain their good looks into middle and even old age. There's one difference: Women usually get knife happy in their forties, but guy-stars can usually dodge the scalpel (or laser) until they hit their mid-fifties.

The American Academy of Cosmetic Surgery estimates that male cosmetic surgery in 1996 was a $9.5 billion industry nationwide. And why not? If Faye Dunaway feels the need of a face lift every few years or so, why not Michael Douglas or Dustin Hoffman or Paul Newman? As Dr. Arnold Klein, one of Beverly Hills' best known celebrity plastic surgeons, observes: "Here in Los Angeles, we've all seen *Peter Pan* a few too many times. We don't ever want to grow up."

Klein, who is known as the King of Collagen for his invention of the now ubiquitous puffed-up movie-star mouth, makes no apologies for feeding on all the industry narcissism. "If we had movie houses filled with actors and actresses who were ugly, no one would come to the movies," he reasons. The result is that more male stars than ever are trying either to improve on or preserve the looks God gave them, and although cosmetic technology is doing all that it can to keep up, the results remain decidedly mixed.



Male plastic surgery is tricky: all that heavy, bearded skin is hard to redrape

One reason for this is that men simply present more difficulties than women. "The incisions are harder to hide on men because of their hairstyles," says Dr. Pam Lipkin, of Manhattan and Beverly Hills. "And that heavy, bearded skin is harder to redrape naturally." That's why so many older male stars end up with faces that look like they've been embalmed—shiny and pink with small, round eyes. Dr. Mark Berman of Santa Monica, California, says face-lifting men is also tricky because "a masculine face is a longer face. When you lift the face you shorten it and round it out, making it look more feminine."

Celebrities also face another threat. As Dr. Robert Cattani, who practices in Manhattan, notes: "When you see a famous face walk into your office, it's a great temptation to swing for the fences. You want to show off what you can do, so you tend to push the envelope a bit too far. With celebrities, the doctor had better have his ego in check." (See Michael Jackson.)

Here's a rundown on the most common procedures and the stars who've submitted to them.

Saving Face

Eye area surgery and face lifts have long been favorites for Hollywood actors. Eyeing Emmys and Oscars, or maybe just the spring pilot season, many stars choose to perk up their peepers. Don Johnson, 47; Al Pacino, 56; Dustin Hoffman, 59; Nick Nolte, 57; Arnold Schwarzenegger, 49; Burt Reynolds, 61; and Sylvester Stallone, 50, have all had work done to their eyes to eliminate wrinkles and clean up bags. New daddy Warren Beatty, 60, once known for his heart-stopping good looks, dodged the knife for years but finally gave in and had a brow lift. "Jack can let himself grow fat and old," a friend and colleague of Beatty's quoted him as saying about his buddy Nicholson, "but I can't do that."

Not all saw the improvements they hoped for. Michael Douglas, 52, has had his eyes done—along with several other parts of his body—only to be held up by cosmetic surgeons as an example of how badly some procedures can go. "They took too much fat out of his neck so that his jaw is hanging, and they overdid his eyes so they look round and strange," says Lipkin.

Douglas may bear the signs of a bad face lift, but he's certainly not alone. "Poor old Jack Lemmon," laments one cosmetic surgeon. "I loved his wonderfully mobile comic face. Now he looks like he's been electrocuted." Seventy-two-year-old Lemmon's face lift, an unintentionally glaring feature of the 1996 movies *Hamlet* and *My Fellow Americans*, left the Oscar winner with basset hound eyes, and a decided droop to his lower lids which shows too much eye-white.

"We call that 'scleral show,'" says Beverly Hills plastic surgeon Brian Novack, who has one of the largest celebrity patient lists in L.A. "It comes from taking out too much skin from the eye area. It's a common complication in older men." Another victim of an unsuccessful face lift: Burt Reynolds who is now trying to stage a comeback with slightly Asian eyes and eyebrows in places they never were before.

Other stars have had better luck. Arnold Schwarzenegger has undergone subtle facial sculpting. "He's had his jaw moved back—it's called genioplasty," says a prominent Los Angeles surgeon. "He used to have that jutting Hapsburg jaw, but it's all gone. He's also had his eyes done and he keeps tinkering every few years."

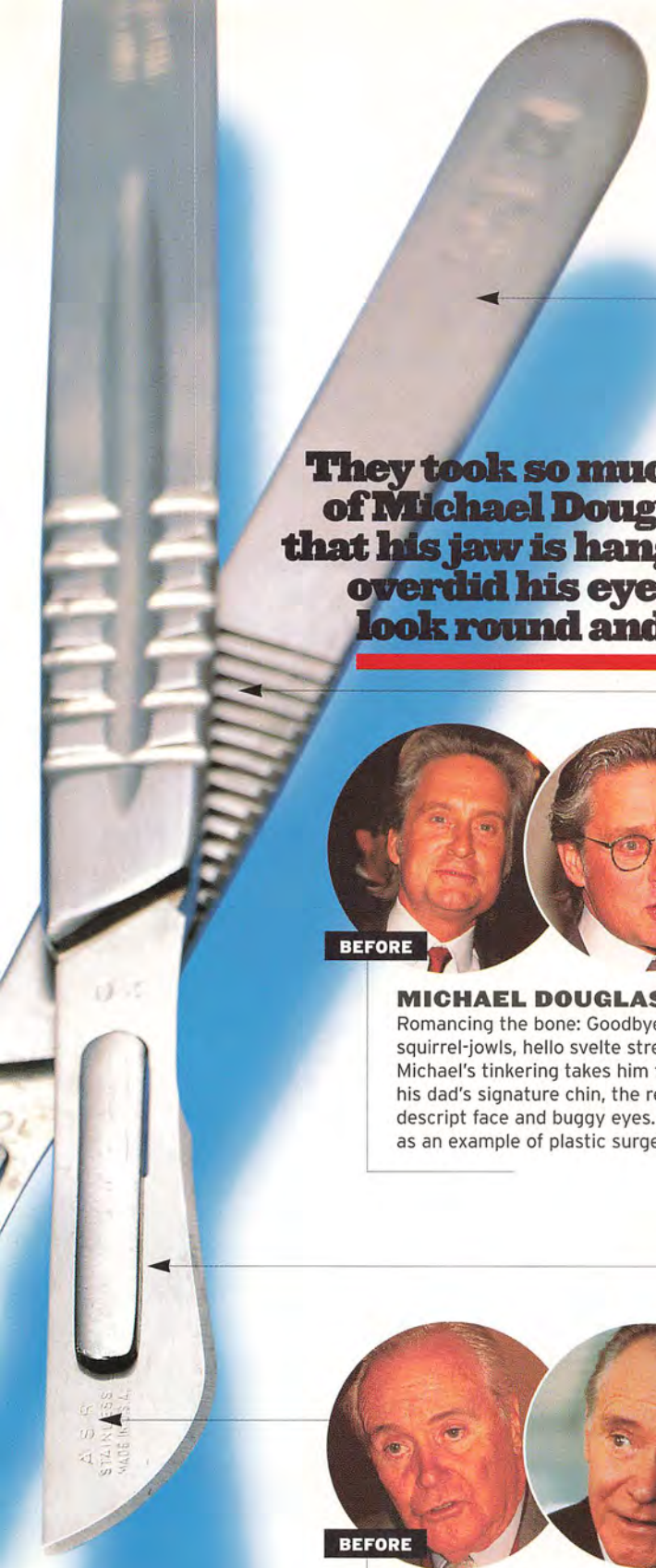
Dustin Hoffman and Paul Newman have likewise emerged from the surgeon in relatively good shape. Hoffman, thanks to a face lift, eyework, and a nose job, has moved into middle age looking better than he did when he started his career in *The Graduate*. "The only giveaway is that his chin is more pointed than it used to be," says a Los Angeles doctor. "Otherwise, he looks great." Rod Stewart is also giving good face these days—having recaptured his "Maggie May" era mug with help from the doctors.



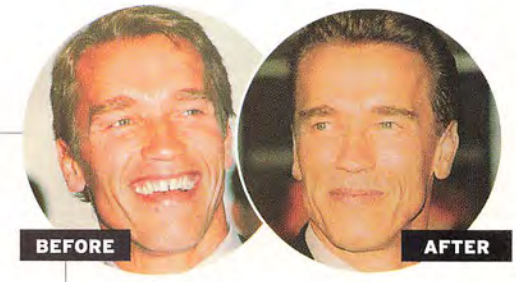
But some doctors say surgery can erase much of the personality from an actor's face. Paul Hogan, 57, traded in his rugged complexion for a smoother, blander version after *Crocodile Dundee*, and hasn't struck gold since. "I loved that craggy face," moans a local surgeon. "It looked like a map of the Australian outback. Then he came over here and had it all taken away."

Clint Eastwood, 66, is one Hollywood cowboy who hasn't had

REYNOLDS BEFORE: GERARDO SOMOZA/OUTLINE; AFTER: ALBERT FERREIRA/GLOBE PHOTOS;ARNOLD: BEFORE: GEOFFREY CROFT/OUTLINE; AFTER:DAVIES/PETERS /ALL ACTION/RETNA; BEATTY BEFORE: GEOFFREY CROFT/OUTLINE; AFTER: RICK MAIMAN/SYGMA; STEWART BEFORE: GLOBE PHOTOS; AFTER: JOHN SPELLMAN/RETNA



They took so much fat out of Michael Douglas' neck that his jaw is hanging; and overdid his eyes so they look round and strange



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Shedding bulk for non-musclehead roles (*Kindergarten Cop, Junior, Twins*), Arnold, 49, has had his eyes artificially opened and his superjaw moved back to a more civilized level. Now he looks more like . . . Maria Shriver?

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

Romancing the bone: Goodbye fleshy-faced squirrel-jowls, hello svelte streamlining. As Michael's tinkering takes him farther from his dad's signature chin, the result is a non-descript face and buggy eyes. He's held up as an example of plastic surgery gone awry.



WARREN BEATTY

Constant winking was apparently rough on legendary lady-killer Beatty's brows, so he had the surgeon give him a more eye-opening look. (Wandering through the hot, dry desert during *Ishtar*—and the tears after the reviews—couldn't have helped matters.)

JACK LEMMON

First he was a grumpy old man, then a grumpier old man. Now, judging from this odd couple, he may get even grumpier: Surgeons say that the actor had a not-so-great face lift that makes his eyes pop out at the audience. Next up: A 3-D movie?



ROD STEWART

Every Picture Tells a Story, Rod has sung, and these two tell the tale of a new schnozz, and some lifting and tucking. At least these days—thanks to the knife—the 52-year-old doesn't look quite so much like wife Rachel Hunter's randy ol' father.

his kisser lifted, but he'd be an ideal patient. "You get better results if you're working with a very bony face," says Dr. Bernard Koire, who's adjusted famous faces in Hollywood for 40 years. "Eastwood would be a terrific candidate for a face lift, but he hasn't had anything done."

Trim the Fat, Smooth the Skin

Liposuction is the second most popular procedure among Hollywood men after face lifts. Tom Cruise is rumored to have had it performed in preparation for his bare butt scene in *Far and Away* (although his publicist denies he's been nipped in the bud). True fatties, though, are more common customers. Kenny Rogers, who's never come clean about his face lift, has talked frankly about the multiple liposuctions on his abdomen and love handles, executed by Dr. George Semel of Beverly Hills. "If I were a plumber, I don't think I'd have cared so much about how I looked," Rogers has said. "But to read reviews that called me 'the portly Kenny Rogers' was very painful." According to one Los Angeles doctor, John Goodman uses liposuction to solve shopping dilemmas. "He hates to buy new clothes, so when his pants don't fit him, he just gets a little more lipo."

When you see a star who looks like he's had his skin buffed along with his Range Rover, chances are he's undergone laser resurfacing. This relatively recent innovation removes bumps and lumps from the skin, and is a boon to actors like Brad Pitt, who reportedly had the procedure to remove acne pitting.

Hair Today . . .

Forty million men in America are balding, and being a celebrity doesn't make you immune. But the stars can thank their lucky stars that hair transplants have come a long way since the chunky "hedgerow" plugs of the 70s and 80s. "There's been a revolution in hair transplanting over the last five to seven years" says Seattle plastic surgeon Dr. Barbara Schell. "We have much more aesthetic results today. The size of the grafts, which come from the back of the head, is very small—one or two hairs at a time. It's



NICK NOLTE
Looking down and almost out in Beverly Hills, Nolte, 57, washed his hair, got contacts, bought some new clothes, and had a mug renovation—making him the prince of new hides.

Laser resurfacing can be a boon to younger actors but strip the personality from older ones



DON JOHNSON
The baby blues that matched Sonny Crockett's pastel blazers look younger now—the result of a Tinseltown eye tuck. (You'd head for the scalpel, too, if your longtime babe ran off with Antonio Banderas.)



Dodging the Knife

Before you let a surgeon perform liposuction on your wallet, check out our low-cost, common sense alternatives.

EXPENSIVE PROCEDURE	COST	MODERATE SOLUTION	COST	CHEAP SOLUTION	COST
Hair transplant	$3,500-8,500	Rogaine	$350/year	Hat	$10
Penis enlargement	$4,500	Penile vacuum pump	$400	Two pairs of socks stuffed into boxers	$8
Liposuction	$1,000-$5,000	Gym membership	$500/year	Stop eating doughnuts	$0
Laser skin resurfacing	$2,000-$4,000	Get a superficial glycolic peel	$100/session	Paint face and body in team colors	$25
Collagen lip implants	$300-$800	Enhance lips with lip liner	$5.00	Pay fat kid to punch you in the mouth	$10
Face lift	$5,000-$10,000	Retin-A wrinkle remover	$20/month	Embrace your inner cowboy	$0

PREVIOUS PAGE: DOUGLAS BEFORE: ©BILL DAVILA/RETNA; AFTER: FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS; LEMMON BEFORE: PAULA A SCULLY/THE GAMMA LIAISON NETWORK; AFTER: MARSHA BLACKBURN KITZ/THE KOBAL COLLECTION; NOLTE BEFORE: STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; AFTER: FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE; JOHNSON BEFORE: MICHAEL BAYTOFF/OUTLINE; AFTER: STEVE SANDS/OUTLINE

Back to Back Savings!



Save 44% off the annual newsstand cost

1 YEAR (6 ISSUES) $9.97

☐ YES! Send me 1 year of Maxim for only $9.97

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____ APT. NO

CITY _____ STATE ZIP

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

6704XN

Canadian orders add $10 (inc. GST), foreign add $20 in U.S.funds. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

MAXIM

1 Year (6 issues) only $9.97

SAVE 44% OFF THE ANNUAL NEWSSTAND COST!

☐ YES! Send me 1 year of Maxim for only $9.97

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____ APT. NO

CITY _____ STATE ZIP

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

6704XP

Canadian orders add $10 (inc. GST), foreign add $20 in U.S.funds. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

MAXIM

Give MAXIM to a friend

YES! Send a 1 year (6 issues) subscription to the person listed below for only $9.97.

SEND TO:

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____ APT. NO

CITY _____ STATE ZIP

BILL TO:

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____ APT. NO

CITY _____ STATE ZIP

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

☐ Enter my subscription for just $9.00 more.

F704XR

Canadian orders add $10 (inc. GST), foreign add $20 in U.S.funds. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

MAXIM

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 87 FLAGLER BEACH, FL
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

MAXIM
PO BOX 420705
PALM COAST FL 32142-8710

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 87 FLAGLER BEACH, FL
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

MAXIM
PO BOX 420705
PALM COAST FL 32142-8710

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 87 FLAGLER BEACH, FL
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

MAXIM
PO BOX 420705
PALM COAST FL 32142-8710

MAXIM

1 Year (6 issues)
only $9.97

You
Save
44%

off the annual
newsstand cost

YES!

FOR FASTER SERVICE
CALL NOW

1-800-829-5572

tedious, but in the end you can have a great head of hair." And one that doesn't come off in the pool.

Schell's main problem is getting her patients to give up the idea of looking like their sixteen-year-old selves. "They all want a full head of hair with the hairline down to where it was when they were a kid," she says. "So you tactfully explain to them that the transplant is permanent. When they're sixty, all the hair on the sides of their head will have fallen away, leaving a hairline in front down to their eyebrows. I have to persuade them to start further back."

A procedure of this kind doesn't come cheap—normal costs run from $15,000-20,000. But Bruce Willis is among the stars who have weathered the delicate mid-transplant stage and should soon be sporting a fuller thatch. Surgeons say the procedure is so popular with stars that you can almost hear all that hair growing in Hollywood. The latest buzz from the left coast is that Kevin Costner and Mel Gibson are heading the same way.

The Poster Boy

For some stars, subtle remodeling just isn't enough. Enter Michael Jackson—a plastic surgery junkie with a rapidly disintegrating face and an amputated nose that's been operated on so much it's virtually disappeared from his face. But Dr. Steven Hoefflin, currently the hot celebrity surgeon in Los Angeles, who has done most of Jackson's surgeries, while he won't talk about his patient specifically, insists, "The people I've made tremendous visual changes to are extremely happy. Sometimes the changes we give a patient provide a wonderful improvement in their emotional states." That may be, but most people want a nose that looks like a nose.

Michael and other extreme images of surgery-gone-wrong almost make you glad you're a guy on the relaxing side of the big screen on Saturday nights—scarfing down popcorn and having your arm squeezed to pieces by a woman with real breasts—rather than the bigger-than-life actor with a sci-fi face and lipo-ed gut, gunning down the bad guys and rescuing Pamela Anderson. Well, almost. M



MICHAEL JACKSON
Brother from another planet: It's just too cruel to go into. Aah, what the hell—he's the poster boy for bad plastic surgery, having traded in a perfectly serviceable mug for this thin-nostriled, street-mime look.



ELTON JOHN
He sings that he was "Made in England," but we think Beverly Hills is the origin of his current look, which includes a hair weave. At, 50, he can't hide behind those sparkling 70s shades anymore.

Transplanting is tedious and takes a long time, but in the end you can have a great head of hair



JOHN GOODMAN
Having bumped bellies with plastic surgery-happy Roseanne in sitcomland for years, 44-year-old Goodman has gotten in on the act: He reportedly drops by for gut-lipo when his clothes start to get tight.



PAUL HOGAN
He traded in the craggy outback look that worked so well in *Crocodile Dundee* for artificial smoothness. We can't help but wonder how many crocodile handbags his lift could've given birth to.

HOGAN BEFORE: JEFF SLOCOMB/OUTLINE; HOGAN AFTER: LISA ROSE/GLOBE; JACKSON BEFORE: ©KELLER/GAMMA; JACKSON AFTER: STEVE SANDS/OUTLINE; GOODMAN BEFORE: MICHAEL FERGUSON/GLOBE PHOTOS; GOODMAN AFTER: ©DAVE PARKER/GLOBE PHOTOS; JOHN BEFORE: YORAM KAHANA/GLOBE PHOTOS; JOHN AFTER: GERARDO SOMOZA/OUTLINE

SCREENSAVERS

Borrow a look from one of Hollywood's recent hits

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE'S SLICK STYLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARGARET GIBBONS

STYLED BY
KAREN SHAPIRO



CINEMATIC CHIC Tom Cruised through *MI* with a lithe, slender silhouette that's far from impossible to duplicate. Slim, pleatless pants and streamlining boots do the job downstairs; a V-neck sweater or simple tee works up top. Complete the mission with a leather jacket or car coat and you've got a look, should you decide to accept it, that won't self-destruct any time soon. **TIP:** To spy quality leather that'll last, look for minor imperfections—a uniform appearance signals a lower-grade or flawed skin that has been corrected. Pants: P.S. by Paul Smith ($225). Jacket: Canali USA ($725). Sweater: Banana Republic. Boots: GBX for Harbour Footwear Group ($110).



EVITA'S STREET SMARTS



CASUAL COMFORT Revolutionary Antonio Banderas showed that workers of the world unite—in wearing comfortable clothes. Taking the utilitarian cue, we've used muted colors and hefty natural fibers (linen pants, suede jacket) that hang nicely without looking sloppy. Or über-trendy. The thick-soled shoes say you're ready to kick butt on "casual Friday" or kick back on a springtime Saturday.

TIP: Radicals dig wrinkles, but you can create a smoother look by choosing linen blended with viscose or cotton. Pants: Donna Karan ($395). Jacket: Donna Karan ($1,025). Hat: Kangol Headwear ($42). Shirt: agnés b HOMME ($175). Belt: Polo Ralph Lauren. Shoes: GBX for Harbour Footwear Group ($70).

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE: PARAMOUNT/SHOOTING STAR; EVITA: HOLLYWOOD PICTURES

THE ENGLISH PATIENT'S DESERT COOL



LIGHT AND EASY
A big-pocketed safari-type jacket like the one worn by Ralph Fiennes can update a classic look like a khaki-pants-and-white-shirt combo, spiff up a tee and jeans, or lend dash to dressier pants. On mornings when your closet looks like a trackless desert, this coat will be an oasis.

TIP: Pair this kind of jacket with shirts in classic colors such as white, navy, black, and grey, and if you add a tie, make sure it's matte—not shiny and therefore too dressy. Shirt: Dockers ($38). Jacket: Safari Shirt by Industria Collection ($355). Pants: Gap ($38). Shoes: Gap Classic Chukka Boot ($68).

LAST MAN STANDING'S GANGSTER WRAP



A THREE-PEAT Bruce Willis shot his way to solitude as a Thirties bad guy; these days a three-piece pinstripe suit will make you the first man standing out in a crowd. It's a bold, classic statement. Some days, subtract the vest to mute the suit; on others, wear it with a shirt and jeans to look . . . terrific.

TIP: It's no crime to wear pinstripes with other prints, as long as the look is balanced—go for a wide-striped tie with a fine-patterned shirt. Suit: Polo Ralph Lauren ($835). Tie: Brooks Brothers ($65). Shirt: Alfred Dunhill ($165). Shoes: Impulse by Steeplegate for Harbour Footwear Group ($100).

THE ENGLISH PATIENT: PHIL BRAY/MIRAMAX FILMS; LAST MAN STANDING: NEW LINE CINEMA/SHOOTING STAR INT'L

ROCK ON Where art thou going to wear this? Nightclubbing or to a barbecue or a boozy bash. It's for fun—and comfort. The mesh shirt will keep you cool while flipping T-bones or in a room packed with sweaty dancers. The flat-front pants with their slim profile simply *are* cool—especially with these lace-ups from (who else?) Romeo Gigli ($450).

TIP: From fair Verona to Minnesota, flat-front pants are for Everyguy, as long as they're cut wider for meaty Montagues, slimmer for skinny Capulets. Shirt: Jean Paul Gaultier Classique ($355). Pants: P.S. by Paul Smith ($205).



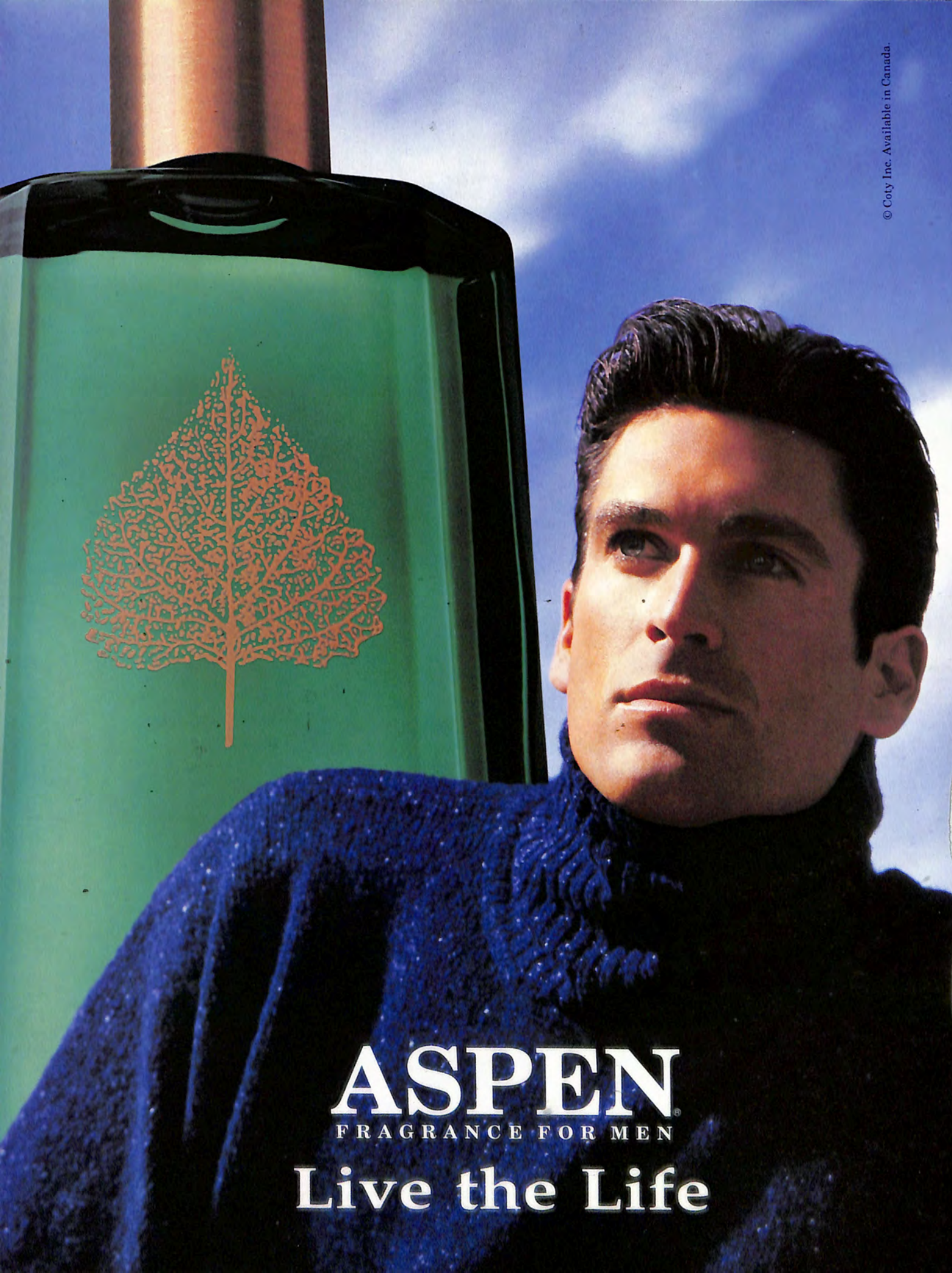
ROMEO AND JULIET'S ROCKER REMNANTS



THE PREACHER'S WIFE'S SUNDAY BEST

SHARP SUIT
Here's the bible on a look that will work three ways till Sunday: With the sweater vest, it's warmed up and dressed down for spring; without, it's a summertime champ; jacketless, the pants-and-vest variation punches the clock on casual workdays. **TIP:** As for the commandment that three-button jackets, with their shorter lapels, work best for guys 5'9" or taller, we say, "Amen." Suit: Jhane Barnes ($895). Sweater vest: Brooks Brothers ($178). Shirt: Brooks Brothers ($48). Tie: Matsuda by Yukio Kobayashi ($135). Shoes: The Dante Shoe by Johnston & Murphy Footwear ($195).

ROMEO AND JULIET: 20TH CENTURY FOX/SHOOTING STAR; THE PREACHER'S WIFE: EVERETT COLLECTION



© Coty Inc. Available in Canada.

stuff

IF YOU'VE GOT THE DOUGH, SPEND IT

SLEEK ATTACK

The coolest gear from the techno-frontier



CALLING ALL COPS

Get an audio window on police emergencies and two-way radio transmissions with the Uniden Bear Tracker. Three-mile radius; 866 preprogrammed frequencies. Hammacher Schlemmer, $199.95



I LIKE TO WATCH

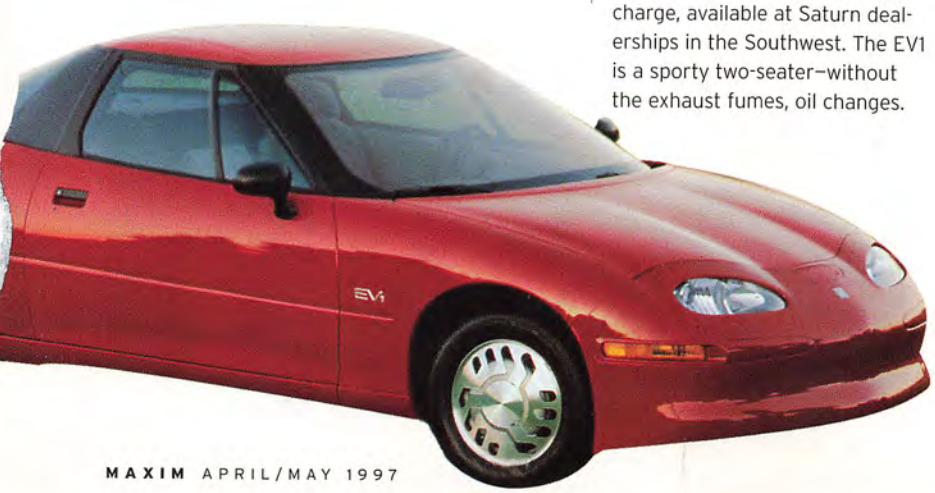
Take stealthy snaps with the Watch Camera's high-resolution lens and 15-shot film cartridge – it's all in the wrist. Counter Spy Shop, $295

SPEAK UP, YA BASTARD!

Reach in to your jacket pocket and pull out a pen, but don't worry if you can't read your notes later: You've just activated the Executive Investigator Kit tape recorder. Counter Spy Shop, $800



GAS RELIEF After decades of jokes about 50-mile extension cords, the electric car is finally moving out of the hobbyist's garage and into rush-hour traffic. General Motors has just introduced the EV1, a sleek, mass-produced electric car with a range of 70-90 miles on a single battery charge, available at Saturn dealerships in the Southwest. The EV1 is a sporty two-seater—without the exhaust fumes, oil changes.



PHOTOGRAPHS: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM

Steeling Time

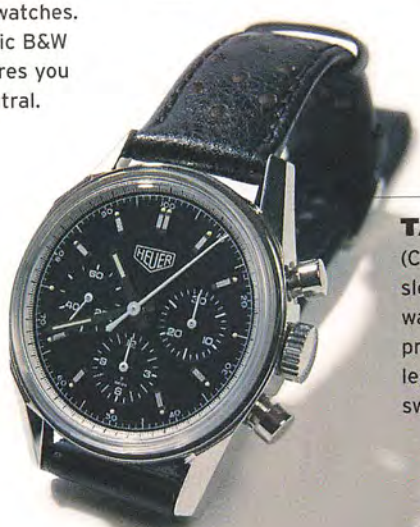
The metal with a stainless record of good-looking style is an unalloyed pleasure to wear



SWISS ARMY (Chronograph Series 3000; $495) Their army never fights, but the Swiss sure know knives and watches. Cool, classic B&W styling dares you to stay neutral.



GUESS (Waterpro; $100) The high-tech feel of the deep-set data base and tachymeter will satisfy the staunchest gearhead.



TAG HEUER (Carrera; $2,300) This sleek re-edition of a 1964 watch is elegant, but practical: The perforated leather band lets you sweat when running late.



CARTIER (Tank Française; $4,400) Burnished-steel beauty, reliable quartz timing, and a grandfatherly face help this model square off against its curvy compatriots.

PHOTOGRAPHS: ZOE CHAN/MAXIM



BAUME & MERCIER
(Hampton; $1,390) The bricky band helps this trim number maintain its weight despite a slender footprint. Cool, teeny second hand at 6:00.



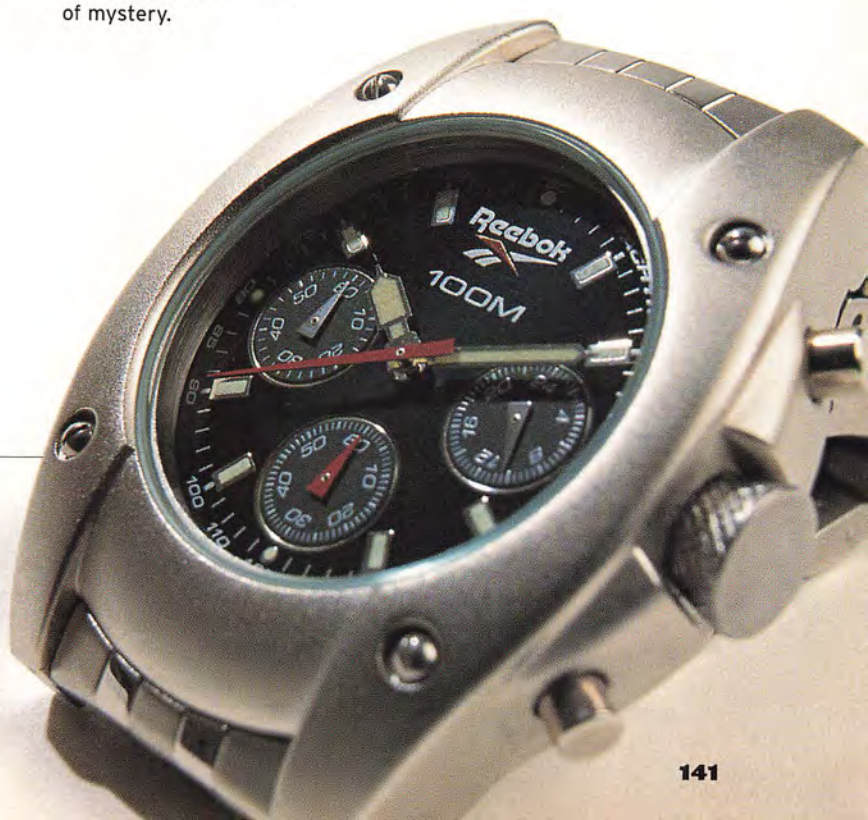
ESQ (Squadron; $185) A bold face with the guts to match. The uni-directional rotating bezel helps time your dives (or naps, for that matter).



SWATCH (Time Cut, Irony Series; $125) The brushed aluminum case, pebble-tread band, and numberless dial contribute to an air of mystery.



BULOVA (Marine Star; $250) A stylized, wavy band, embossed ratcheting bezel ring and luminous dial highlights mark this sleek machine.



REEBOK (Inferno; $115) This rugged champ, with a deep-dish dial embedded in heavy metal, is surprisingly lightweight, so your wrist won't suffer metal fatigue.

The Point & Shoot Around

Maxim checked out the competition in the no-brainer camera market to pinpoint the point-and-shoot standouts.



PENTAX IQZOOM 90-WR ($200) Loaded with many of the usual options including interval-shooting capability, a macro-lens for close-ups, and a remote control. But this camera isn't going to wow you when the prints come back—they are only *almost* right every time. ★½



MINOLTA WEATHERMATIC DUAL 35 ($200) Comes with an additional lens for close-ups and can safely be taken 16.5 feet under water. Outdoor photos tend to be overexposed (watch out for that blindingly white sky). All pictures come out looking soft-focused. But you can take the darned thing snorkeling, if that floats your boat. ★★



OLYMPUS SUPERZOOM 3500 ($220) Comes with an arsenal of high-caliber features: infinity panorama mode (the Olympus trademark wide-angle capability), night-scene mode (for shooting after dark), and multi-beam focusing (which basically means that both the foreground and the background are sharp). Plus, it's rain-resistant. Makes exceptionally crisp images—as it should: It requires a few crisp bills more than others in the category. ★★★



PENTAX IQZOOMEZY ($130) Fewer bells, and no whistling at the price. The standout features here are adequate backlighting compensation and excellent stop-action (which translates into sharp snaps of charging children and dashing dogs). Red-eye reduction is inconsistent; but it's not bad for the bucks. ★★



OLYMPUS STYLUS ZOOM ($170) This wallet-sized camera fits in your pocket and takes reasonably clear photos, day and night. It's weatherproof, which means you can take it out in the rain, but don't drop it in the pool. It's a little light on special features, though, given the price. ★★



CANON SURE SHOT 60 ($130) A spare, no-nonsense camera that gets the job done. No gaudy options; just plenty of clean, crisp pictures. And a nice price. ★★★







CANON SURE SHOT Z70W ($190) It looks impressive on paper: back-lighting compensation plus six shooting modes controlled by a so-called best-shot dial on the back. But even if it doubled as an electric shaver, nothing could change the fact that the harsh flash gives some photos a fuzzy and windblown look. ★

NIKON LITE-TOUCH ZOOM 70 ($180) Lots of promise; less return. Red eyes haunt the pictures even with the reduction flash on, and people photographed with the telephoto lens look bleary and hungover, even when they aren't. ★



MINOLTA FREEDOM ZOOM 140EX ($290) Top of the line. The macro-lens function produces terrific close-ups. Street scenes and panoramas, indoors and outdoors—this camera nails them all. Its sturdy metal casing is a reassuring throwback in a plastic-camera world. If you can spend the dough, it's good to go. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZOE CHAN/MAXIM

Get Shirty

Matchless advice on solving the which-tie-with-which-shirt dilemma



SUBTLE As this combo shows, when a shirt's jumping, it's O.K. for the tie to remain seated.



Color Key to a good tie-shirt combo is making sure the colors of both are in the same family. Never match primary colors with earth tones unless a Bud Light sign flashing in a wooded glen is the look you're after. This still leaves you plenty of wiggle room: The adventurous tie-and-shirt pairing above works well because the two items share mossy-green and burgundy tones.



BRIGHT When the background amounts to a solid color, take the tie up a few brightness notches.



DUSKY The golden shadows of an iridescent tie blend well with the evening shades of this shirt.

ALL PHOTOS BY ZOE CHAN/MAXIM. Credits: large combo: Paul Smith shirt and Hermès tie. Other combos, from top: Gap shirt, Hermès tie; Zegna shirt, Paul Smith tie; Calvin Klein shirt and tie.

STYLED BY KAREN SHAPIRO



Pattern

Confronted with stripes and dots and checks, it's tempting to say the heck with it and grab a white button-down and any old tie. Don't fall into that pattern, fall into these: Mix the bold with the muted, the complex with the simple. The tie should bring out something in the shirt, or vice versa. Above, the shirt's blue and reddish-orange stripes highlight the tie's subtle check.



CONTRAST An extroverted shirt doesn't need a loud friend. The muted gold tie is ideal.



IMPACT This tie makes a macro-statement on a micro-check backdrop. A finer stripe would fade.



SCALE You'll get no shocks from a black and white shirt and tie with similarly-sized stripes and checks.



BALANCE Intense stripes take a relaxed tie, or you'll screw up the surveillance cameras at 7 Eleven.



DISPARITY If the shirt does the heavy lifting, the tie can coast. A rich pattern gets a simple stripe.

Credits: large combo: Tommy Hilfiger shirt, Hermès tie. Other combos, clockwise from top right: Zegna shirt, Canali tie; Canali shirt and tie; Paul Stuart shirt, Zegna tie; Tommy Hilfiger shirt, Charles Hill for British Apparel tie; Paul Stuart shirt and tie.



ONE ON ONE The shirt's faintly pebbly, raised-stripe pattern is echoed by the tie's cozy feel.



WELL BALANCED The lightly textured shirt is partnered perfectly by the more heavily textured tie.



DOUBLE UP How to complement this shirt's rich weave: Choose a tie with a quilted texture.



CHECKED OUT These cheery checks flatten out the shirt—pump it up with billowing, sensual silk.



HIGH GLOSS A shiny tie shouldn't partner a shirt with a sheen. Instead, try a tie with a touch of tuft.



Texture

In small doses, texture can be a very good thing. It softens a look, or adds a twist to a combination that otherwise might be soberly standard. Check out the sporty combo above: The shirt has a faint weave which is deftly brought out by the raised stripes in the tie.

Credits: large combo: Donna Karan shirt and tie. Other combos, from top right: Canali shirt and tie; Donna Karan shirt and tie; Paul Smith shirt and tie; Canali shirt, Donna Karan tie; Donna Karan shirt, Hermès tie.


Thursday 10:14pm
You have no idea what's on tv.
GORDON'S
ORANGE
FLAVORED VODKA
GORDON'S
ESTD 1769
ORANGE
FLAVORED VODKA
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS PRODUCED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
Orange Flavored Vodka from
GORDON'S
Drink right. Drink smart. Be responsible.
©1997 United Distillers USA, Inc., Stamford, CT.
Flavored Vodka. 30% Alc/Vol. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits



BRIGHT A subtly textured tie spices up the shirt's static pattern and raises it a peg in dressiness.



MUTED Avoid striped ties on striped shirts unless the tie is this classically understated.



Variation

One shirt, six ways: too often a striped shirt gets pigeonholed as working with a certain tie or two and that's it. But a striped shirt is surprisingly versatile. Just choose carefully at the tie rack, and one shirt can work half a dozen ways. The floral-print tie blossoms with our striped shirt because the density of the two patterns is similar.



SMOOTH This conservative look is a lock: A satin tie with a dot pattern meets a striped shirt.



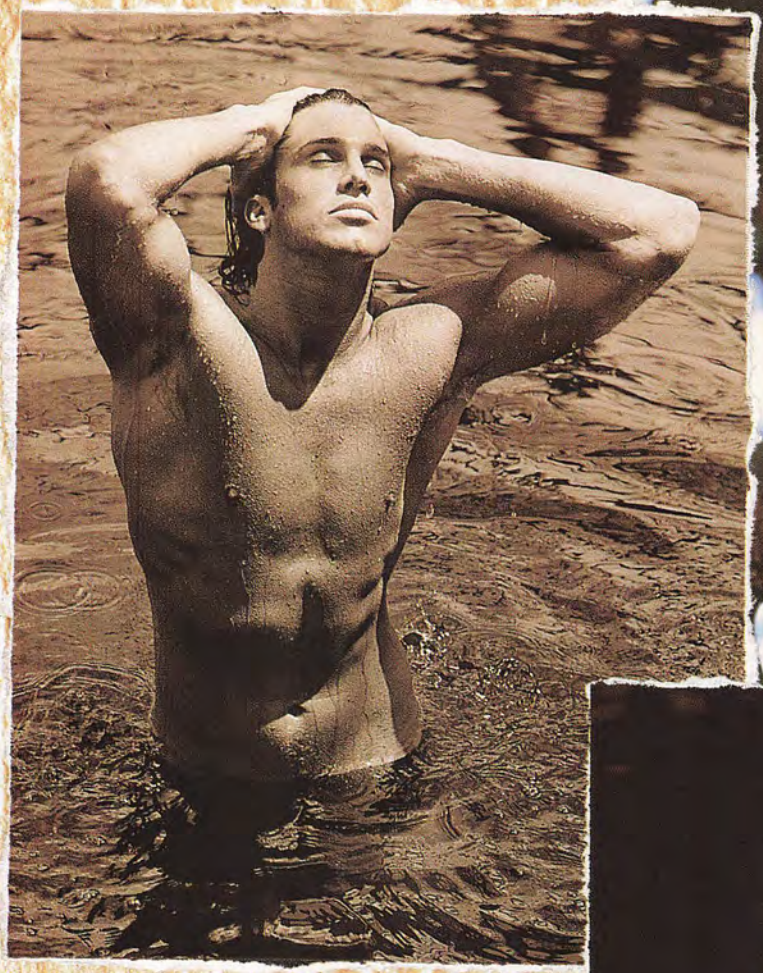
BOLD Here, the tie's soft knit texture works to dial back its pattern—the shirt and tie meet as equals.

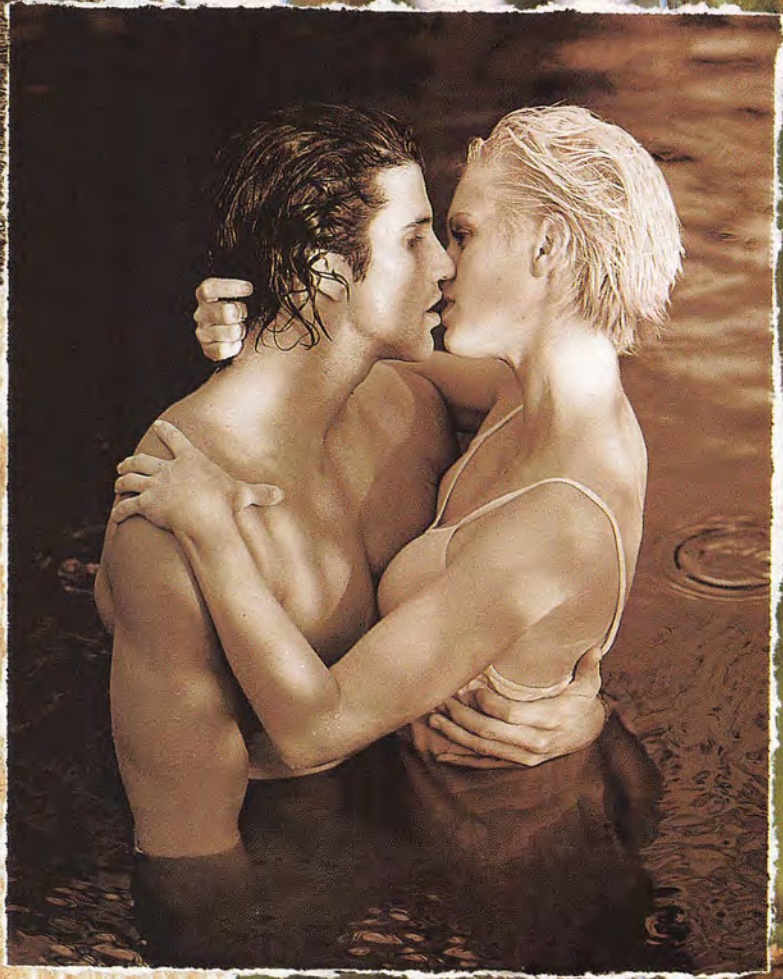


STRONG If the colors of a tie pick up the shirt's stripes, forget the stripes-on-stripes taboo.

Credits: Paul Stuart shirt. Ties: the large combo: Charles Hill for British Apparel; other ties from top left: Canali; New York Industrie; Canali; Canali; Zegna

IN THE RAW





IN THE RAW VANILLA

It's like meeting in the rainforest.



FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

For a store near you, please call 1-800-244-7981 or visit us at http://www.rawvanilla.com

© 1997 Coty US Inc. Available in Canada.



Cologne: Do it yourself pheromone she won't turn up her nose at.

COLOGNE RANGERS

You can't expect to rope fillies if you smell like a stallion. Here's how to mellow your musk. By Amy Spencer

Lots of men still think that wearing any scent other than Eau Naturelle makes them seem either not interested in women at all or interested only in a musk-soaked, lounge-lizardish sort of way. But as a woman, I can tell you that lots of women go wobbly in the knees from a whiff of a nice-smelling guy. With the help of the Fragrance Foundation (an industry-supported group in New York), I came up with tips that, with luck, will add to the ranks of aromatically enlightened guys and subtract from those of the simply rank.

■ DON'T SETTLE FOR JUST AFTERSHAVE.
Yes, aftershave has a bit of smell to it, but its primary attributes are the cooling and moisturizing additives that comfort your mug after a scrape with a razor. The scent is already waning by the time you leave the house. Cologne is stronger and longer-lasting because of its higher concentration of fragrant oils (derived from flowers and herbs) and its use of alcohol as a scent "carrier."

■ HIT THE KEY SPOTS.
You've seen women do it a million times: a dab of perfume on the wrists, a dab on the throat. Why? Those are pulse points, where body heat is closest to the surface and most able to intensify a fragrance.

■ DON'T GO OVERBOARD.
Your sense of smell is at its least acute in the morning, so splash with care. "Wear enough that people know you're there," advises Terry Morrow, a men's fragrance buyer for Macy's, "but not so much that they know you're coming."

■ REAPPLY AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.
The scent you apply in the morning will be barely a memory of an aroma by the end of the day. So if you often go out after work, keep a travel-size bottle of cologne in your desk or glove compartment for an evening boost. ➜

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

We asked ten men and ten women to take a whiff of a dozen great male perfumes and tell us their thoughts. Here are the results.

CHROME
(1.7 oz., $38)
Men's comments "It's a rough scent. A masculine smell, for a masculine guy." Mark, 25 "This is a guy who lives outdoors and likes his leisure time, a suburban-warrior type." Daniel, 31 Women's comments "This one's for a macho man." Samantha, 31 "Citrus. It's a great after-shower smell." Celeste, 35

POLO SPORT
(4.2 oz., $45)
Men's comments "Fresh and clean." Daniel, 31 "It's woodsy, like a pine box in the attic of an old house." James, 30 Women's comments "It smells foreign, European, which is a real turn-on." Deirdre, 25 "It's confident. The guy who wears it knows what he wants." Jennifer, 31

BURBERRY OF LONDON FOR MEN
(1.7 oz., $39)
Men's comments "Smells clean. It gives people the impression you've just taken a shower." Joel, 35 "This is a clean smell. It's for a guy who wants people to know he takes care of himself." Mark, 25 Women's comments "It's mysterious. It says the man wearing it has depth to him, that he's not generic, that he's creative." Anna, 34 "Warm in a masculine way. For a confident guy." Serena, 27



HAVANA
(1.7 oz., $37)
Men's comments "It's foresty and rugged." Seth, 24 "He's refined, but a real charmer. It's for the man who wants to make a statement without overdoing it." Doug, 34 Women's comments "Very sharp. This guy is very direct and knows what he wants." Amanda, 25 "It's for an older guy, because it's so musky." Hillary, 22

OPIUM FOR MEN
(1.6 oz., $52)
Men's comments "Exotic but also familiar." Mark, 25 "It smells rooty, almost like bark. It's for someone who wants to smell like outdoors." Jonathan, 28. Women's comments "Sandalwood and New-Age-y." Anna, 24 "It's for a guy that likes to spend a lot of time outside." Laura, 25

TOMMY
(3.4 oz., $42)
Men's comments "It smells natural and clean, like spring." Damian, 36 "I think it connotes a very strong, defiant personality." Seth, 24 Women's comments "It's so light, unlike most men's colognes." Serena, 27 "It's familiar and comforting. It evokes the qualities you want in a boyfriend." Laura, 25

CHANEL EGOÏSTE PLATINUM
(1.7 oz., $41)
Men's comments "Not as intrusive as most colognes. Not overpowering." Doug, 34 "This one's low-key, underground, 'mod.' For cool guys, unique." Mitchell, 25 Women's comments "Kind of spicy. Strong. A guy wearing this is making a bold statement." Hillary, 22 "I swear, if a guy wore this, I'd be psyched. It's a real turn-on." Leia, 26

CK BE
(3.4 oz., $35)
Men's comments "Very mellow. Great for a guy who's just chilling out." Jonathan, 28 "For active guys. After he washes his sweaty self off, this is perfect." James, 30
Women's comments "Flowery. Light and tropical." Anna, 34 "Romantic. This is what a guy would smell like fresh from the shower." Deirdre, 25



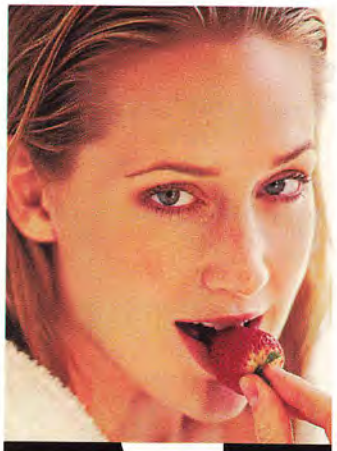
PACO
(3.4 oz., $39)
Men's comments "Mild. It would not offend anyone who smelled you." Kevin, 30 "Sophisticated in a very soft way." Seth, 24
Women's comments "This one really turns me on because it's so fresh and fruity." Amanda, 25 "This would work for any guy, because it mingles so well with any body musk. It's understated." Serena, 27

DRAKKAR NOIR
(1.7 oz., $27.50)
Men's comments "It reminds me of my dad. It smells familiar, like a hard-working man." Kevin, 30 "I picture a hippie just hanging out. It's very down-to-earth, like patchouli." Damian, 36 Women's comments "Comforting and cozy. It makes me want to nuzzle up and cuddle." Laura, 25 "It's masculine but not macho. The guy's powerful but still has his sweet side." Jennifer, 31

PERRY ELLIS AMERICA
(3.4 oz., $32)
Men's comments "It's strong and spicy." Joel, 35 "It conjures up rawhide or leather. I picture a very rugged guy on a horse." Mitchell, 25
Women's comments "It's woodsy, sensuous. I'd make love outdoors with this man." Leia, 26 "Green thoughts come to mind. It's for an earthy type." Celeste, 35

L'EAU D'ISSEY POUR HOMME
(2.5 oz., $45)
Men's comments "It's light and subtle. The guy wearing this is confident, he doesn't need to prove anything." Joel, 35 "It smells almost lemony. He's an extrovert, confident." Doug, 34
Women's comments "What a turn-on! If a guy was wearing this, I'd definitely talk to him." Amanda, 25 "It's a scent that makes him seem like he just stepped out of the shower. It's clean and citrusy." Samantha, 31


CLOSE THE DEAL



INNER

The quickest way to lead a woman into sin is to entice her with food. By Leslie Blanchard

FOR WOMEN, there's something indescribably sexy about a guy cooking for you. We gals love to be pampered, and we love the men who pamper us—it's that easy. Now, I'm not saying that if you cook dinner for your girlfriend, she'll beg on the spot to bear your children. But if you whip up a culinary masterpiece just for her, she'll almost certainly fall very deeply in like. She might even reward you with a little. . . dessert, if you know what I mean.

The key is to be prepared without looking as if you have an agenda. (Oysters? You might as well serve a cucumber poking out of a thatch of angel-hair pasta.) Steak is a good, solid bet for an innocent little dinner that just may lead to something else. It's manly, yet—if prepared right—tender. And it's not as expensive as you may think, thanks to all the tree-huggers taking themselves out of the market. Here's the step-by-step on a blow-her-away steak dinner loaded with known and suspected aphrodisiacs that'll help you close the deal with her.

THE TIME: T MINUS ONE DAY

To ensure that the evening runs smoothly, prepare the raspberry vinaigrette, croutons, garlic purée, sunflower seeds, and chocolate strawberries the day before. First, the garlic purée: Turn up the oven to 400°, separate the cloves from the head of garlic, and place them in a small baking dish so they

THE MEAL

- Leafy green salad with toasted sunflower seeds, celery, and sliced peaches, in a raspberry-honey vinaigrette
- Cayenne-seasoned tenderloin of beef with sautéed mushrooms in a roasted-garlic sauce
- Steamed asparagus
- Chocolate-covered strawberries

FOOD PHOTOGRAPH: FOOD STYLIST: KEVIN CRAFTS; PROP STYLIST: DENISE CANTER
TOP RIGHT: BARRY YEE/LIAISON INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELANIE ACEVEDO

don't overlap. Coat them with ¼ cup olive oil, oregano, salt, and pepper, then cover the dish with tinfoil and roast in the oven for 30 minutes.

While they're cooking, make the raspberry vinaigrette. In a bowl, mix the raspberry vinegar, salt, honey, and tarragon, then slowly pour in the canola oil with one hand while whisking vigorously with the other, or just pour everything into an airtight container and shake it all together. (Do the hokey-pokey; turn yourself around.) Refrigerate.

When the garlic cloves are done, take them out to cool, then peel off the skins and set 3 cloves aside. Purée the rest with the chicken stock in a blender or food processor and refrigerate in an airtight container. Then spread the 3 cloves you set aside (roasted garlic should spread like warm butter) onto the bread slices. Place these in the 400° oven for 10 minutes to toast, let cool, and cut each slice into 9 big-ass croutons. After turning the oven down to 350°, lightly toast the sunflower seeds on a cookie sheet for 3 minutes. Place these and the croutons in a separate airtight bag and refrigerate. Turn off the oven and pour yourself a beer. You deserve it.

Make a double-boiler and prepare the strawberries (see below). Then it's on to the meat of the matter…literally.

Make a marinade with ½ cup olive oil, 2 teaspoons cayenne pepper, and salt and pepper to taste, and let your meat marinate overnight. (If you don't do this the night before, at least try to do it two hours or more before cooking: It makes a big difference in both taste and tenderness.)

YOU WILL NEED

FOR THE SALAD
- 2 packed cups of salad greens
- 2 stalks celery
- ¼ cup shelled sunflower seeds
- 1 fresh peach or ½ can peaches (fresh is better; canned is quicker)
- ⅓ cup raspberry vinegar
- 1 teaspoon dried tarragon
- ½ tablespoon salt
- 1 teaspoon honey
- 1 cup canola oil
- 2 slices whole-wheat bread for croutons

FOR THE MAIN COURSE
- 2 filet mignon steaks
- Olive oil (½ cup for marinade; ¼ cup for roasted-garlic purée)
- 10-12 asparagus spears
- 3 cups assorted wild mushrooms
- 20 cloves garlic
- ¾ cup chicken stock
- 1 tablespoon oregano
- 2 teaspoons cayenne pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 bottle good red wine
- Salt, pepper to taste

FOR DESSERT
- 16 strawberries
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate morsels
- ½ cup evaporated milk
- ¼ cup marshmallows
- 2 candles
- 1 small bottle massage oil
- 1 George Winston CD

THE TIME: T MINUS TWO HOURS

If you told Suzie Q. to be at your place at 8:00, you can wait until 6:00 to start your preparations, thanks to all the hard work you put in yesterday. Wash your greens and strain them through a colander or blot them dry with paper towels. Next, rinse off the celery and remove any browned areas, then dice it up and toss it in with the greens. Cover and set in fridge for later.

Slice the peaches into thin little wedges to use as garnishes on the salads; drain any juice, if you're using canned. As you're slicing them, make sure to sing, "Really love your peaches, wanna shake your tree. . ." (It's a karma thing.) Place the slices in a covered dish in the fridge. Now you *are* the gangster of love.

Next, take the asparagus spears and break off the bottom, thickest quarter of each: This is the tough end, and it can taste quite bitter. If you want to be fancy and impress your woman, use a potato peeler to peel the dark green from the lower, "trunk" half of each snipped spear. Stack 'em up and set them aside for later.

Now the mushrooms. You don't want to soak them or rinse them off, because they're like sponges and will absorb too much water, to the point of sogginess. Instead, rub them with a paper towel to remove any dirt, then slice them into manly-sized pieces: They shrink with cooking.

THE TIME: T MINUS ONE HOUR

The time has come, my friend, to get yourself ready: Put in a motivationally rocking rally CD, crack open a beer to take into the shower, and clean your bad self off. Before jumping in, though, open a bottle of red wine to let it breathe.

As time grows short, switch the soundtrack to romantic dinner music (My personal preferences: George Winston or Enya). Dining by candlelight may be a cliché, but for a reason: It really is romantic. So fire up some wax before she gets there and do your final straightening up of the love shack. It doesn't have to be spotless, but I know you know she won't want to play hopscotch through your socks and underwear. Set the table.

A tip from a girl who cares: If you're thinking about après dessert, remember that clean sheets get major points. And it wouldn't hurt to have some sweats tucked away for her to slip into afterward—but don't put them on the edge of the bed. Unplug the phone in the bedroom.

THE TIME: THE MAGIC MOMENT

When she arrives, offer her a drink and hang with her for a bit. After a half-hour, you'll head for the kitchen, and she's going to offer to help. Don't let her. But she can watch—we love to watch men at work, especially when we're sipping a glass of wine. Mix the greens and celery with the croutons. Shake the raspberry vinaigrette and pour it evenly over the salad; place appropriate portions on two salad plates. Next, fan out the peach slices in a half-moon on one side of each salad, then sprinkle the sunflower seeds on top. Before bringing these to the table, start heating a pot of water for the asparagus, and light the broiler or grill for the filets.

After the two of you have enjoyed the



DOUBLE DIPPING

To make chocolate-covered strawberries without having to scrape burned brown gunk off your pans: Fill the larger of two saucepans ¼ full with water and put it on to boil. In the smaller pan, mix the chocolate, milk, and marshmallows. Turn the heat down to simmer and set the small pan inside, above the water level. Stir until chocolate's melted, then remove from flame and dip berries. Refrigerate; await special guest.

FOOD FOR LOVE

As aphrodisiacs go, the oyster is still king: In its shell, it resembles the testicle; shucked, it has a tactile likeness to, um, the bearded clam. Valentino reportedly ate 60 a day. And why not? Their sky-high level of zinc boosts the production of testosterone. Here are 10 other aphrodisiacs of the ancients, together with the modern lowdown.

AVOCADO

REPUTATION Noting an anatomical similarity, the Aztecs called it *ahuacatl*, or testicle, and forbade village maidens to set one virginal toe outside the house while the fruit was being gathered.
LOWDOWN Contains niacin, essential for the production of his-and-hers sex hormones.

BANANA

REPUTATION This most phallic of foods is endowed with mythical sex-enhancing properties everywhere from Asia to Africa.
LOWDOWN Bananas are rich in potassium, a mineral needed for the function of nerves and muscles (including Larry the Love Muscle).

ASPARAGUS

REPUTATION In China, asparagus is thought to regulate the libido.
LOWDOWN It's rich in folic acid, which triggers production of histamine, necessary for both sexes to reach orgasm.

ONION

REPUTATION The Greeks and Romans recommended eating as many onions as possible, to improve sexual endurance.
LOWDOWN Zinc again. Other testosterone-boosters are pumpkin and sunflower seeds.

GARLIC

REPUTATION Bulbous and breasty, this universal cooking staple has long been believed to stimulate sexual desire, bad breath notwithstanding.
LOWDOWN Has miraculous effects on the blood, hence a positive effect on the erection (which is ever dependent on good circulation).

CHOCOLATE

REPUTATION A Valentine's Day favorite from way back: The Aztecs drank a cocoa beverage while paying tribute to their love goddess.
LOWDOWN Contains energy-boosting sugar and caffeine as well as an amino acid that increases the brain's levels of phenylethylamine, a natural aphrodisiac. Hubba-hubba.

CHILI PEPPER

REPUTATION Was thought to provoke lust in Inca warriors, who were required to abstain from both sex and chilies before battle.
LOWDOWN Capsaicin (the "heat") signals your brain that your body's on fire, and the endorphins sent to cool the flames provide an all-over orgasmic feeling.

POMEGRANATE

REPUTATION The Kama-sutra, the ultimate guide for out-of-body experiences, promises that your penis will be enlarged if you eat pomegranate seeds.
LOWDOWN Cortisone-like chemicals in the seeds stimulate the adrenal gland, where adrenaline, ("Faster! Faster! Ooh! Ah! Ooh!") is born.

WHEAT

REPUTATION European farmers' daughters would wallow naked in newly harvested wheat, then bake it into biscuits which supposedly rendered men helpless.
LOWDOWN The germ and bran of whole grains are also high in zinc; zinc deficiency is held responsible for a variety of sexual problems including—eep—impotence.

Pro cook Leslie Blanchard says all *food turns her on.*

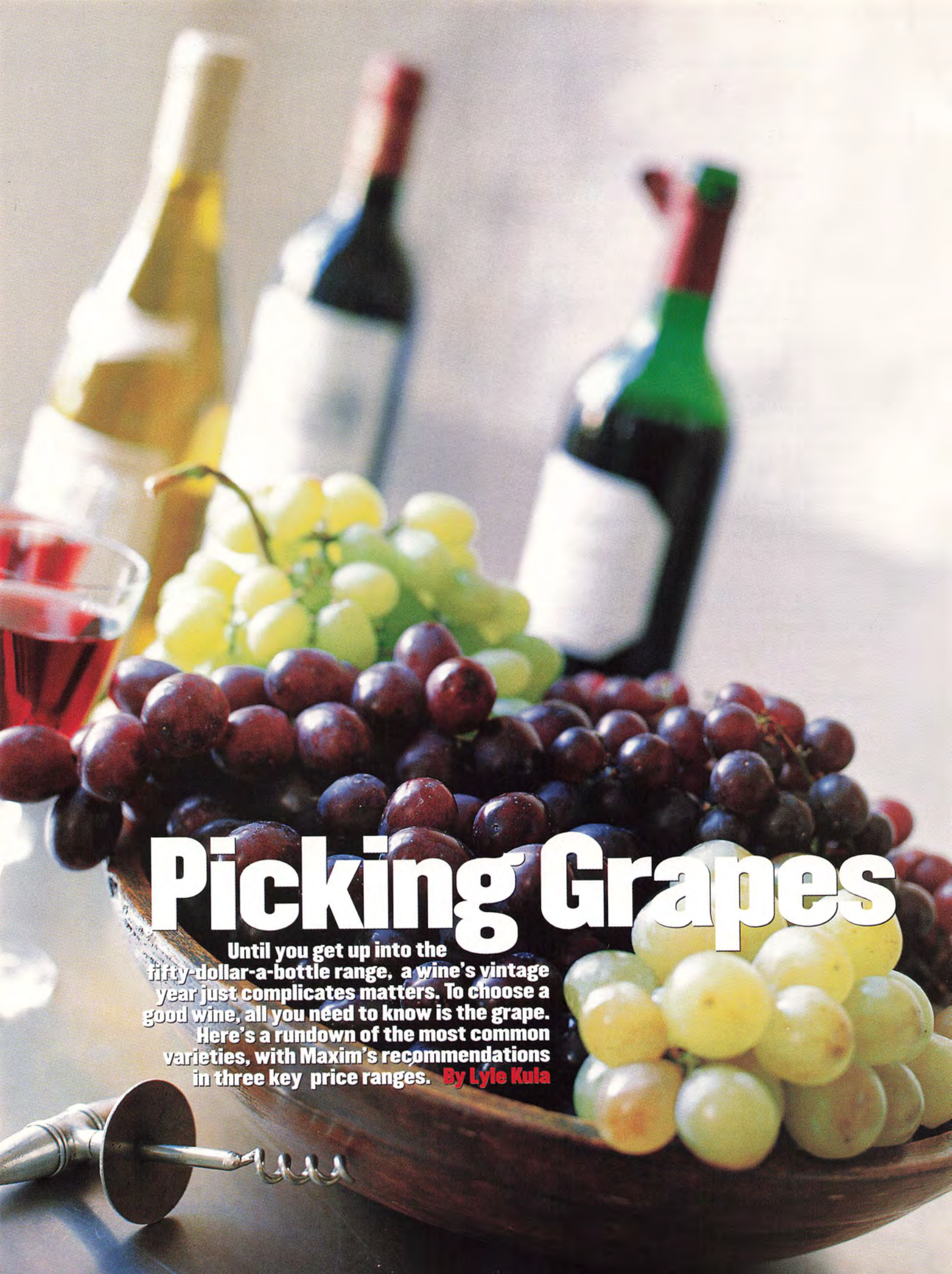


Heaven on the half-shell: Squirt, suck, slurp. . . ah!

salad, grab the plates and head back into the kitchen. Heat the butter in a sauté pan over medium heat for a few minutes, then place the mushrooms in the pan with no overlap. Let them brown untouched for 5 minutes before stirring them with a wooden spoon, then sauté for an additional 5 minutes. As the mushrooms start to release their liquid, season with salt and pepper. Then add the garlic purée and let simmer over low heat while you finish your preparations.

Place the filets on the broiler or grill to cook for 4-5 minutes on each side. Once they're cooked, remove them from the heat and allow them to rest on a plate for 3 minutes. (Cut in sooner, and all the juice will run out, leaving an unimpressive leathery steak.) While you're waiting, place the trimmed asparagus in the boiling water for 3 minutes, then drain.

Arrange your creation on the plates, ladling the mushrooms in garlic sauce on top of the filets and on the trimmed ends of the asparagus. After you've brought this to the table, you'll only have one course left, and it's already prepared: Don't bring out the chocolate-covered strawberries (arranged on a plate) until you're on the couch and deep into the second bottle of wine. I can't hold your hand through the rest of the night, but I'm sure you'll do just fine. *Bon appétit!* M



Picking Grapes

Until you get up into the fifty-dollar-a-bottle range, a wine's vintage year just complicates matters. To choose a good wine, all you need to know is the grape. Here's a rundown of the most common varieties, with Maxim's recommendations in three key price ranges. By Lyle Kula

CHARDONNAY

Growing almost everywhere, this grape is responsible for some of the world's best white wines. Expect a buttery flavor, with hints of apples, pears, or citrus; if the wine's been stored in oak barrels, it takes on vanilla and oak flavors. Chardonnay's a crowd-pleaser and great with salmon and chicken.



$7-$12 Georges Duboeuf Macon Villages (France)
$13-$18 Joseph Phelps Carneros (California)
$19-$25 **Louis Jadot Meursault Burgundy (France)**

SAUVIGNON BLANC

This grape, which thrives in cooler climates like New Zealand and the northern Loire Valley of France, has a dry, crisp taste tempered with faint traces of cut grass and berries. A great palate-cleanser between hors d'oeuvres, it won't overpower lightly flavored foods like red snapper.



$7-$12
Robert Mondavi "Coastal" (California)
$13-$18 Poggio alle Gazze (Italy)
$19-$25 **Cakebread Cellars (California)**

RIESLING

Happy in both warm and cool climates, this German grape produces a range of wines, all featuring crisp, tart fruit flavors like green apple and orange. Sweet



Rieslings are excellent with desserts; the bolder dry Rieslings (our picks) can hold their own against the assault of flavorful seafood like scallops and bass.

$7-$12 **Alsace Willm (France)**
$13-$18 Trimbach (France)
$19-$25 Josmeyer Riesling Le Kottabe (France)

PINOT GRIGIO

This Italian grape thrives in cool climates like Washington State and the Alsace region of France. It produces light, aromatic wines tasting subtly like honey, best drunk by themselves or in tandem with cool seafood salads and warm-blondes.



$7-$12 Villa Frattina (Italy)
$13-$18 **Pighin, Collio Estate Bottled (Italy)**
$19-$25 Santa Margherita Alto Adige (Italy)

CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Like Chardonnay, this grape grows almost everywhere and makes some of the most popular wines. With strong tastes of black currants, green pepper, chocolate, and cedar, Cabernet's made for meat lovers. It's bold enough to take on rare steak or a leg of lamb.



$7-$12
Undurraga Estate Reserve (Chile)
$13-$18 Geyser Peak (California)
$19-$25 Sequoia Grove, Cabernet Estate (California)

PINOT NOIR

The best Pinot Noirs come from California, New Zealand, and France's Burgundy region. The grape has a smooth flavor with hints of raspberry, strawberry, and cherry; its wine, the lightest of the reds, can be overwhelmed by anything stronger than chicken or rabbit. Sip it.



$7-$12 Fleur Di Carneros (California)
$13-$18 Faiveley, Côte de Nuit-Villages (France)
$19-$25 **Domaine Carneros (California)**

MERLOT

Similar to Cabernet Sauvignon, but lighter and fruitier, Merlot can easily replace its more serious brother for casual settings. Add a touch of class to your next burger or pizza date by sharing a bottle of Merlot. (Bordeaux wine, incidentally, is a blend of Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon, and Cabernet Franc.)



$7-$12 **Christian Moueix (France)**
$13-$18 Clos Du Bois (California)
$19-$25 St. Francis, Estate Reserve (California)

SYRAH

This grape (in Australia, it's called Shiraz) produces a flavorful, deep red wine with hints of mixed spices, pepper, and raspberries. It's the middle-palate wine you want to add a little extra spice to your steak, or to cut the edge of well-seasoned meats like salami and pungent cheeses.



$7-$12 Rosemount (Australia)
$13-$18 **Joseph Phelps Vin du Mistral (California)**
$19-$25 Preston Vineyard (California)

SANGIOVESE

Produced in the Chianti and Montepulciano areas of Italy and in California, wines made from this grape remind tasters of cherries, spices, and tobacco. Mellow and perfect with pasta and tomato sauce, veal scaloppine, and fiery, long-legged Sicilian types.



$7-$12 Antinori, Santa Cristina (Italy)
$13-$18 Il Palio (California)
$19-$25 **Nozzole "La Forra" Chianti Classico Reserva (Italy)**

ZINFANDEL

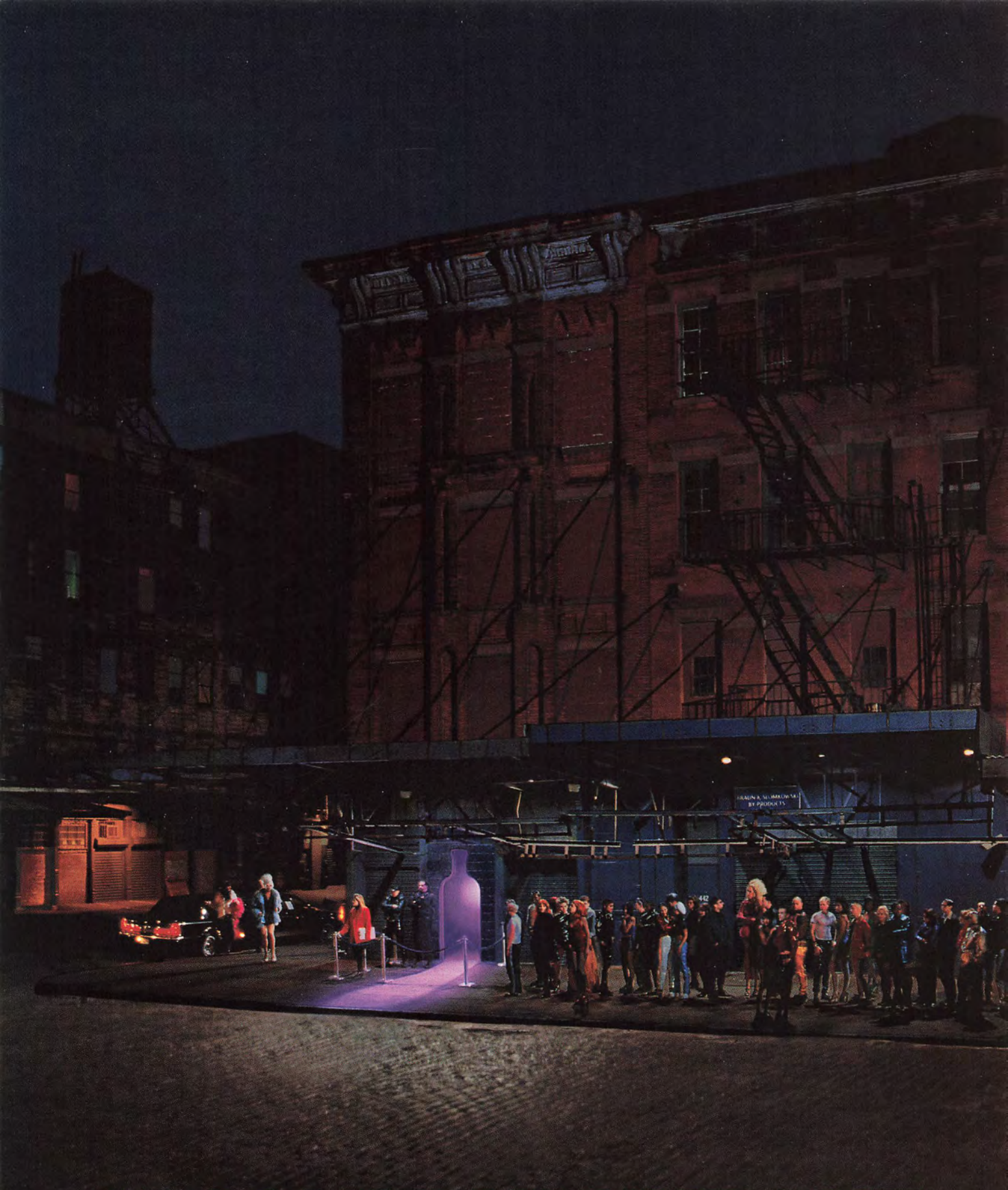
Grown only in California, this grape comes in red, white, and rosé varieties. The red is very rich and tastes like blackberries and pepper; its strong flavor complements beef, veal, or roast pork outstandingly, and its spiciness does a great job of warming the body on cold winter nights.



$7-$12 Clos Du Bois (California)
$13-$18 Robert Mondavi (California)
$19-$25 **St. Francis Reserve (California)**

FOOD STYLIST: KEVIN CRAFTS; PROPS: DENISE CANTER; BOTTLES: ZOE CHAN, GWEN WALBERG/MAXIM

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELANIE ACEVEDO



ABSOLUT AU KURANT.

ABSOLUT® KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1996 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

Hang Time

ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY

Movies: King comedians **Robin Williams** and **Billy Crystal** make a dream team in their first screen pairing; bad boys **Mickey Rourke** and **Dennis Rodman** join **Jean-Claude Van Damme** in *Double Team;* and **Tim Robbins** turns the tables on fast-talking **Martin Lawrence** in *Nothing to Lose*. **PLUS:** Bearable chick flicks.

Music: **Bono** goes pop with **U2**'s new dance-inspired release; **Aerosmith**'s *Nine Lives* lives large, even without video sex kittens **Liv Tyler** and **Alicia Silverstone**; and **Morphine**'s latest bluesy jam blows out a beat that's addicting. **PLUS:** New girl groups you oughta know.



Television: **Jay Leno** rides high on the hog as the king of late-night couch potatoes; *Wings*' **Steven Weber** replaces Jack Nicholson in the tube's take on *Stephen King's The Shining*; and **Michael Jordan**'s Bulls prepare to swamp the NBA Playoffs. **PLUS:** The first annual *Maxim* Awards.



Books: Tough-guy writers like **Saul Bellow** et al. pen it like it is; **Hugh Laurie**'s crime read makes James Bond look like Mother Goose. **PLUS:** **George Carlin** leads a parade of yuksters.





ILLUSTRATION BY JOHANNA GOODMAN; BOOK AND CD: ERIC AXENE; JAY LENO: NBC

Movies

Our roundup of sneak previews of the cinema's biggest, brightest and ballsiest coming attractions

BUDGET BUSTER | LAFF RIOT | KILLER THRILLER | BABE ALERT | FX SHOWCASE

NOTHING TO LOSE

Ad exec Tim Robbins is on the verge of nervous collapse: His life is messily falling apart, and he doesn't know what to do about it. To stave off dealing with his numerous problems, he turns the tables on would-be car jacker Martin Lawrence, taking the fast-talking bad guy hostage. An unlikely alliance forms, and a frenzy of hold-ups, car chases, mistaken identities, and revenge ensues. For Robbins, *Nothing to Lose* seems to reprise the roles he played in both *The Player* and *Cadillac Man*, but also suggests the series of far-fetched buddy movies Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor pulled off with regularity—this could pack the double-punch laughs of *Stir Crazy* and *Silver Streak*. (BUENA VISTA)





FATHERS' DAY

It's hard to believe kings of comedy Billy Crystal and Robin Williams haven't hooked up before, but *Fathers' Day*, directed by Ivan Reitman, is their first screen pairing. They play ex-boyfriends of the same woman (sexpot Natasha Kinski), who cons them into searching for her runaway son by telling each he may be the kid's father. The movie is based on the French film *Les Comperes* (Williams scored a hit with *The Birdcage*, the American *La Cage aux Folles*), and while it does have an inherent mush factor, we're hoping *Fathers' Day* approaches the nonstop hilarity of *The In-Laws*, which teamed Alan Arkin and Peter Falk to side-splitting effect. (WARNER BROS.)



THE FLOOD

Small-town Indiana sheriff Randy Quaid thinks the worst is over when he helps evacuate residents from a flood brought on by torrential rain. Then Christian Slater's armored car breaks down and is surrounded by a crew of bandits led by Morgan Freeman (who also directs). Slater escapes on foot, wading through five million gallons of water with three million bucks in tow; Freeman pursues. As disaster flick meets crime thriller, it's more interesting than your basic good guys/bad guys premise—so long as the ac-

SURVIVING THE UNAVOIDABLE CHICK FLICK

THE MOVIE	WHAT'S IN IT FOR HER	WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU
Ripe (Trimark), a family psychodrama from the Deep South	Twin sisters emerge from a dysfunctional family and pledge to stick together . . . until they discover boys and guns	Sex, violence, and hot twins!
Love and Other Catastrophes (Fox Searchlight), a low-budget screwball kampus komedy	Australian girls grapple with relationships, sex, death, money, and overdue books	Lesbian sex!
Paradise Road (Fox Searchlight), a dramatic WWII tearjerker	At a female prison camp in Sumatra, POW Glenn Close forms a classical choir to kill time until the war ends	Women's prison *and* a post-shipwreck wet T-shirt swim!
All Over Me (Fine Line), a coming-of-age punk-rock psychodrama	Adolescent best friends in Hell's Kitchen bond, ache, mosh, get loaded, get laid, and grow apart	Gritty, teenage lesbian sex!
Picture Perfect (20th Century Fox), a romantic comedy	Ad exec Jennifer Aniston chases one dreamboat while being pursued by another	The prospect of a Jennifer Aniston double team! (Don't hold your breath.)







NOTHING TO LOSE: BOB MARSHAK/TOUCHSTONE PICTURES; RIPE: ©1996 TRIMARK PICTURES; LOVE AND OTHER CATASTROPHES: ©FOX SEARCHLIGHT; ALL OVER ME: BILL FOLEY/FINE LINE FEATURES
FATHERS' DAY: BRUCE MCBROOM/WARNER; THE FLOOD: R. FOREMAN JR./PARAMOUNT PICTURES

tion isn't soppy and the plot twists manage to hold water. (PARAMOUNT)



DOUBLE TEAM

Bad boy Mickey Rourke, fast-kicking Jean-Claude Van Damme, and dressed-as-a-man Dennis Rodman (in his feature-film debut) are the triple threat in *Double Team*—a pretty good indication you can leave the tissues (and the dictionary) at home. Van Damme is a CIA operative who fails to knock off an international terrorist (Rourke) and is banished to a top-secret colony from which he must escape. Stuff will explode. Guns will be fired. People will die. Females will serve as window dressing. Yeah! (COLUMBIA)



EIGHT HEADS IN A DUFFEL BAG

He's done so many menacing mobsters, it's easy to forget Joe Pesci's other work (remember *My Cousin Vinny*?). But his flair for comedy is primed to break out in *Eight Heads*, in which he parodies his familiar goodfella persona. Pesci's a mob bag man whose luggage—containing a grisly clutch of lopped-off heads—gets switched at the airport and heads south of the border with a med student (Andy Comeau), his girlfriend (Kristy Swanson), and her battling parents. Pesci sets off to retrieve the thing before it gets too ripe. The situation has gross comic potential, promising more yuks —and icks—for your bucks. (ORION)



ASK ARNIE

FOR SHRINK ADVICE WITHOUT THE PRICE, JUST RENT A SCHWARZENEGGER FILM

CRISIS	SHRINK'S ADVICE*	ARNOLD'S WAY
After a long, busy day, you head to the store for a few things, only to find it closed.	"Instead of getting obsessive, channel your energy into finding what you need someplace else."	Steal a bulldozer and wreck the front of the building, then loot the store. (*Commando*)
At a black-tie party, the doorman asks to see your invitation. Embarrassingly, you don't have one.	"Appeal based upon your integrity or identify someone in the crowd that can vouch for you."	Break the doorman's neck with a hard knee to the face. (*True Lies*)
Though you're clearly in a hurry, the pencil pusher behind the desk is apparently too busy to help you.	"Be very clear and direct: Tell him you have no time to wait and need his attention right now. If he persists, ask to speak to his supervisor."	Crash truck through picture window, then systematically kill everyone in the building. (*The Terminator*)
In a public place, a deranged individual confronts you and tries to convince you he's your father.	"Make eye contact with the individual and get in sync with his emotional rhythm. Communicate that although you may not agree with what he's saying, you do hear him."	Hack off his head with a broadsword. (*Conan the Barbarian*)

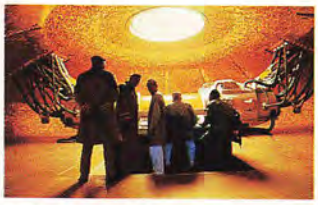
*Shrink advice provided by Dr. James Campbell Quick, Ph.D., editor of the *Journal of Occupational Health Psychology*

THE VIDEO BOX



BRASSED OFF

Equal parts grit and wit, *Brassed Off* is set in a Yorkshire coal-mining town where the specter of pit closure looms. Of all the locals enduring this dark cloud, none stands to lose more than the members of the colliery brass band—yet they continue practicing and competing, mostly to appease their eccentric leader and draw attention to their town's plight. Directed by Mark Herman (*Blame It on the Bellboy*), it's earnest and somewhat hokey, but with deft performances from Ewan McGregor (*Trainspotting*) and Tara Fitzgerald (*Sirens*), *Brassed Off* should offer lots of heart, guts, and, of course, brass. (ORION)



THE FIFTH ELEMENT

If the *Star Wars* re-releases only whetted your appetite for futuristic battles between good and evil, run, don't walk to this sci-fi adventure set in 24th-century New York City. Though high-tech FX should abound, we're betting on the human talent —Milla Jovovich, hard-knocks specialist Bruce Willis, Gary Oldman, and director Luc Besson—to deliver the goods. (COLUMBIA)



BLISS

The casting is kinky enough, with Terence Stamp, most recently a drag diva in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, and Sheryl Lee, who can't seem to shake the ghost of Laura Palmer in *Twin Peaks*. In *Bliss*, the unhappily married Sheryl and hubby Craig Sheffer embark on a steamy journey of self-discovery with twisted sex therapist Terence. The buzz: a Gen-X *9½ Weeks*—a premise that could mean hiss, not bliss. Hope for a heavy arousal quotient and take a promising third date. (TRIUMPH)

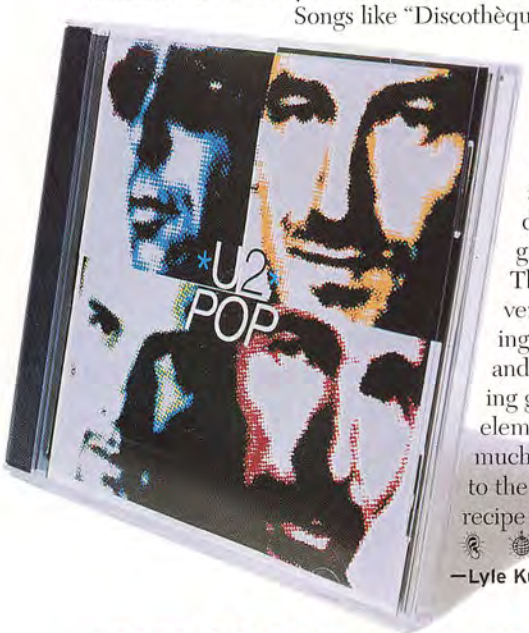
DOUBLE TEAM: ©1997 MANDALAY ENTERTAINMENT; EIGHT HEADS: MARSHA BLACKBURN/ORION PICTURES; BRASSED OFF: DAVID APPLEBY/MIRAMAX; FIFTH ELEMENT: JACK ENGLISH/COLUMBIA/TRISTAR; BLISS: COLUMBIA/TRISTAR; ARNIE: PHOTOFEST

Music Turn on, tune in, and crank up our master mix of the best new CDs available on the street now

ROAD TUNES | MAKEOUT MUSIC | DANCE NUMBERS | BUZZ FEST | DINOSAUR ROCK

U2 POP

Back in the late seventies, dance music was so huge that even the most established rockers were tempted to slap on some Spandex and change their sound. The results weren't always a disaster (Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?"; the Rolling Stones' "Miss You"). U2 is the latest aging rock band to try to suck some fresh lifeblood from current dance music, and on their new album, *Pop*, the transfusion is largely successful.



Songs like "Discothèque" and "Do You Feel Loved" build on the infectious, danceable textures of drum-and-bass, but stop short of giving die-hard U2 fans grounds for divorce. The music is still driven by Bono's yearning, operatic delivery and The Edge's grinding guitar: The dance element simply adds a much-needed sugar rush to the tried-and-true recipe for rock.

(ISLAND)

—Lyle Kula



BEN FOLDS FIVE

WHATEVER AND EVER AMEN

On the major-label debut of this eccentrically named North Carolina trio, pianist Ben Folds tinkles contemplative tunes and fronts ambitious, string-inflected, jazzy numbers. The eclectic style extends to lyrics: The tempered, resigned sincerity of "Brick" acknowledges the heavy burden of a relationship, while "Song for the Dumped" takes a balls-out, snotty approach to reproach: "Give me my money back, you bitch!...And don't forget to give me back my black T-shirt." Amen, yeah!

(SONY 550) —Nina Malkin



SUPERSUCKERS

MUST'VE BEEN HIGH

Supersuckers have always been a little bit country and a whole lot rock 'n' roll. Think Van Halen in cowboy hats. This time, they bring in fiddle, harmonica, and banjo to play tunes (e.g., "Hungover Together") that'd sound at home on any honky-

YOU SOUND FAMILIAR...HAVE WE MET?

IF YOU ALREADY LIKE . . .	BUT YOU'RE ALSO INTO . . .	YOU OUGHTA KNOW . . .
The ire and fire of Alanis Morissette (though that whine gets on your nerves!)	The deep, dusky tones of jazz-blues singer Cassandra Wilson	Sultry-voiced songstress Fiona Apple, who wrote every angrily poetic word (and note) on her debut album *Tidal*
The sugary crooning of Toni Braxton—the girl sure can sing!	The defiant, do-anything demeanor of Courtney Love	R&B diva Aaliyah, who brings her smooth-as-silk voice and tough-as-leather attitude to her second album *One in a Million*
The eccentric quirkiness of Tori Amos	The straightforward earthiness and clear voice of Sheryl Crow	Singer-pianist Chantal Kreviazuk, whose debut *Under These Rocks and Stones* showcases her rootsy charm
The cartoonish, in-your-face antics of mosh-maids L7	The cartoonish fabulousness of dance-floor fatale RuPaul	London-based dance-pop sensation Spice Girls, whose single "Wannabe" instantly topped international charts (their album *Spice* was recently released stateside)
The mellow, old-time folk of Joni Mitchell	The angry edge of seminal punk poet Patti Smith	Staunchly independent Ani DiFranco, who delivers postmodern protests on her latest album, *Dilate*
The riveting, husky voice of PJ Harvey—she's scary!	The provocative growls of Garbage's Shirley Manson—she's hot!	Sultry Jennifer Charles of Elysian Fields—sexy voice, sexy look (their debut LP: *Bleed Your Cedar*)



SOUNDTRACK YOUR LIFE

tonk jukebox. Fans may miss the metal guitars that swelled to near-parody proportions on earlier releases, but will be relieved to find the band's trademark humor intact.

(SUB POP) —N.M.



US3

BROADWAY & 52ND

Geoff Wilkinson is a man on a mission: to reinvent jazz for a new audience. As with US3's gold-selling debut, *Hand on the Torch*, he delves into Blue Note's vaults for samples, and comes up with seamless, groove-based music that steers clear of jazz pastiche. The exotic, sax-y "Snakes" is probably the first-ever rap in 5/4 time, while "Come On Everybody (Get Down)" is a joyous jam. For a record that takes its name from the celebrated corner where the original Birdland jazz club stood, *Broadway & 52nd* couldn't be more tuned in to the here and now.

(BLUE NOTE) —N.M.



AEROSMITH

NINE LIVES

Video babes Alicia Silverstone and Liv Tyler offer two compelling reasons to get psyched about the release of Aerosmith's twelfth album. Fortunately, the album itself provides several more. On their first Columbia release, the bad boys from Boston extend their legacy of big rock-pop singles, hold-your-lighter-high ballads, and frat anthems—with "Falling in Love (Is Hard on the Knees)," "Hole in My Soul," and "Full Circle," respectively. But they also cover new ground, dabbling in antique hand organs, baritone guitars, and even an ancient stringed instrument called the sarangi. Still, they've retained all the fun—you can't listen to *Nine Lives* without imagining front man and Livpapa Steve Tyler strutting like he's still twenty.

(COLUMBIA)

—Leslie Yazel



BLUR

BLUR

Despite huge popularity in their native Britain, Blur have always been too, well, *British* to make much impact here. Now, after four catchy albums on which they gleefully sang about such quintessentially English topics as bank holidays and country houses, Blur's fifth album points in a new direction. They've cast aside their Kinks-influenced, perfect little pop songs and indulged their weirder, less structured side: "Theme from Retro" and "Song 2" sound like avant-garde experiments from an old David Bowie record. Other songs, such as "Beetlebum" and "You're So Great," are more graspable, but the album as a whole is skewed enough to lure listeners used to deciphering Pavement and Beck.

(VIRGIN) —Ian Landau



BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR . . .
POKER NIGHT

LORETTA LYNN
Loretta Lynn's Greatest Hits

BUCK OWENS & HIS BUCKAROOS
I've Got a Tiger by the Tail

DWIGHT YOAKAM
Gone

BILLY JOE SHAVER
Unshaven: Live at Smith's Olde Bar

HANK THOMPSON
Songs for Rounders

JOHNNY CASH
Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison

FREAKWATER
Old Paint

WAYLON JENNINGS
Greatest Hits

GERALDINE FIBBERS
Get Thee Gone

MERLE HAGGARD AND THE STRANGLERS
Swinging Doors

STEVE EARLE
Guitar Town

WILLIE NELSON
Red Headed Stranger

JOHNNY PAYCHECK
Biggest Hits

LYLE LOVETT
Pontiac



MORPHINE

LIKE SWIMMING

This bluesy rock 'n' roll band has a cool, melancholy style that conjures up a noirish world of smoky lounges and motel-lined highways. Songs like "Eleven O'Clock" and "Murder for the Money" sketch an underground world of midnight encounters and intrigue. *Like Swimming* is jazzier and more mellow than their previous offerings, but this homage to the after-hours will hook those not already Morphine-addicted.

(DREAMWORKS) —L.K.



SPEARHEAD

CHOCOLATE SUPA HIGHWAY

Spearhead mastermind Michael Franti (ex-Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy) and his collective address hard-core rap's "issues" with more subtlety and musical imagination than most hip-hop acts. This second album mixes reggae elements, soulful slow jams, and touches of spiritual folk and pure harmony. There's a smack of sanctimony, but it doesn't mar *Chocolate Supa Highway*'s cerebral, sensuous effect.

(CAPITOL) —N.M.

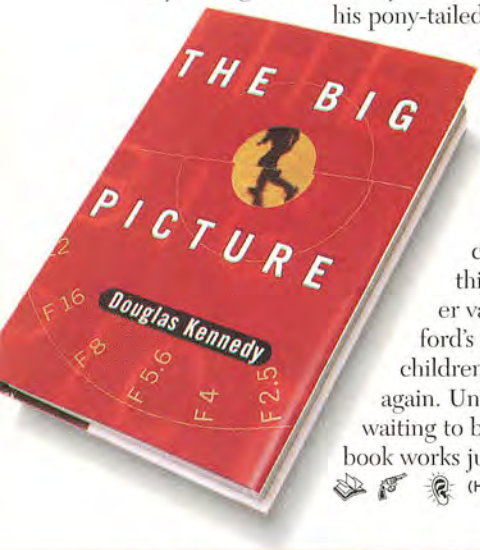
PHOTOGRAPHS OF CD COVERS: ERIC AXENE; FIONA APPLE PHOTO: STEPHANE SEDNAOUI; POKER PHOTO FROM ***GOODFELLAS***: BARRY WETCHER/PHOTOFEST

Books From crime thrillers to time-killers, here's the inside story on the best reads of the upcoming spring season

BUZZ FEST | CELEBRITY DIRT | BRAIN FOOD | PAGE TURNER | KILLER THRILLER

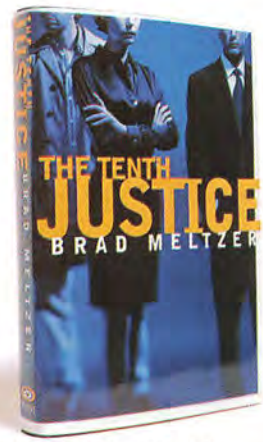
THE BIG PICTURE
BY DOUGLAS KENNEDY

You are a failed photographer who has somehow ended up practicing trusts-and-estates law—"An industrious, economically productive, child-rearing, mortgage-paying, two-car-owning, actively consuming, Gold Card-carrying resident of the top-income echelon." Your wife is a failed novelist, an icy bitch who's sleeping with a grungy trust-fund bachelor who lives down the street. One night you pay him a visit, he insults the way you make love to your wife, and the bottle of Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc in your hand finds itself cracked across his pony-tailed skull. He's dead. And you're not much better off. How do you get away with it? (Hint: road trip!)



In Kennedy's polished thriller, the nitty-gritty of erasing one identity and assuming another is oddly compelling. But what keeps this from becoming just another vanilla thrilla is Ben Bradford's painful separation from the children he loves but will never see again. Unlike all those other novels waiting to be screenplays, Kennedy's book works just fine the way it is.

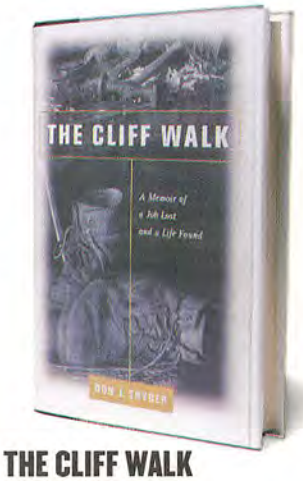
(HYPERION, $23.95)—**Tom Prince**



THE TENTH JUSTICE
BY BRAD MELTZER

The Tenth Justice wants to be John Grisham crossed with *Friends*. Yale Law graduate Ben Addison snags a Supreme Court clerkship but soon innocently spills something he shouldn't have about a forthcoming corporate merger. Someone makes a lot of money, and when Addison tries to catch the con man, he's blackmailed in retaliation. He enlists the help of his three roommates, and before long, everyone is suspecting everyone else. Meltzer does many things well (and they're better left unrevealed), but a few plot twists are clumsily signaled in advance, and he tends to over-describe ("the government-issue, oversized, high-school-styled wall clock above the sofa"). While *The Tenth Justice* may be far from perfect, though, it's a perfectly respectable first outing.

(WILLIAM MORROW, $23)—**T.P.**



THE CLIFF WALK
BY DON J. SNYDER

An English professor's fortunes take a nose dive when he loses his job. Desperate to keep his pregnant wife and four kids in Cheese Nips and Underoos, he systematically lowers his lofty standards, applying first to universities, then to smaller colleges, then community colleges, all to no avail. As Snyder's provider guilt grows more and more profound—each chapter starts with a subtraction of a new month's expenses from the family's tiny, dwindling nest egg—his sanity begins to unravel in a kind of ad hoc midlife crisis. Snyder tries hard to pound his woes into a

ROUND-UPS

TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE . . .
THEY WRITE. HERE ARE THE BIG DOGS IN PLAY THIS SPRING

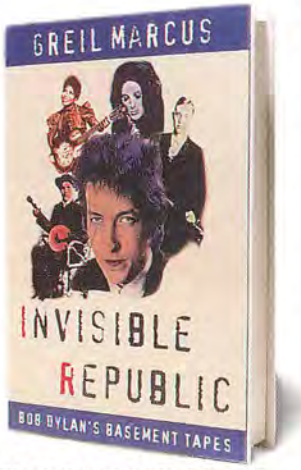
Tired of wimps, simps, and emotional gimps? Never fear: The big boys are back, and will soon be swaggering into a bookstore near you. **Norman Mailer** turns his attention away from Lee Harvey Oswald and Pablo Picasso to 2,000-year-old events in *The Gospel According to the Son* (Random House, $21), a story about Jesus. For what it's worth, the publisher bills the book as "powerful, compelling, short." Even shorter is **Saul Bellow**'s novella *The Actual* (Viking, $17.95), and the characters aren't anywhere near 2,000 years old (they're more like 60). Also 60-ish is **Philip Roth**'s Nathan Zuckerman, who rises again in *American Pastoral* (Houghton Mifflin, $26). Zuckerman reimagines the life of a childhood idol who has—then loses—everything (his daughter's a terrorist, which doesn't help). The buzz, as they say, is good. And it's good, too, on *Mason & Dixon* (Henry Holt, $27.50), **Thomas Pynchon**'s 704-page historical novel, a story of British surveyors, according to Pynchon's publisher, which features "Native Americans and frontier folk, ripped bodices, naval warfare, conspiracies erotic and political, major caffeine abuse." O.K. Decidedly more straightforward is **Robert Stone**'s *Bear and His Daughter: Stories* (Houghton Mifflin, $24), by the master of wiry prose (*A Flag for Sunrise, Dog Soldiers*). Another book that stands a better-than-average chance of being what it says it is: *American Visions* (Alfred A. Knopf, $65), **Robert Hughes**' "epic history of art in America." It's a book, it's an eight-part PBS series, and it's all true.



cautionary tale about society's dangerously mixed-up priorities, and he projects a dim future for any country that would deny someone of his caliber a job. But fate is so enthusiastically brutal to him at every turn that his ride to the poorhouse/nuthouse almost reads as black comedy. It's his own fault, anyway: Didn't everybody warn you not to major in English?

(LITTLE, BROWN, $23.95)

—Keith Blanchard



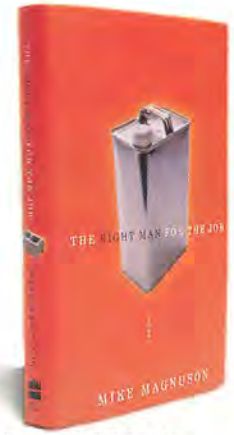
INVISIBLE REPUBLIC: BOB DYLAN'S BASEMENT TAPES

BY GREIL MARCUS

Once upon a time, Bob Dylan plugged in his guitar. Rock critic and music historian Marcus' account of what happened next is filled with as much rambling poetry as one of Bob's more hallucinatory ditties. Marcus tracks the singer from his mauling at the hands of the folkies in Newport to the upstate New York barn where he holed up for six months with the Hawks (soon to be called The Band). Marcus wants to plumb the depths of his soul and reveal the essence of America itself. Riffing on Ronald Reagan, Captain Ahab, Clarence Thomas, Karl Marx, Groucho Marx, Andre Breton, and the West Virginia mine war of 1920 and 1921, Marcus gets very close. Rock criticism writ large, this book is a runaway train and a hell of a ride.

(HENRY HOLT, $22.50)

—Steven Kotok



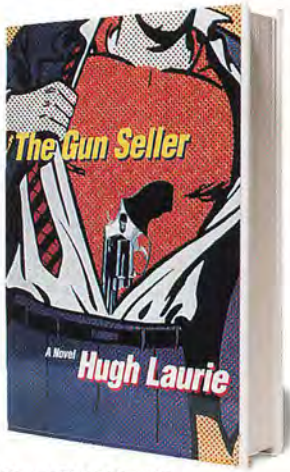
THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB

BY MIKE MAGNUSON

Gunnar Lund is a Wisconsin country boy who repossesses furniture in Columbus, Ohio. There's nothing particularly heroic about Lund, who left his fiancée to move to Ohio with Margaret, a dope dealer turned rabid doctoral candidate in women's studies. Nor is there anything endearing about his partner in repo crime, the foul-mouthed Dewy, who devises ingenious ways to reclaim property—storming houses and ripping couches out from under sleeping babies. Yet the book's biting satire is mixed with sympathy. Lund can seem too eloquent for a hard-guzzling hillbilly, but for a rainy-day read about men acting like men, look no further.

(HARPERCOLLINS, $23)

—Hallie Levine



THE GUN SELLER

BY HUGH LAURIE

James Bond movies were never this far-fetched—or this funny, either. The standard-issue hero of Laurie's first novel is Thomas Lang, a former British military officer now working as a spy-for-hire. When he refuses to assassinate an industrialist, he finds himself in the middle of an international crisis. Why doesn't he just turn tail? Because he's in love with the damsel in distress. Laurie knows it's improbable, but he has a wonderful sense of life's simple ironies. Lang beats the bad guys. He gets the girl. He makes the world safe for democracy. And he makes us laugh hard while he's doing it.

(SOHO PRESS, $24)

—John Tessitore



IRONS IN THE FIRE

BY JOHN MCPHEE

You're cruising the freeway and you pass a valley filled with old tires. "Old tires," you think. Then you go back to cursing the blue-haired crone clogging up your lane. Not McPhee. He sees the same valley and wants to know how many tires are out there, where they came from, where they're going, and who's in charge here, anyway. McPhee's interests range from the trials of a blind writer to the tribulations of the mason in charge of the Plymouth Rock preservation project. Yet the true hero here is McPhee, the gutsy guy who finds stories in the oddest places.

(FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX, $22)

—J.T.

A PACK OF JOKERS

THIS SPRING, EVERYONE'S A COMEDIAN. HERE ARE A FEW CHOICE EXCERPTS.

P.J. O'ROURKE

"Lying down drunk on a waterbed is, except for impotence and jail, the worst thing that can happen to a bachelor after midnight."

—*The Bachelor Home Companion: A Practical Guide to Keeping House Like a Pig* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $11)

IAN FRAZIER

"Repetition of blows along a vertical axis produced a series of regular horizontal folds in Mr. Coyote's body tissues . . . which caused Mr. Coyote to expand upward and contract downward alternately as he walked, and to emit an off-key accordionlike wheezing with every step."

—*Coyote v. Acme* (Noonday Press, $10)

DAVID SEDARIS

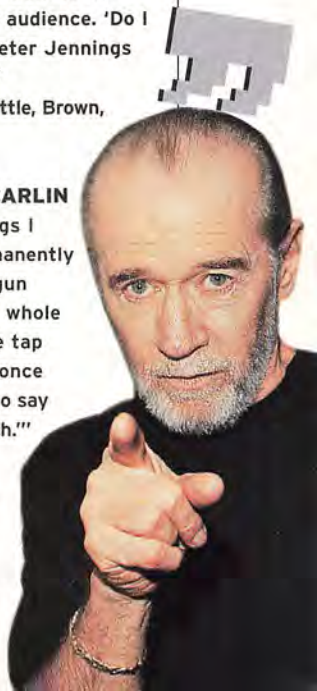
"I like the idea of filming two separate versions of any given program, one clothed and the other tailored to capture what the network saw as its vast nudist audience. 'Do I have to?' Peter Jennings would ask."

—*Naked* (Little, Brown, $21.95)

GEORGE CARLIN

"A few things I like: A permanently disfigured gun collector. A whole lotta people tap dancing at once . . . Guys who say 'cock-a-roach.'"

—*Brain Droppings* (Hyperion, $19.95)



BOOKS: ERIC AXENE; ERNEST HEMINGWAY: PHOTOFEST; GEORGE CARLIN: ©MARKO SHARK/CORBIS BETTMANN

Television

Surfing safari: Your trusty guide to everything worth watching on the tube this spring

LAFF RIOT | SPORTS ACTION | BABE ALERT | KILLER THRILLER | BUZZ FEST



JAY LENO'S FIFTH ANNIVERSARY 'TONIGHT SHOW' SPECIAL

(NBC, MAY)

Back in 1992, when Jay Leno was handed the reins of *The Tonight Show*, it was the network-jumping Dave Letterman who drew all the raves. . .and the viewers. But Leno took all the "Where's Johnny?" sniping on his prominent chin, and five years later, top ratings have promoted him to foreman of the late shift. In fact, the original ending for HBO's *The Late Shift* had to be changed at the last minute to reflect the new reality, recasting Letterman as late-night's loser and coronating Jay as king of the couch. Together with a host of yet-unnamed celebrity guests, Jay looks back on the highlights of *Tonight*, from Elizabeth Dole riding on his hog to Hugh Grant trying to explain how *his* hog got out of the pen to hydrocephalic smart-ass Mr. Brain.



BULLET TO BEIJING

(THE MOVIE CHANNEL, APRIL)

Michael Caine dusts off an old cloak and dagger to reprise the role of superspy Harry Palmer, the Cold War hotshot who made him famous in 1965's *The Ipcress File*. Without the Iron Curtain to perform in front of, old Harry's act has gotten a bit stale. But after the Russians hire him to retrieve a stolen doomsday device steaming its way to China on the title train, Caine becomes the target of more than a few bullets and the strange bedfellow of a Russian mafioso (Jason Connery, son of former 007 Sean Connery). With recent James Bond movies tanking badly, this heaping helping of retro-espionage should leave spy fans not shaken, but stirred.



RIOT

(SHOWTIME, APRIL)

Riot tries to piece together the ethnic rubble of 1992's Rodney King riots in Los Angeles by letting four directors tell four very different L.A. stories: A Chinese liquor store owner withstands a siege by looters, a Latin man is carried away with the idea of stealing the trappings of the life he could never attain, a yupped-up Mario Van Peebles defends a Hispanic family from a black mob after picking a poor time to visit his former 'hood, and finally, formerly bodacious *Beverly Hills 90210* beefcake boy Luke Perry is an LAPD officer dealing with violent fallout from the trial.



THE STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS

(ESPN, ESPN 2 AND FOX, APRIL)

The grinning, toothless gods of hockey smile down upon the ice on April 16 for first-round action in the annual quest for hockey's Holy

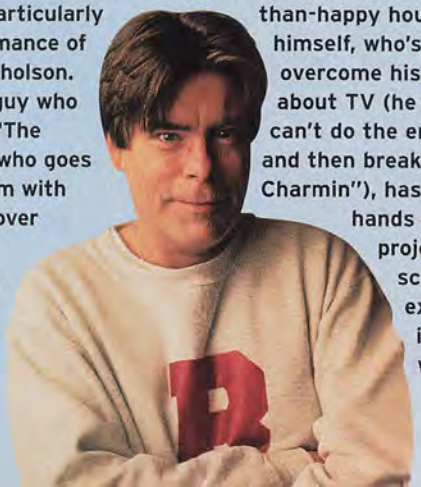
MAIN EVENT

THE SHINING GOES TO THE TUBE

***STEPHEN KING'S THE SHINING* (ABC, MAY)**



Terror tyrant Stephen King was never a big fan of Stanley Kubrick's 1980 film based on his novel *The Shining*, particularly the rabid, over-the-top performance of Jack "Heeeere's Johnny!" Nicholson. "The novel was about a sane guy who goes crazy," complains King. "The movie was about a crazy guy who goes totally bonkers. I had a problem with that." Now, the master takes over the nuthouse himself with *Stephen King's The Shining*, a six-hour, three-part miniseries. Swinging Jack's ax at the old Overlook Hotel is Steven Weber, the scarily dorky brother from *Wings*, while Rebecca "Remember Me, Humping Tom Cruise on the Staircase in *Risky Business*?" DeMornay reprises Shelley Duvall's role as the less-than-happy housewife. And King himself, who's apparently overcome his reservations about TV (he once said, "You can't do the end of the world and then break for a word from Charmin"), has his creepy little hands all over the project: scripting the screenplay *and* executive producing. And who are we to argue?



JAY LENO: NBC; BULLET TO BEIJING: PIROSKAM/SHOWTIME; RIOT: RANDY TEPPER/SHOWTIME; THE STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS: JOE SAKIC/COURTESY COLORADO AVALANCHE; THE SHINING: ABC; STEPHEN KING: JON RAGEL/OUTLINE

Grail. Will unlikely defending champs the Colorado Avalanche keep Lord Stanley hostage? Will the Rangers or Devils ('94 and '95 titlists, respectively) bring the Cup back to the east coast? Could this be the Mighty Ducks' year at last? (Umm . . . no.)



THE NBA PLAYOFFS

(NBC, TNT, TBS, APRIL)

The annual running of the Bulls to the NBA Championship begins on April 24. Among the teams hoping to slow Chicago's Dream Team-like romp through the postseason: Riley's Heat, Shaq's Lakers, and the Houston Rockets, who've added Barkley to their bite. But unless Dennis Rodman kicks Jordan in the crotch, the Bulls look pretty damn unstoppable.



BASEBALL'S OPENING DAY

(FOX AND ESPN, APRIL)

They're back. . .The defending champion New York Yankees get an early start when the Bombers try to beach Pinella's Seattle Mariners on April 1 (no foolin') as the nightcap of an ESPN opening-day triple-header. On the undercard: Sox/Jays, Cubs/Marlins. Inter-league play makes its first pitch to purists in mid-June with batty "subway series" match-ups like Yankees/Mets and Cubs/White Sox—be prepared.



HOMER'S THE ODYSSEY

(NBC, MAY)

On the heels of his acclaimed performance as "Dapper Don" John Gotti, Armand Assante dons loincloth and chest plate to play brave Ulysses—a.k.a. heroic King Odysseus of Ithaca. After leading his troops to victory in the Trojan War, the good king and his loyal men wade through ten years of torture and tribulations, thoughtfully condensed into four hours of film by Robert Halmi (*Gulliver's Travels*) and Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather*—as if you didn't know).



ROBIN COOK'S INVASION

(NBC, MAY)

You'd think the guy who incubated *Outbreak*, *Mutation*, *Terminal*, and *Fatal Cure* would have accrued enough sick pay to try a different genre. But no: Cook's bent on reinfecting TV audiences with a new mankind-menacing disease from outer space. In *Invasion*, Luke Perry finds himself in the all-too-familiar situation of being caught in a meteor storm. The strange rocks turn out to be UFOs, and unleash a virus that turns humans into bland, humorless zombies. (Think Bob Saget.) Only Perry resists, but he becomes oddly aggressive and hatches a plan to rule the world (a scary thought if ever there was one).

NBA PLAYOFFS: ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA; BASEBALL: DAVID DUROCHIK/MLB PHOTOS©1996; THE ODYSSEY: NBC PHOTO BY OLIVER UPTON; LUKE PERRY: NBC PHOTO BY CHRIS HASTON; MEN BEHAVING BADLY: NBC PHOTO BY CHRIS HASTON; LUSH LIFE: JON RAGEL/FOX; MEL BROOKS: NBC PHOTO BY PAUL DRINKWATER; THE NAKED TRUTH: CHRIS HASTON; MAXIM AWARD ILLUSTRATION: STEVE CHOO

THE 1ST ANNUAL

MAXIM AWARDS

OUR END-OF-SEASON ASSESSMENT OF TV'S HEROES

BEST NEW SHOW

The coveted Golden M goes to NBC's *Men Behaving Badly*. The boys-versus-girls hoot is a bit like an old pinball machine: It's loud and occasionally shaky, but it has balls of steel.



BEST NEW STAR

A big-assed golden M to the "Maxim Man" we all wanna be: Drew Carey (*The Drew Carey Show*, ABC), a regular guy with regular problems. (You know: fielding film offers, fending off groupies, renegotiating his hot-sitcom contract. . .)



WORST NEW SHOW

Narrowly beating out *Homeboys From Outer Space* and *Claude's Crib*, the Golden M goes to Fox's *Lush Life*, whose only laughs were generated by star Lori Petty's meet-me-at-the-methadone-clinic look.

MOST WELCOME DEPARTURE

***Roseanne* (ABC). The original in-your-face-blue-collar comic charm of this show is as much a memory as the star's God-given facial structure. The plug should have been yanked two years ago.**

BEST CAMEO

Mel Brooks' avuncular visit to *Mad About You* (NBC), which was way funnier than his last five films combined.



WORST CAMEO

Dennis Rodman on *Third Rock from the Sun* (NBC). Sure, he's from another planet. . .but does this guy *really* need more exposure?



BEST MID-SEASON COMEBACK

NBC picking up ABC's *The Naked Truth* to give us all another cup of hot Téa Leoni.

WORST MADE-FOR-TV MOVIE: *Mother May I Sleep With Danger?* (NBC) starring Tori Spelling. (But it sounds so good on paper. . .)

WORST MOVIE SPINOFF

The *Saturday Night Live* (NBC) players who normally dominate this slot lose out to the cast of *Friends*, whose box-office busts in such cinematic classics as *Ed* (Matt LeBlanc) and *The Pallbearer* (David Schwimmer) make *Tommy Boy* look almost watchable.

Guy Pride

Isn't it time you admitted who you *really* are?

IT'S TIME TO STOP LIVING THE LIE. For years now, you've adjusted the way you walk, the way you dress, even the way you think, to "pass" in society at large. You've watched your mannerisms and your speech, lest anyone guess your secret. But policing your behavior 24 hours a day can be exhausting. One of these days, someone's going to spot a cold Bud in your hand instead of an iced cappuccino. Or perhaps they'll spy that smile on your face as you stand in the doorway of a hardware store, breathing in the sweet smell. Or they'll come around the corner and catch you clamping a nostril shut with a finger and blowing the other one like a Harley exhaust pipe.

It's bound to happen sooner or later. So why not take your destiny in your own hands and admit, in public, what society has been trying to suppress for too long? You are guy.

Don't worry: You're not alone. More and more men are facing up to the inescapable fact of their guyness. Some have known since childhood that they were "different." They were intrigued by the guy lifestyle, experimenting with spitting on the ground while playing hopscotch, or even trying out a fledgling crotch-grab on themselves before there was much to adjust. But gradually they learned to hide their tendencies.

Others didn't know until their teenage years, when they sensed that they were "turning guy." Maybe their moms walked in and caught them poring over *Car and Driver*. Maybe they knew when they saw the naked chicks in *National Geographic* and inquired at dinner about the possibility of the family moving to Borneo.



Guys: We're here, we leer, we drink beer

Some men have simply been guy for as long as they can remember, always talking about their cars as if they were women, buying computers with enough RAM to run NASA, arguing with anyone who'd listen that Larry was the unsung Stooge.

EMBRACE THE GUY LIFESTYLE

Then there are the countless guys who, out of shame or confusion or necessity, keep the fact of their guyness hidden deep in their gym lockers, struggling with their identity well into adulthood. They wonder if there's a guy gene or if it was something in their environment—all those Sundays on the couch with Dad, watching *The NFL Today*—that shaped them.

But no longer. The time has come for all guys to come out of the locker room. Don't be ashamed of that fetid jockstrap and those toxic sweat socks. Leave that toilet seat up proudly! The time has come not only to live openly guy, but to embrace the whole guy lifestyle.

First come out to yourself. Look in the mirror and say it out loud: "I'm guy, and I'm proud." Perhaps, for the first time in years, you'll make that noise with your hand in your armpit. Maybe you'll mindlessly finger your belly button. Go ahead, leave that underwear on the floor. Better yet, wear it again!

Then you'll have to come out to friends. Don't be surprised if some people at first can't handle the fact that you're guy. But tell them that the charade has to stop, that you can't live like this anymore, that all those Jane Austen movies sucked. You may lose some friends, but the friendships that remain will be based on honesty. And you never know: Your own admission may give some of your male friends the courage to admit that they, too, are guy—and then, bam, you've got yourself a Thursday night poker game.

OUT AS A GUY

If you're involved with a woman, of course, breaking the news won't be easy. But if she can deal with the truth about you, the relationship may move to a much deeper level. So don't frantically switch over to PBS when she walks in the room. Sit her down and calmly tell her you want—no, you *need*—to watch every single second of the Daytona 500. Make no mistake: Women are sick and tired of weepy, turtlenecked boys in touch with their feminine sides. (Actually overheard on the street: "If I get introduced to one more sensitive guy, I'm going to kill myself!")

The hardest part will be telling your parents. They raised you. They may never have dreamed that the boy they trundled off to music lessons and art classes would one day walk out in the middle of *The Piano* and own a limited-edition print of a Leroy Neiman masterpiece. But, hey, the 'rents can be cool. For every mother who screams in horror when she hears the news of your guyness, there are legions who'll pat your cheek and say, "Oh, sweetie, I always knew." For every father who angrily stomps out of the room, plenty more will punch you in the arm with a paternal, "You don't say. Need a brew?" And, as usual, you will. M

ILLUSTRATION BY: HANOCH PIVEN

MAXIM – Premiere issue, volume 1, number 1 is published bimonthly by Dennis Maxim, Inc.; 25 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018 Tel 212-302-2626 Fax 212-302-2635 • Application to mail PERIODICALS postage rate is pending in New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. • POSTMASTER/CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One year subscription rates: for U.S., $15.94; for Canada, $22.00; for all other countries, $32.00 in prepaid U.S. funds.

MAXIM

UP FOR GRABS



SAVE 44%

☐ **YES!** I'm ready for the new magazine written for men who live in the real world. As a **charter subscriber,** I'm entitled to the specially discounted rate of $9.97 for a full year for a savings of 44% off the newsstand rate.

Name *(Please Print)*

Address Apt.

City State Zip

❑ Payment enclosed. ❑ Bill me later.

Canadian orders add $10 (inc. GST), foreign add $20 in U.S. Funds. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

6704XB



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 87 FLAGLER BEACH, FL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

MAXIM

PO BOX 420705
PALM COAST FL 32142-8710



MAXIMIZE YOUR SAVINGS

Subscribe and save 44% off the cover price!

❑ **YES!** I'm ready for the new magazine written for men who live in the real world. As a **charter subscriber,** I'm entitled to the specially discounted rate of $9.97 for a full year for a savings of 44% off the newsstand rate.

Name (Please Print)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

6704XA

❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Bill Me

Canadian orders add $10 (inc. GST), foreign add $20 in U.S. funds. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

MAXIM

SAVE 44%!



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 87 FLAGLER BEACH, FL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

MAXIM

PO BOX 420705
PALM COAST FL 32142-8710



Take the SensorExcel challenge.

VS

Only SensorExcel® has protective microfins for extra comfort and self-adjusting blades for incredible closeness. No disposable gives you all that. One shave with SensorExcel and we bet you'll get rid of your disposable for good.

Bet you won't go back to disposables.



Gillette

The Best a Man Can Get™

© 1997 The Gillette Company (USA), Inc.



INTRODUCING OUR NEWEST NECKTIE COLLECTION

CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, COSTA MESA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, SAN FRANCISCO, PALM BEACH, BAL HARBOUR, HONOLULU, MAUI, ASPEN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

For information on CHANEL, please call 800-550-0005